



COMICS

ブラッド・ハ
の馬車
妙村
用



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出版





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BRADHERLEY'S COACH

ブラッド
ヘーレー
の
馬車
HIROAKI
SAMURA
沙村
広明

f^xcomics

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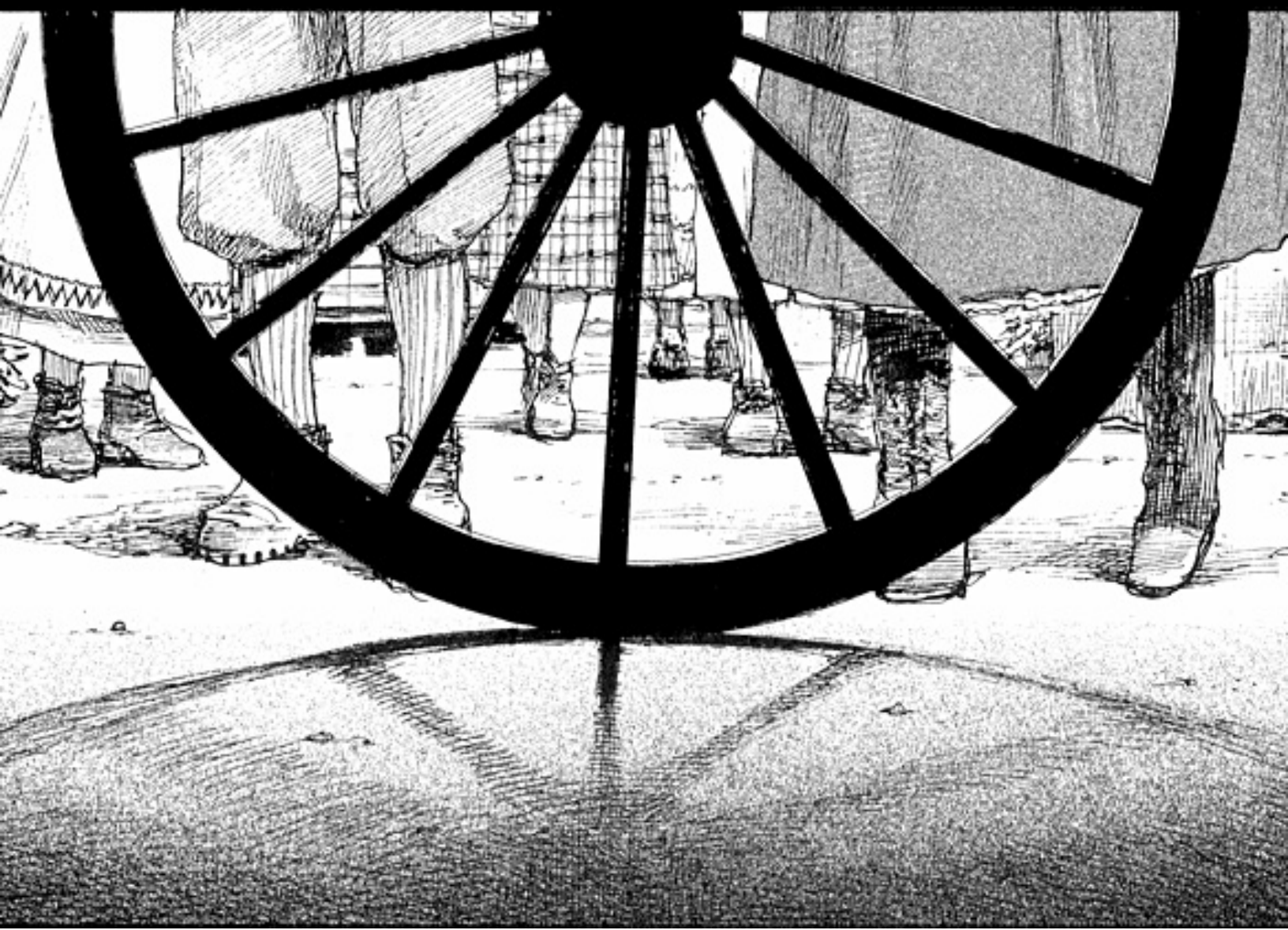
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Chapter 1

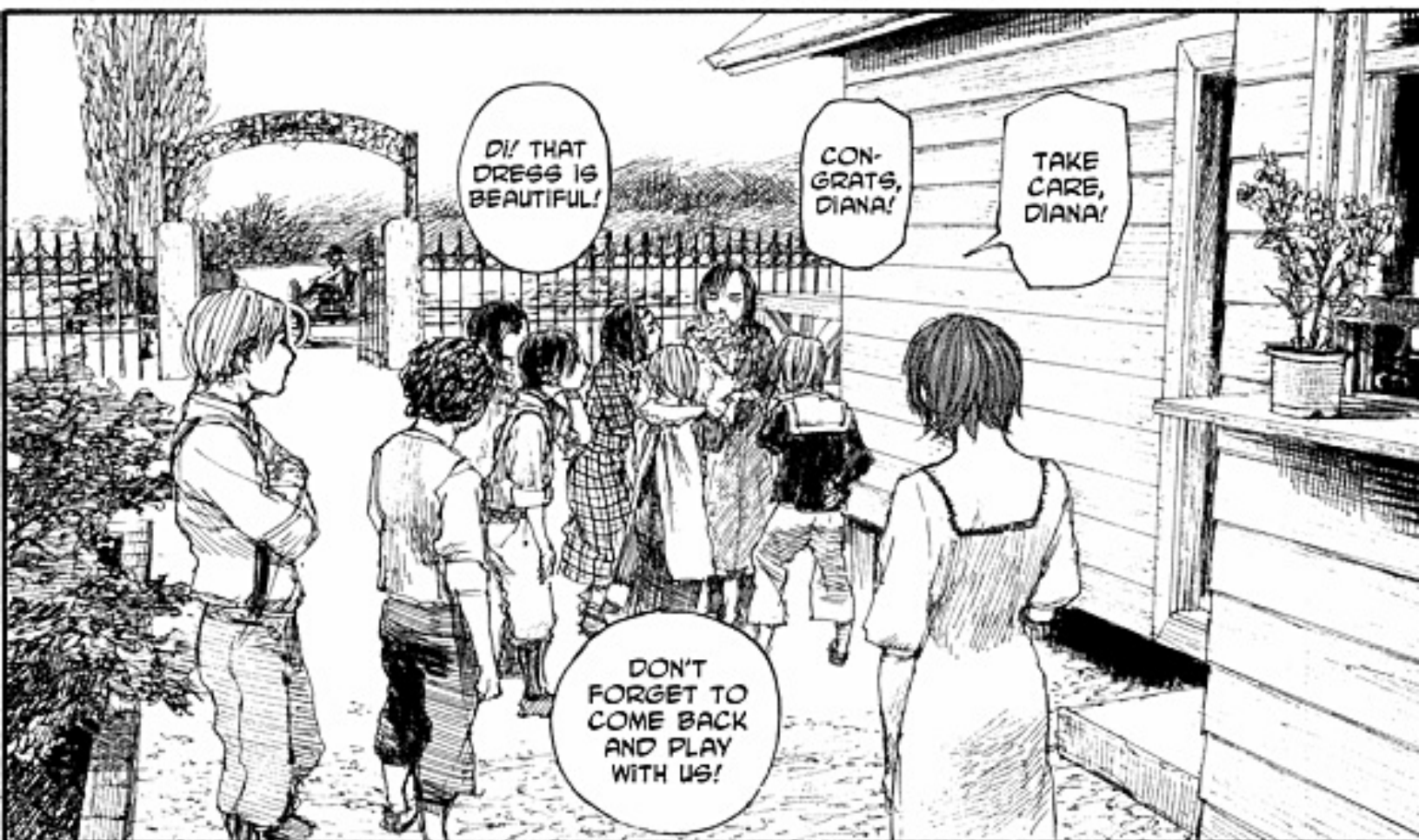
見返り峠の小唄坂

LOOKING BACK AT HOME





This year,
the one chosen
from the Willows
orphanage
was Diana.

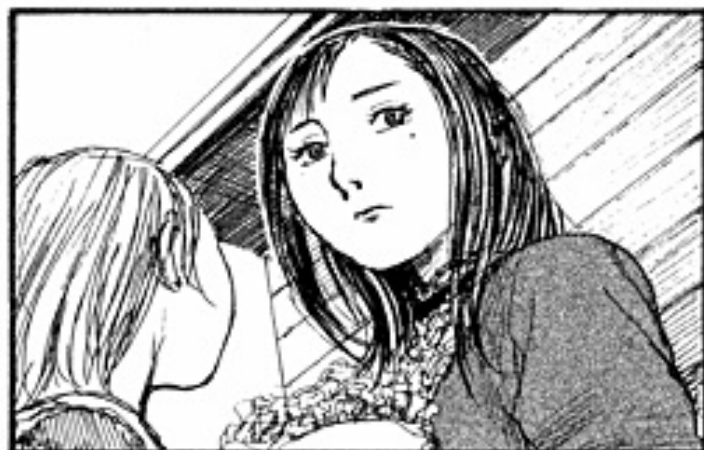


DI! THAT
DRESS IS
BEAUTIFUL!

CON-
GRATS,
DIANA!

TAKE
CARE,
DIANA!

DON'T
FORGET TO
COME BACK
AND PLAY
WITH US!



YOU'LL
WRITE,
WON'T
YOU, DI?



AHM



...I'M SURE
YOU'LL BE
CHOSEN
NEXT YEAR,
CORDELIA.



AHH... GO
AHEAD.

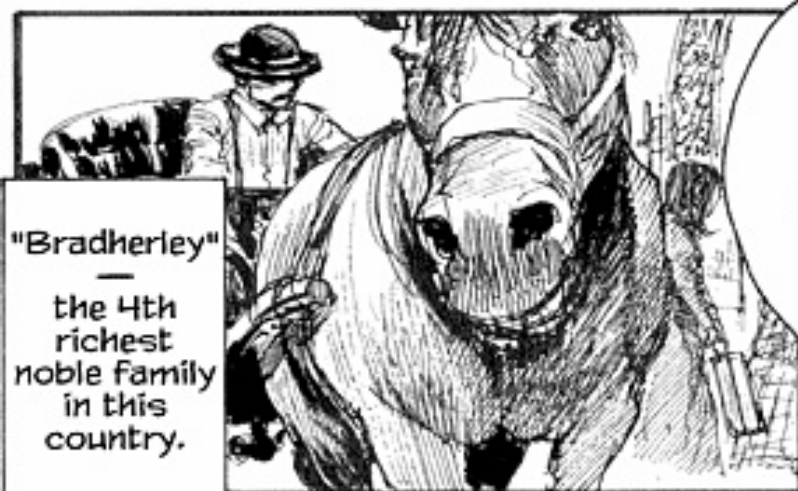
I'M SORRY.
PLEASE LET
ME SAY
GOODBYE
TO THE
TEACHERS
FIRST.



THANK YOU
FOR LOOKING
AFTER ME
THESE 14
YEARS.



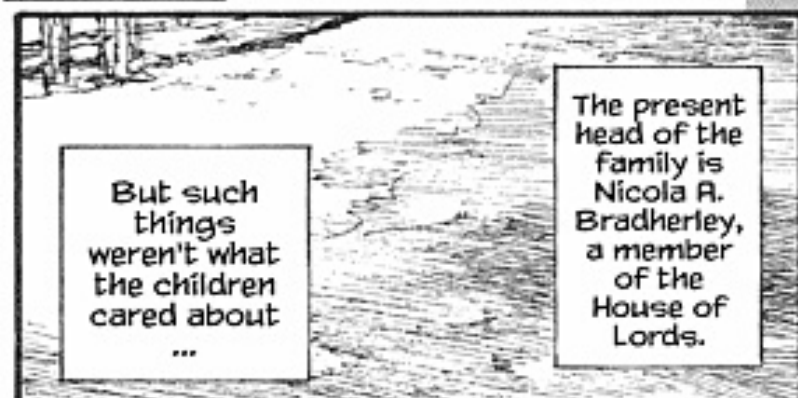
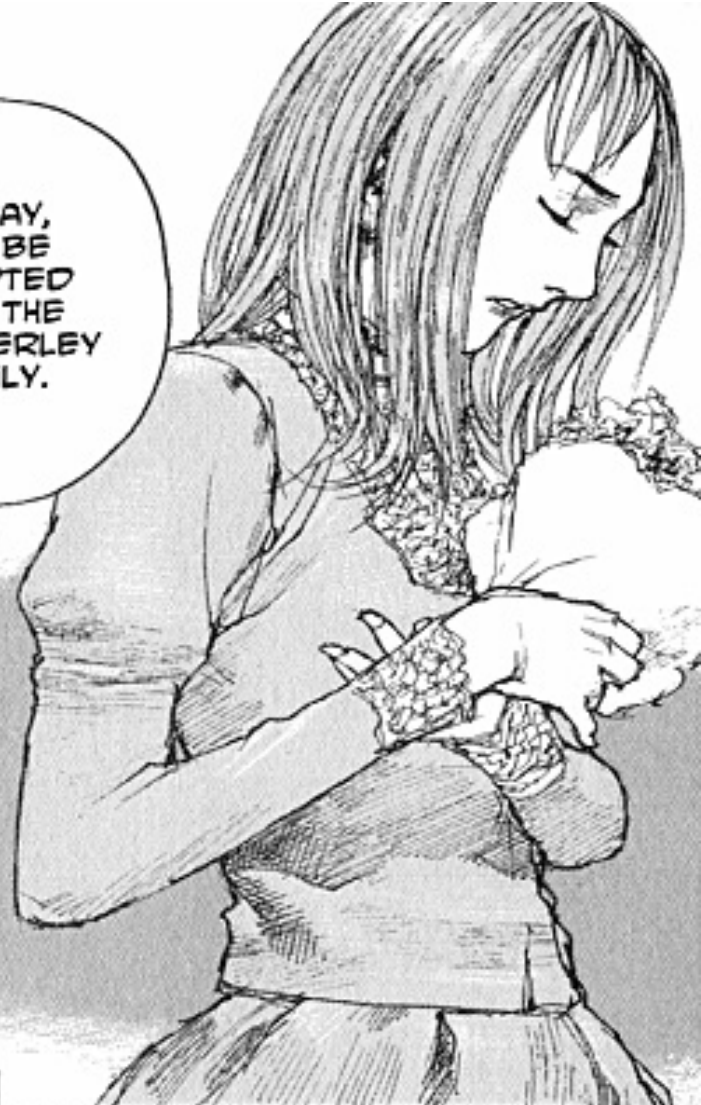
MS
REBECCA,
MR SLOAN.



"Bradherley"

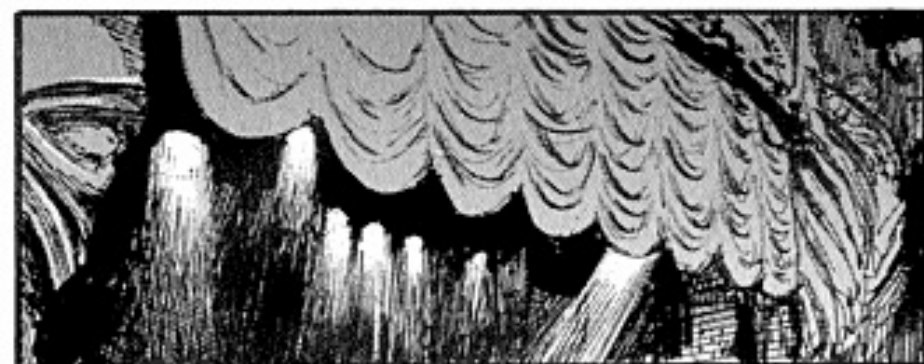
—
the 4th
richest
noble family
in this
country.

TODAY,
I'LL BE
ADOPTED
INTO THE
BRADHERLEY
FAMILY.



But such
things
weren't what
the children
cared about
...

The present
head of the
family is
Nicola A.
Bradherley,
a member
of the
House of
Lords.



The girls were
drawn to that
name for another
reason altogether.



Once a year,
the teachers
would bring the
children to watch
them. Words
cannot express
how much their
little hearts were
thrilled by the
performance.

The
Bradherley
Episcopal
Opera
Troupe —



And
one more thing

every year,
at the end of
the night, the
newest members
of the troupe
would make
their debut.

The crowded
stage was like a
cold gust of air
in the morning,
instantly melting
the frozen
dreams of the
night before.



That they
all used
to be
orphans

3 or 4 young
ladies would take
the stage...
all of them
Bradherley's
foster daughters.
And rumor had it



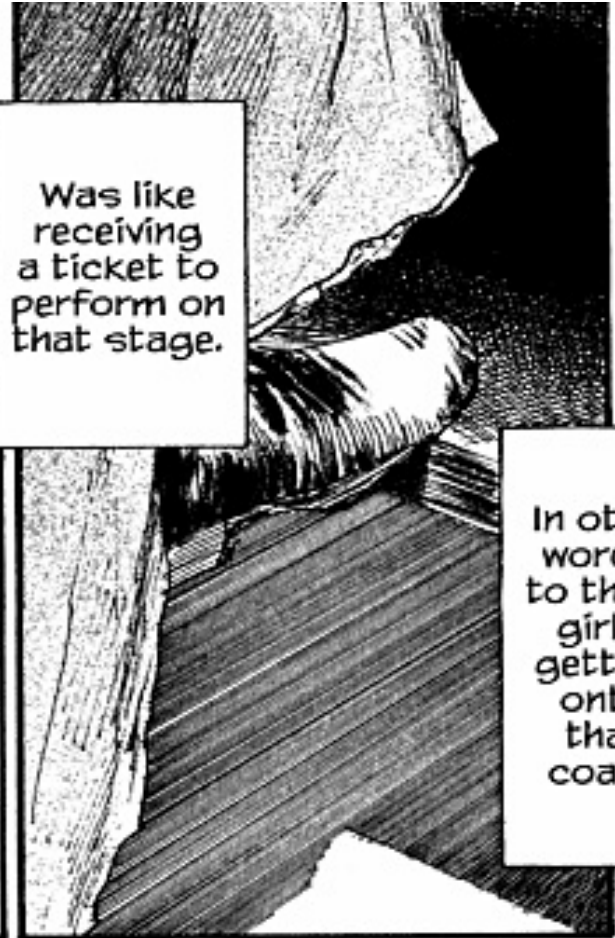
And
all her
friends



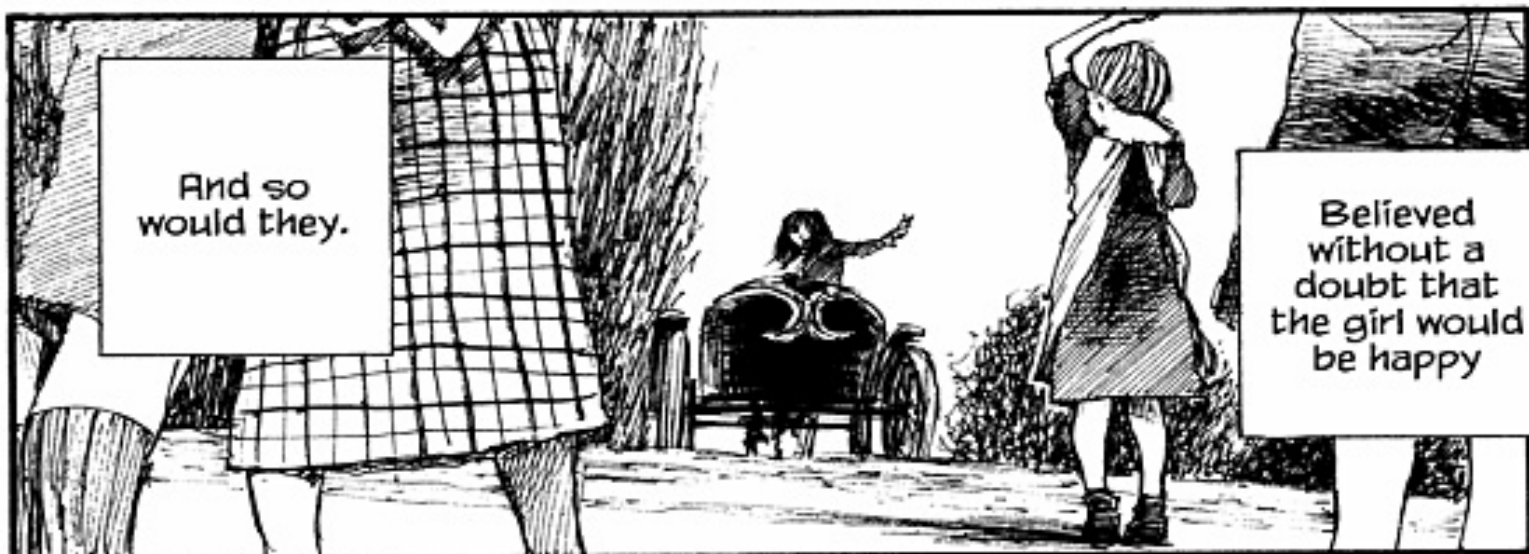
But
anyhow,
at that
moment,
the girl
who was
about
to be
adopted

To be
precise,
it was
receiving
the right
to buy
a ticket.

Was like
receiving
a ticket to
perform on
that stage.



In other
words,
to these
girls,
getting
onto that
coach



And so
would they.

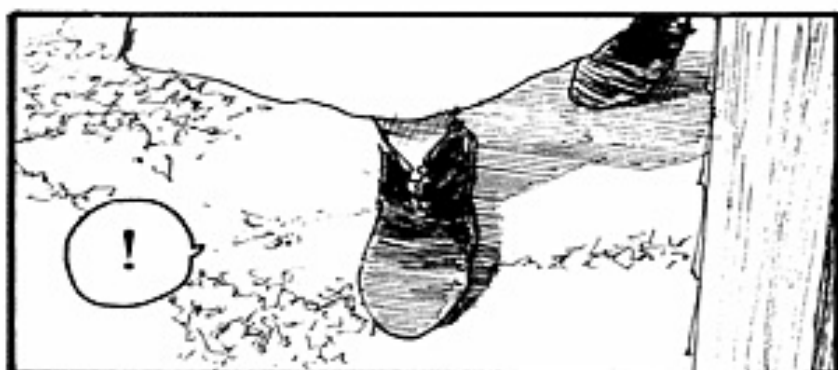
Believed
without a
doubt that
the girl would
be happy



DIANA
LOOKED
REALLY
PRETTY
TODAY...

...IT'S
STRANGE,
I DON'T
FEEL SAD
AT ALL.





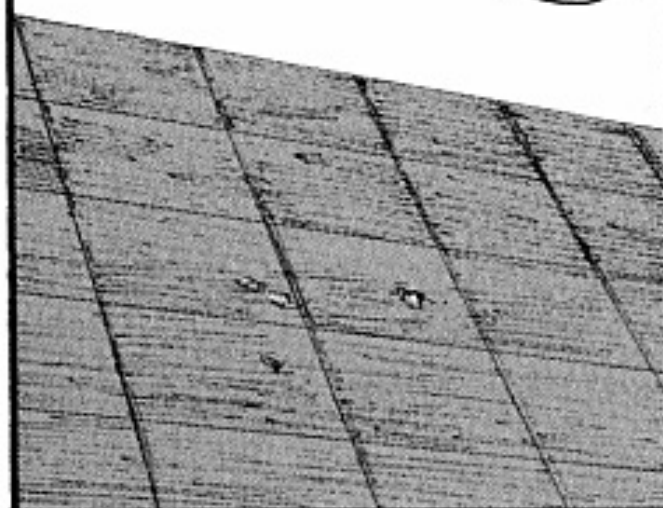


...
MA'AM...

BECAUSE
DIANA WILL
BE HAPPY
WHERE
SHE'S
GOING.



YESTERDAY...
I DECIDED I
WOULDN'T CRY
ANYMORE.



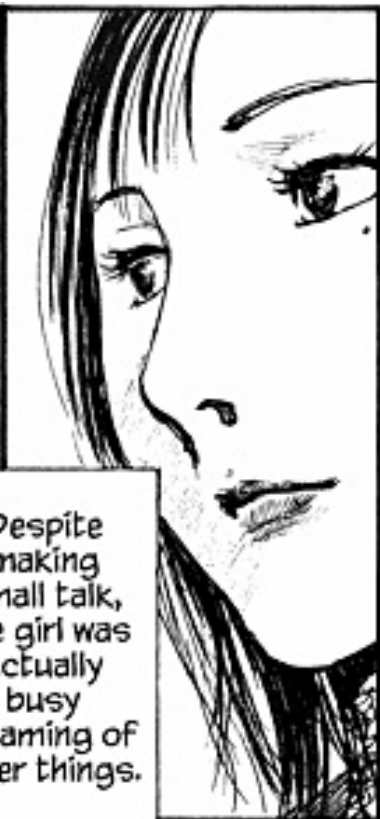
...
...
...



HMM...
LET'S
SEE.

HOW MUCH
FURTHER IS
IT TO THE
CASTLE?





Despite making small talk, the girl was actually busy dreaming of other things.



WISH YOU WERE IN AN AUTO-MOBILE, HUH?

NO, I PREFER COACHES.

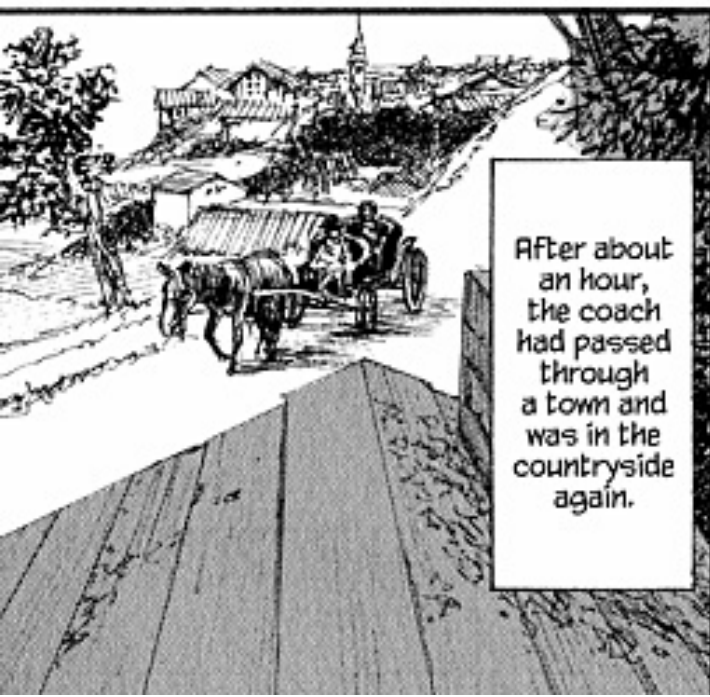


IT'LL TAKE ANOTHER HOUR AFTER WE CROSS THE RIDGE WHERE YOU LOOK BACK AT HOME.

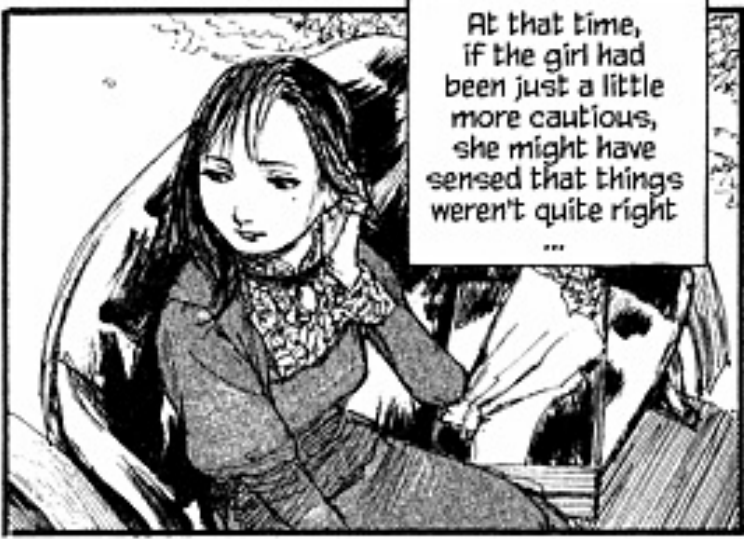


Even if I can't be the heroine, I hope they'll give me a role where I can move people like that —

The actress playing the midwife in "Canaan" was amazing.

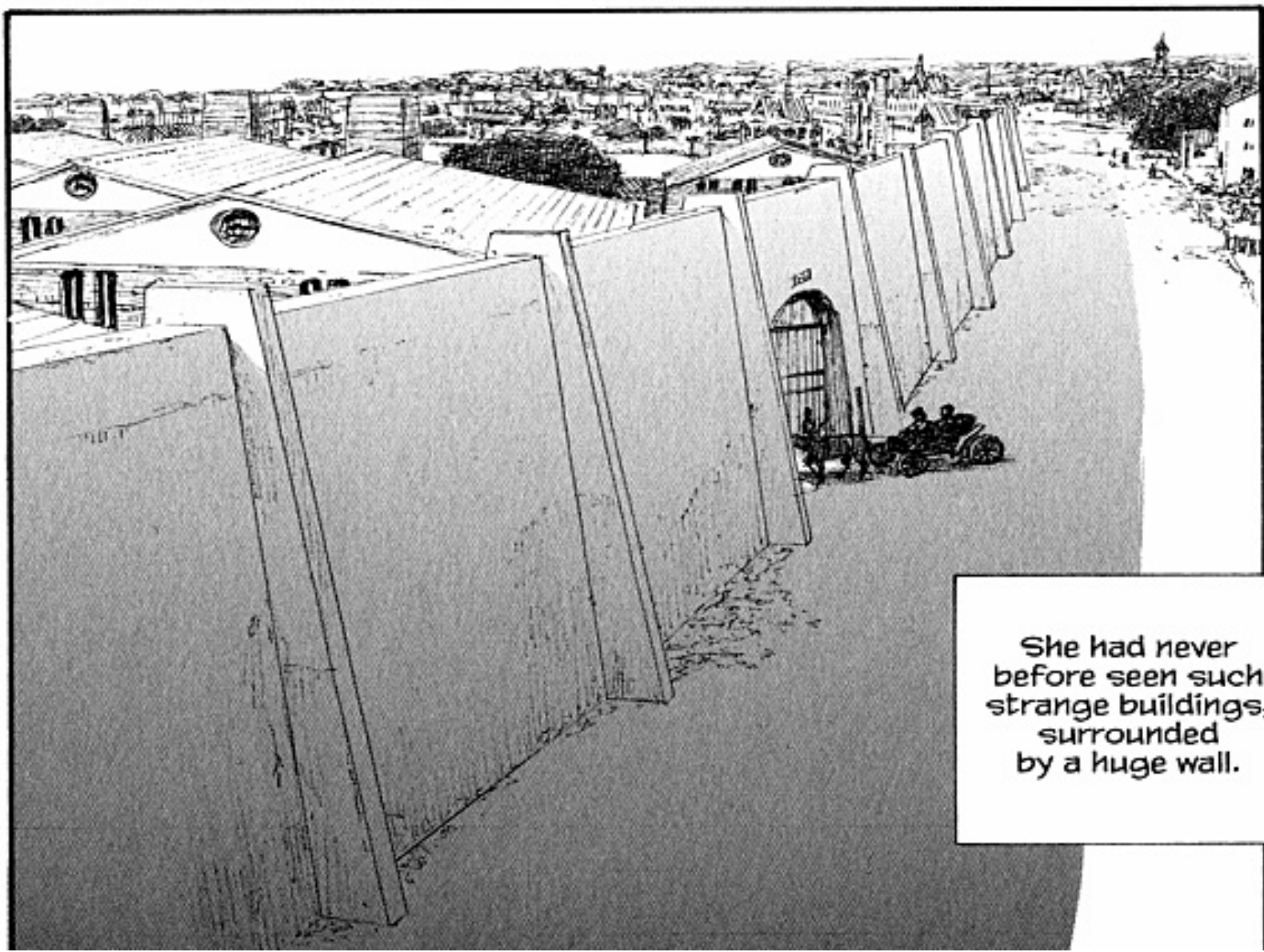
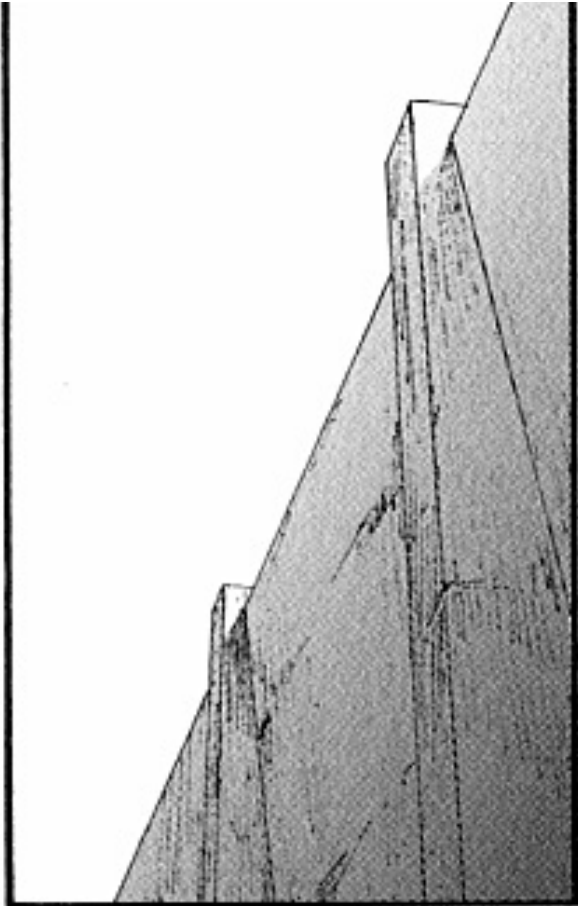


After about an hour, the coach had passed through a town and was in the countryside again.

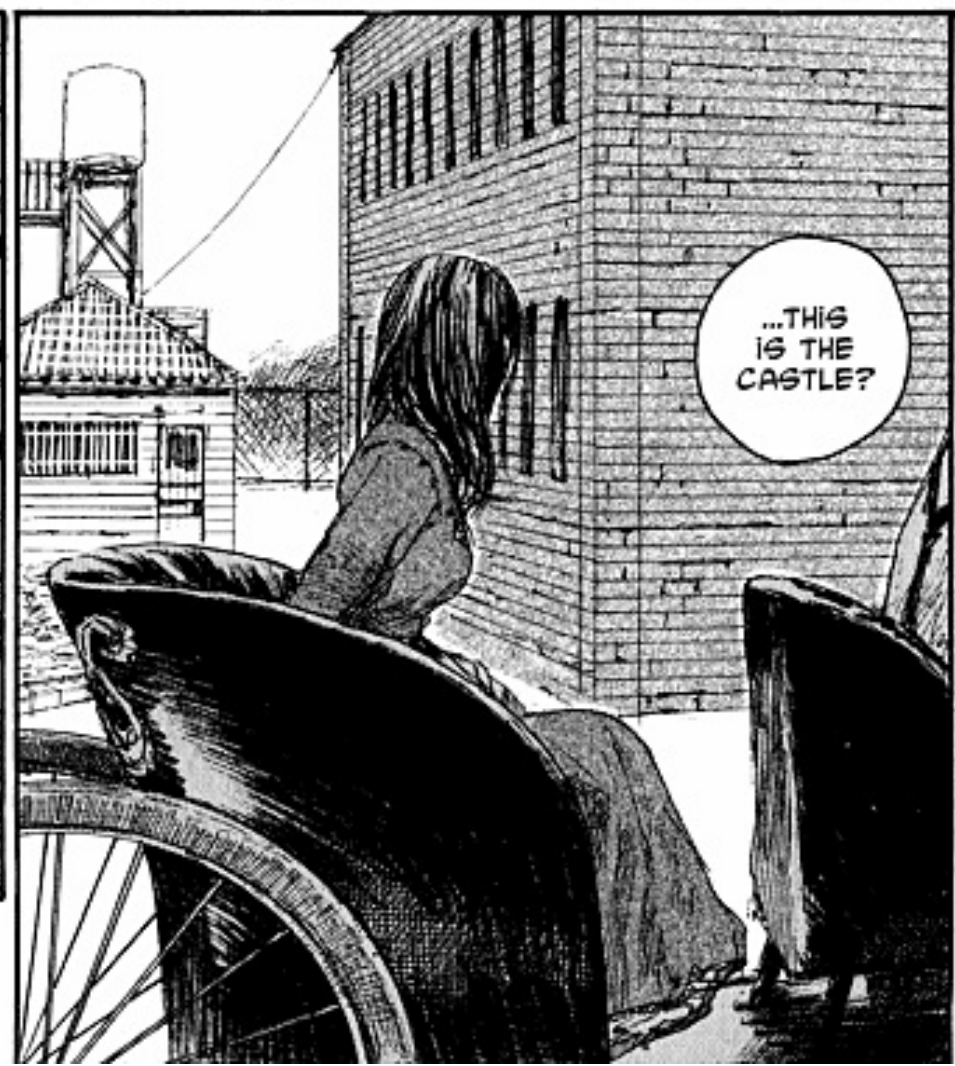


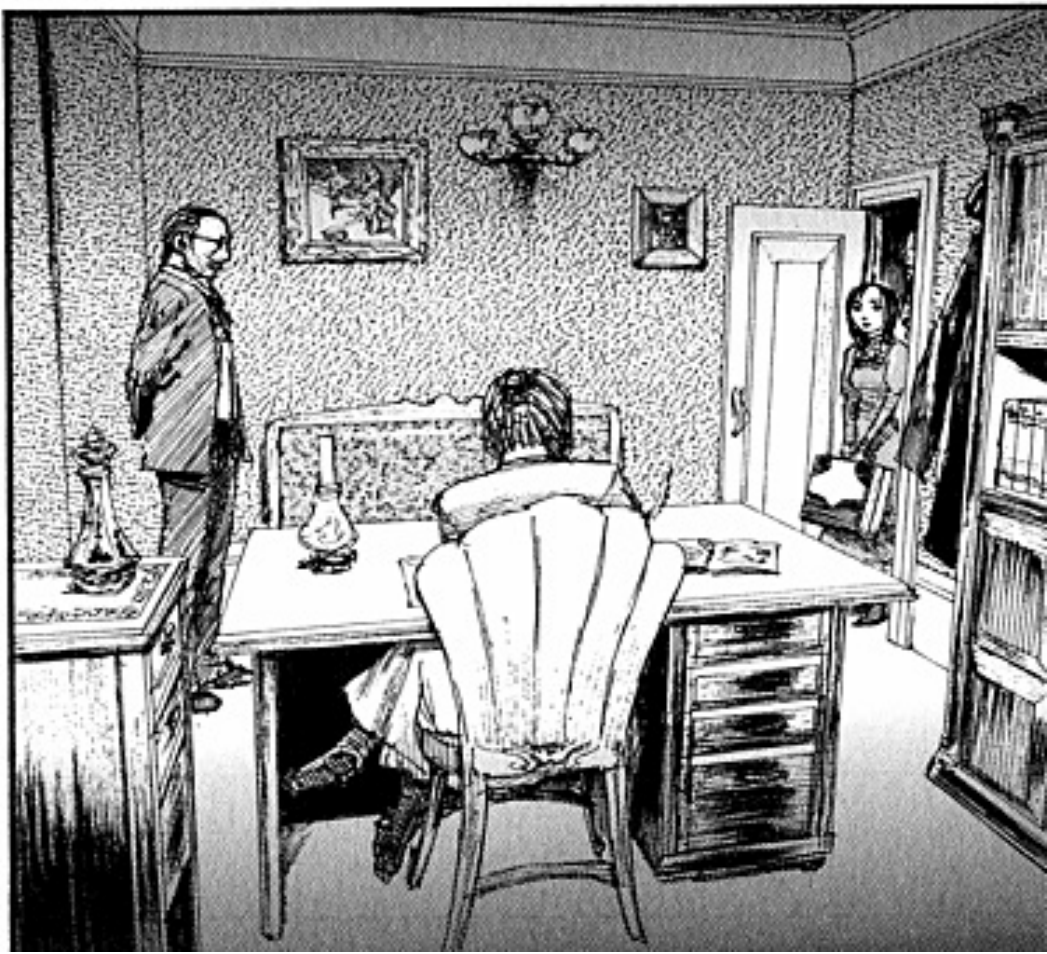
At that time, if the girl had been just a little more cautious, she might have sensed that things weren't quite right ...

THIS IS...



She had never before seen such strange buildings, surrounded by a huge wall.



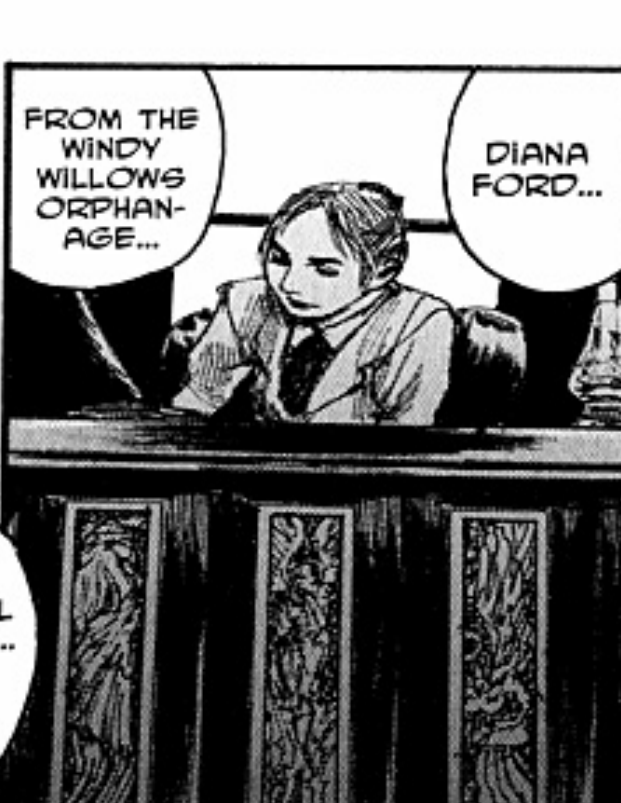




CHANGE
INTO
THIS.



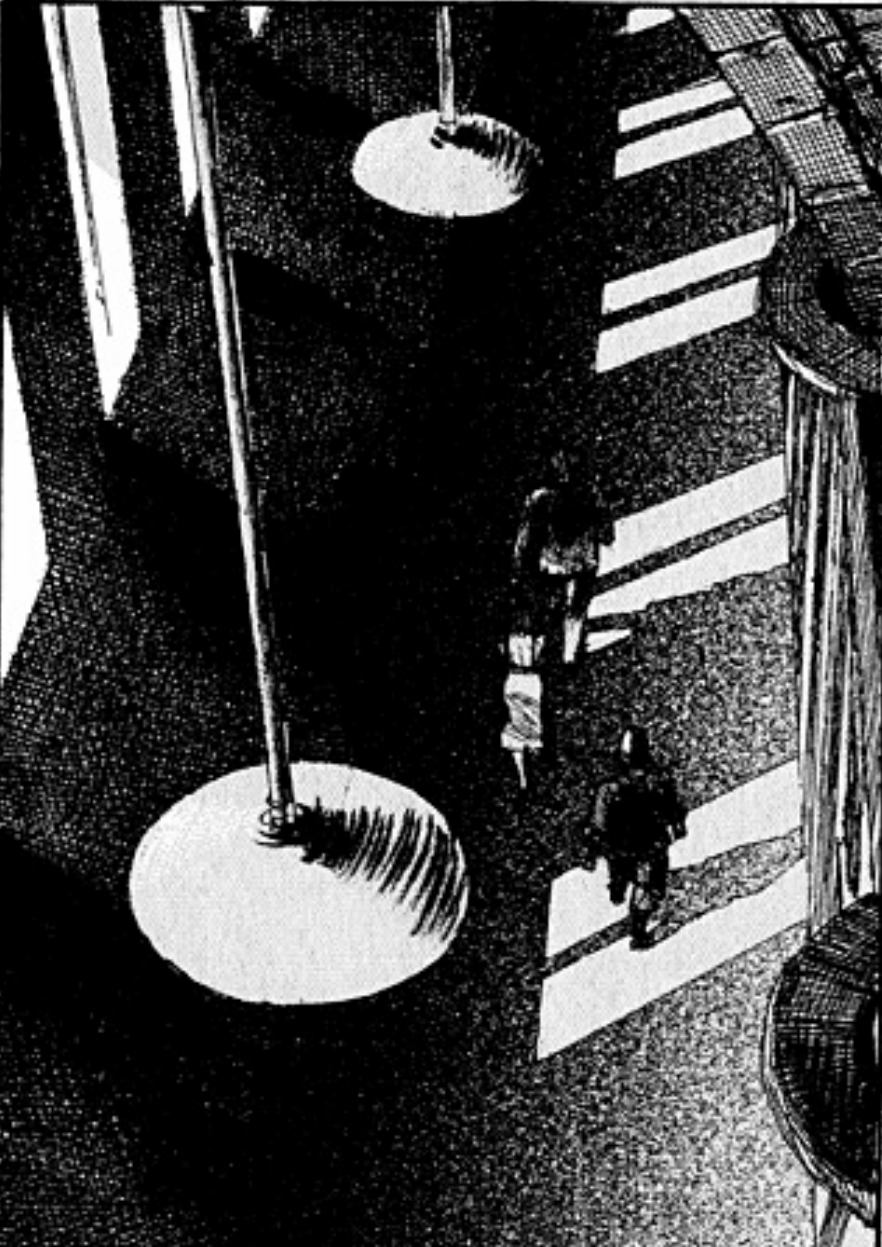
FROM THE
WINDY
WILLOWS
ORPHAN-
AGE...



DIANA
FORD...

NO MEDICAL
PROBLEMS...
IS THAT
RIGHT?

Y-- YES!



YES
MA'AM!



OK...
UMM...

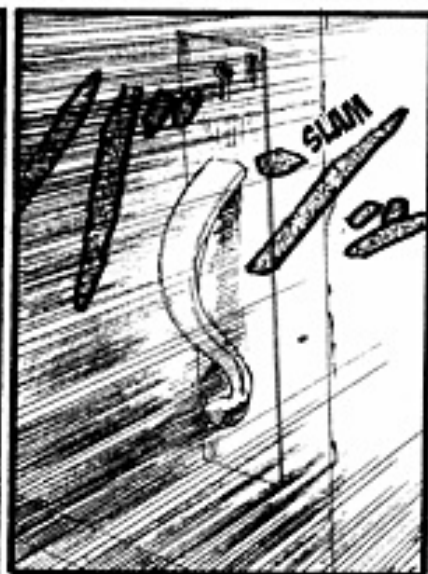
WHEN
SHE'S DONE
HERE,
WALTER...







AH...
AHHH
...





What happened
to the girls
who didn't
make it onto
that stage?



Was
never
more
than 4
—
what
about
the
others?



But the
number of
new girls
announced
every year



Girls from
orphanages
across the
country were
adopted into the
Bradherley
family to be
trained for the
opera troupe.



Apparently
that's what
the girls who
came here
were called
—

*"paschal
lambs"*

UHH...

HANG ON!
I'M NEXT!

AH...

YOU'RE
TAKING
TOO LONG
DAMMIT!
IT'S MY
TURN!

*Summary of
the discussion
when
"Plan 1-14"
was resubmitted*

WHADYA
CALL
ME?!

HOLD HER
PROPERLY,
IDIOT!

*Traditional
programs
(sports, etc.)
shouldn't be
cancelled.*

*In order
to prevent
violent
gaolbreaks
like that
tragic
incident,*

*I call for the
"Plan 1-14",
first tabled
just under
two years
ago, to be
urgently
reconsidered.*

*The
memory
of 37 who
died in the
Hensley
Uprising is
still fresh
today.*

*I believe
this plan
will achieve
what is
necessary.*

*Putting
questions
of morality
aside,*

*Instead, we
need to
purge the
sexual and
violent urges
of long-term
and life
prisoners.*

- To be carried out annually.

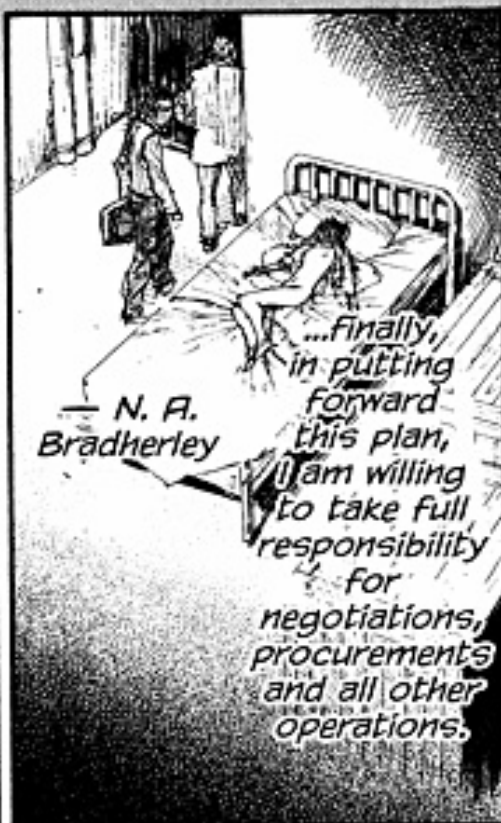
- They'll be procured from orphanages across the country, who will be compensated.

(Church orphanages were excluded. In order to minimize the negative impact, contracts were made with private orphanages experiencing financial difficulties, in exchange for economic assistance.

At present, there are arrangements with 8 orphanages)

- The girls used will be orphans.

(To ensure that girls were not physically underdeveloped, they ought to be at least 13 years old.)



N. A. Bradherley

...Finally, in putting forward this plan, I am willing to take full responsibility for negotiations, procurements and all other operations.

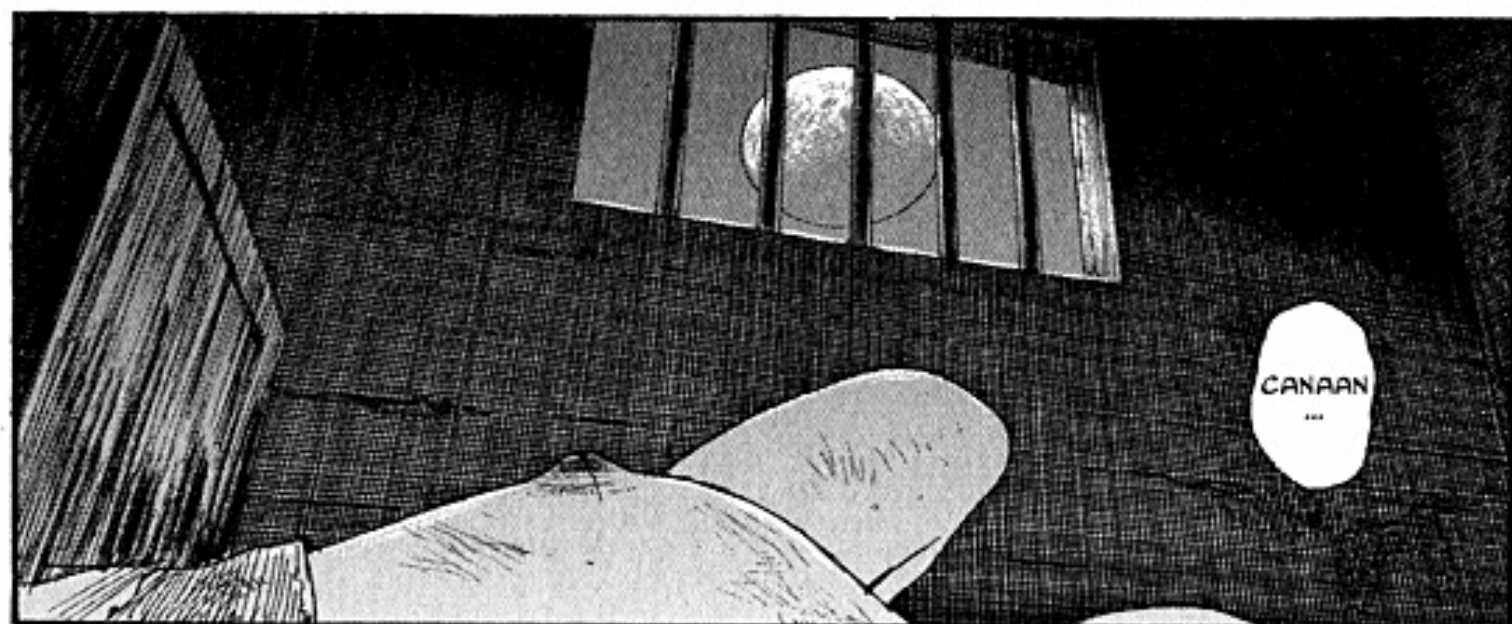


Hensley prison could be used as a test case in the first year.

The program could be extended to places like McRinnen prison and Cardiff prison in the future...



...



CANAAN

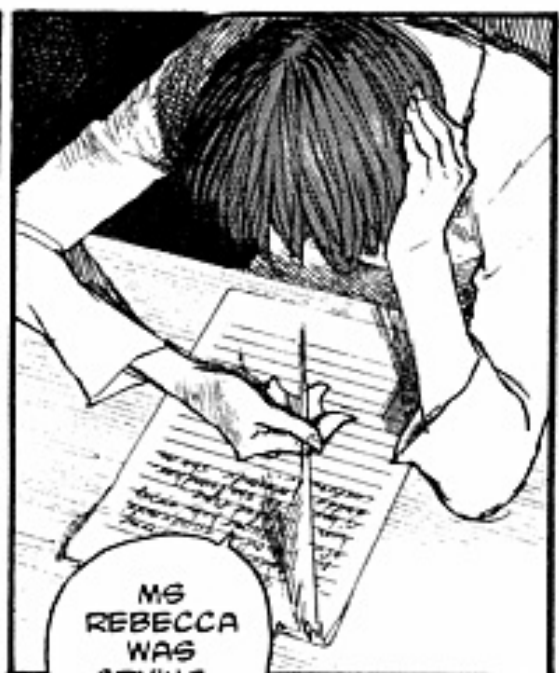


NEXT...
OF COURSE.

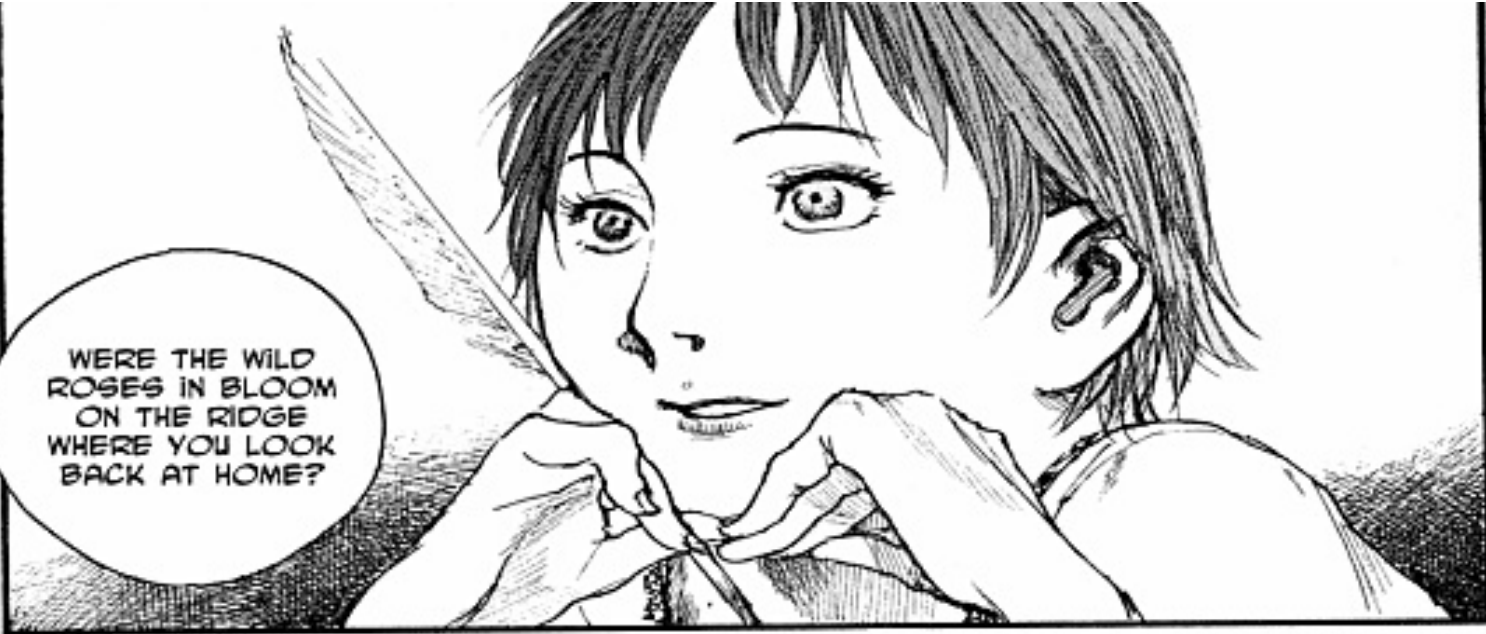


HUH?
YOU'RE WRITING
A LETTER
ALREADY,
CORDY?

EH
HEH HEH,
YUP.



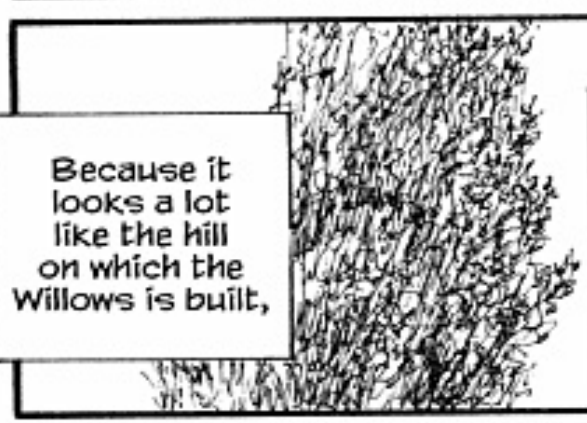
MS
REBECCA
WAS
CRYING...



WERE THE WILD
ROSES IN BLOOM
ON THE RIDGE
WHERE YOU LOOK
BACK AT HOME?



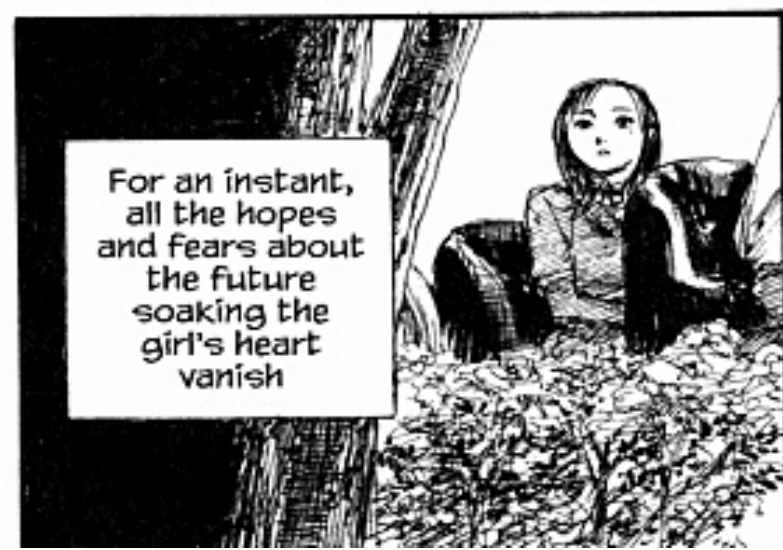
There's a
small but
beautiful
cluster of
wild roses
growing on
the ridge



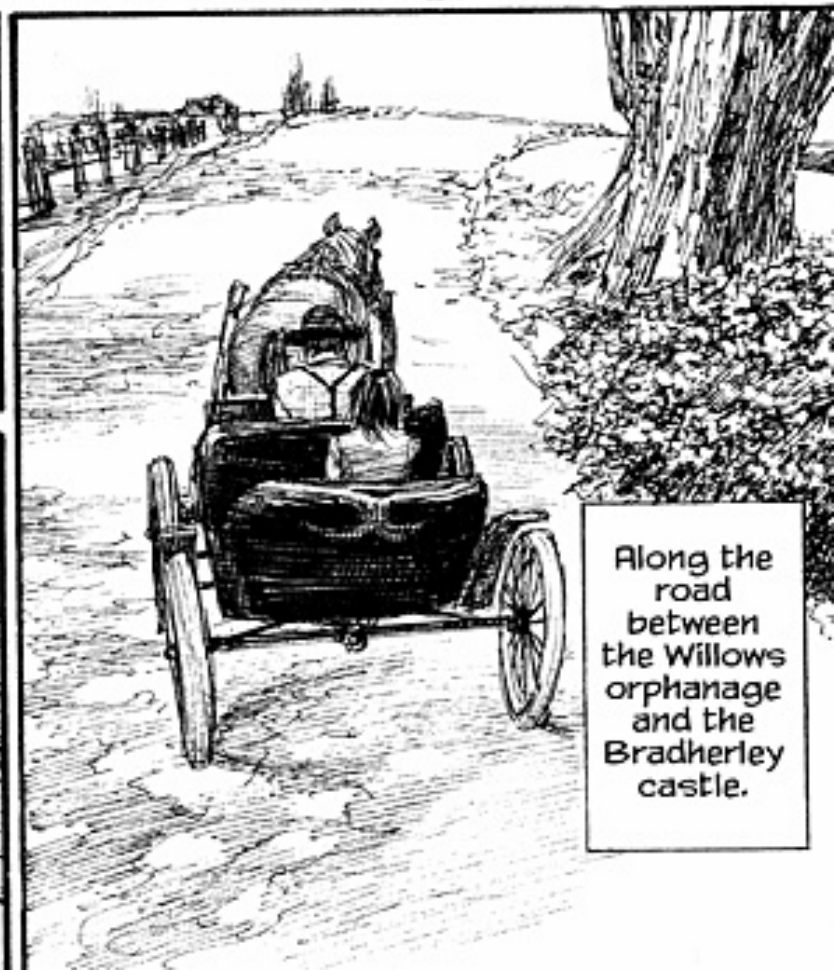
Because it
looks a lot
like the hill
on which the
Willows is built,



A nearby
poplar
that's
shed
all its
flowers
looks
down
on it.



For an instant,
all the hopes
and fears about
the future
soaking the
girl's heart
vanish



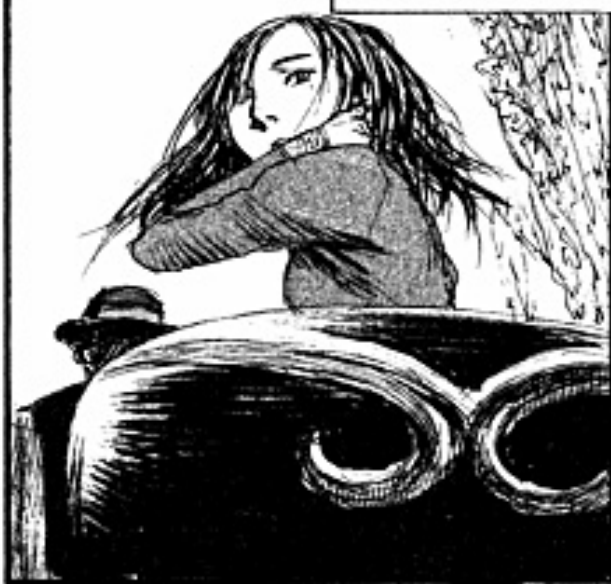
Along the
road
between
the Willows
orphanage
and the
Bradherley
castle.

♪ ...I WENT
TO BUY
POTS IN
BEZIERS ♪



At that moment,
the driver who
might be
observing her
out of the corner
of his eye...

And she turns
to look back,
thinking of
the friends she
left behind.



And that's
why people
call it the
ridge
where you
look back
at home.



♪ BUT
THE
SHOP
HAD
CLOSED ♪

Though
gruff and
out of tune,
the driver's
singing
makes her
smile.

SO I TOOK
THE CITY'S
MOST
BEAUTIFUL
GIRL



END



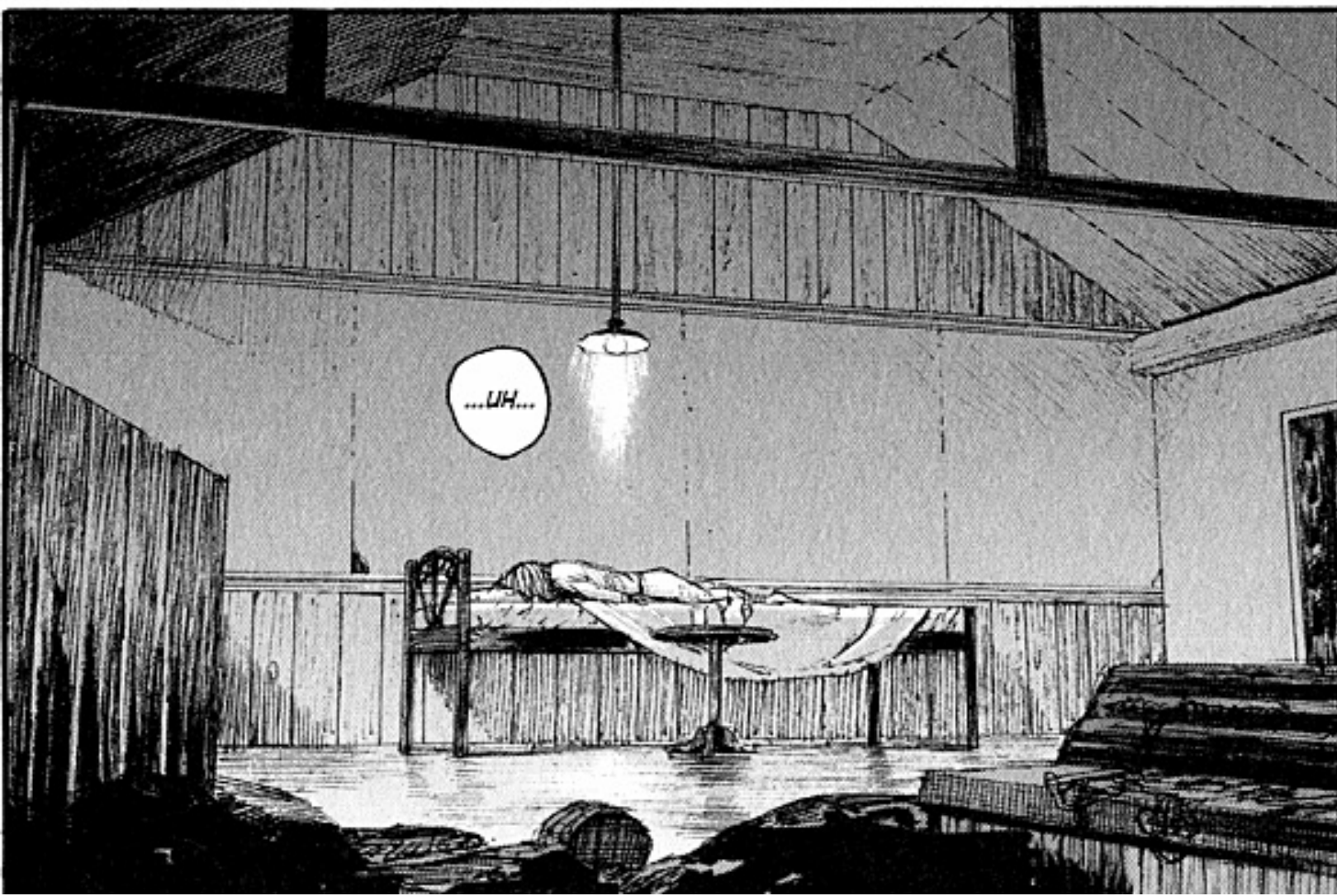
Chapter 2

友達

FRIEND

*Cardiff prison
in late spring —*

*3 days have
passed since
Stella Calkland
left the Patty home
and got on
Bradherley's coach.*

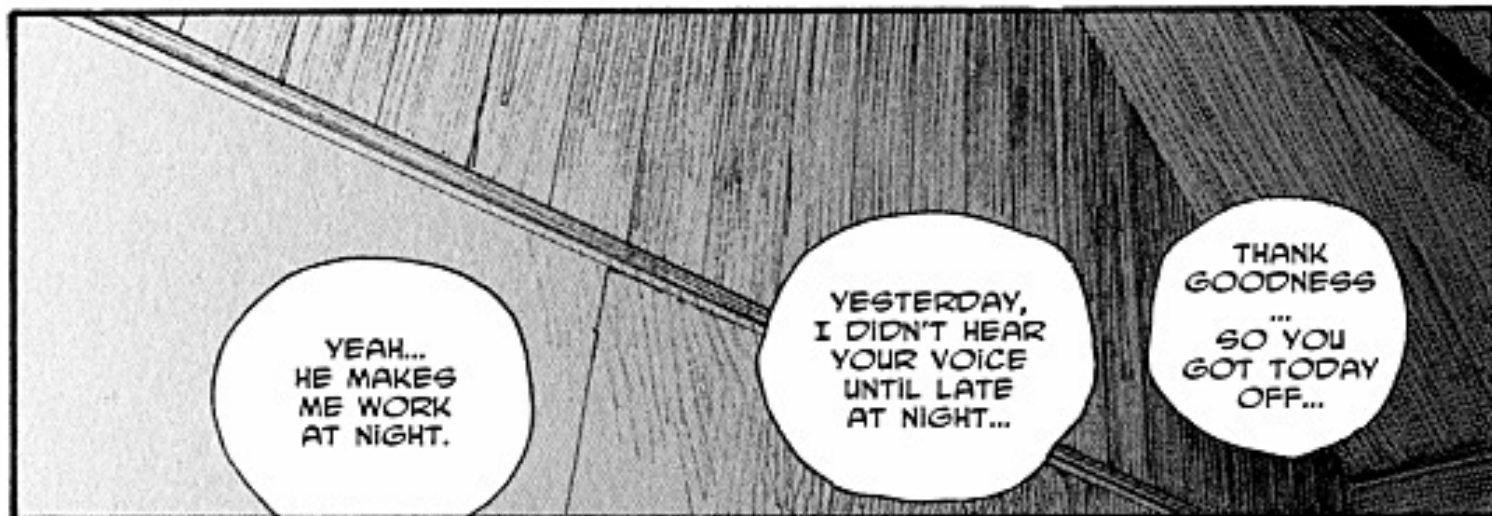




I'M
HERE,
STELLA
...



PRISCILLA...
ARE YOU
THERE,
PRISCILLA?



YEAH...
HE MAKES
ME WORK
AT NIGHT.

YESTERDAY,
I DIDN'T HEAR
YOUR VOICE
UNTIL LATE
AT NIGHT...

THANK
GOODNESS
...
SO YOU
GOT TODAY
OFF...



THEY
BROKE MY
FINGERS
TODAY.

ALL THE
FINGERS ON
MY LEFT
HAND...



I'M NOT
AS BADLY
OFF AS
YOU.

OH
STELLA...
COMPARED
TO THE PAIN
YOU GO
THROUGH
...



NOT
AT ALL.
HE'S A
BEAST.

BUT...
HE LETS ME
GO AFTER
HE'S DONE
WITH ME.

IS THE
CHIEF...
KIND?



! ...THAT'S HORRIBLE.

MY HAND... STILL FEELS LIKE IT'S ON FIRE...

AND THE GUARDS SAW IT AND DIDN'T DO A THING?



"WE CAN DO WHAT WE LIKE, AS LONG AS WE DON'T KILL YOU."

THAT I WASN'T JUST THERE FOR SEX.



TODAY, ONE OF THE PRISONERS LAUGHED AND TOLD ME

THEY DIDN'T LIFT A FINGER...



RIGHT NOW...

I'LL...
AHH, I'M PROBABLY GOING TO DIE...

BUT... BUT I DON'T EVEN THINK THE GUARDS WILL STOP THAT...

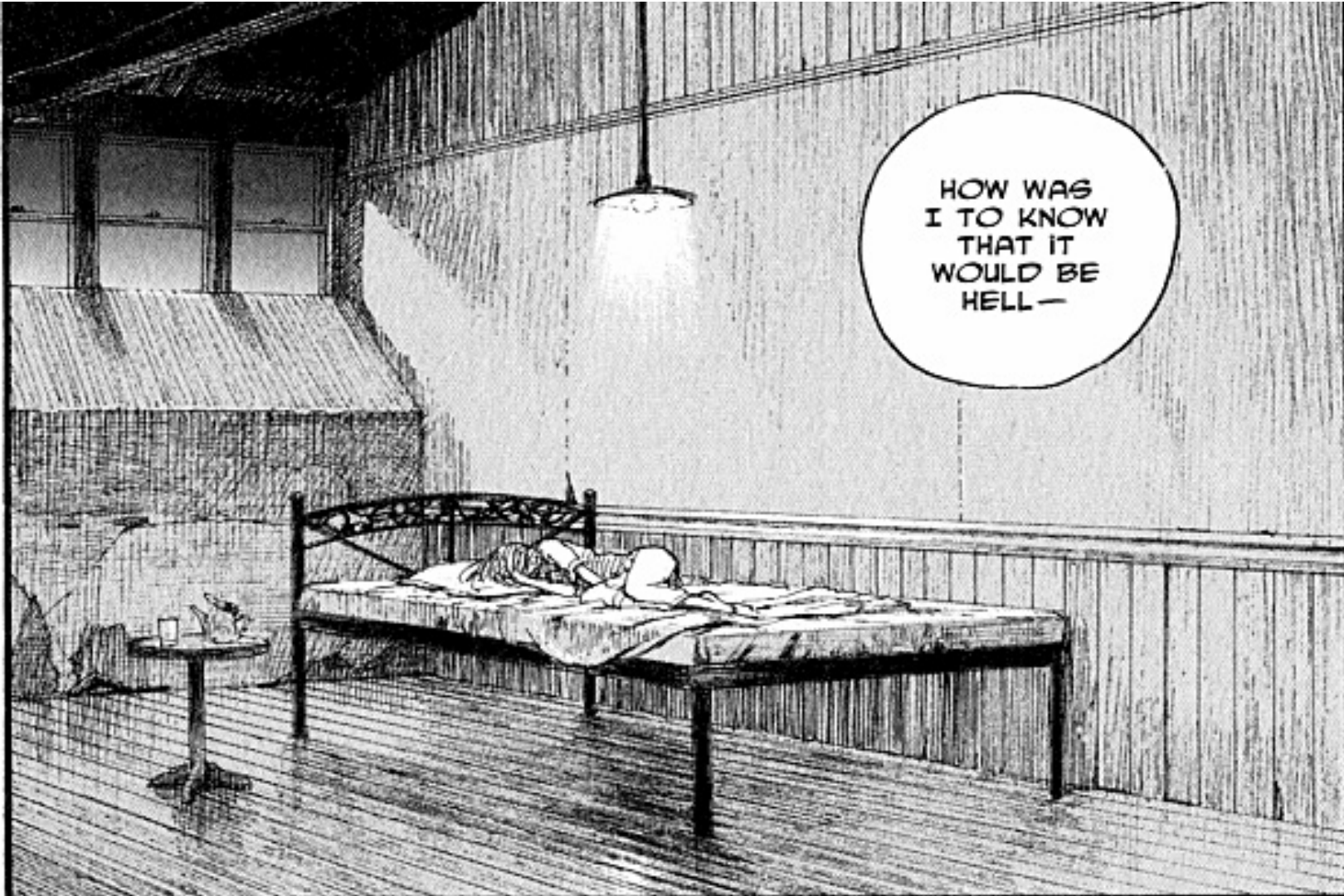
...WHAT THE HELL...!



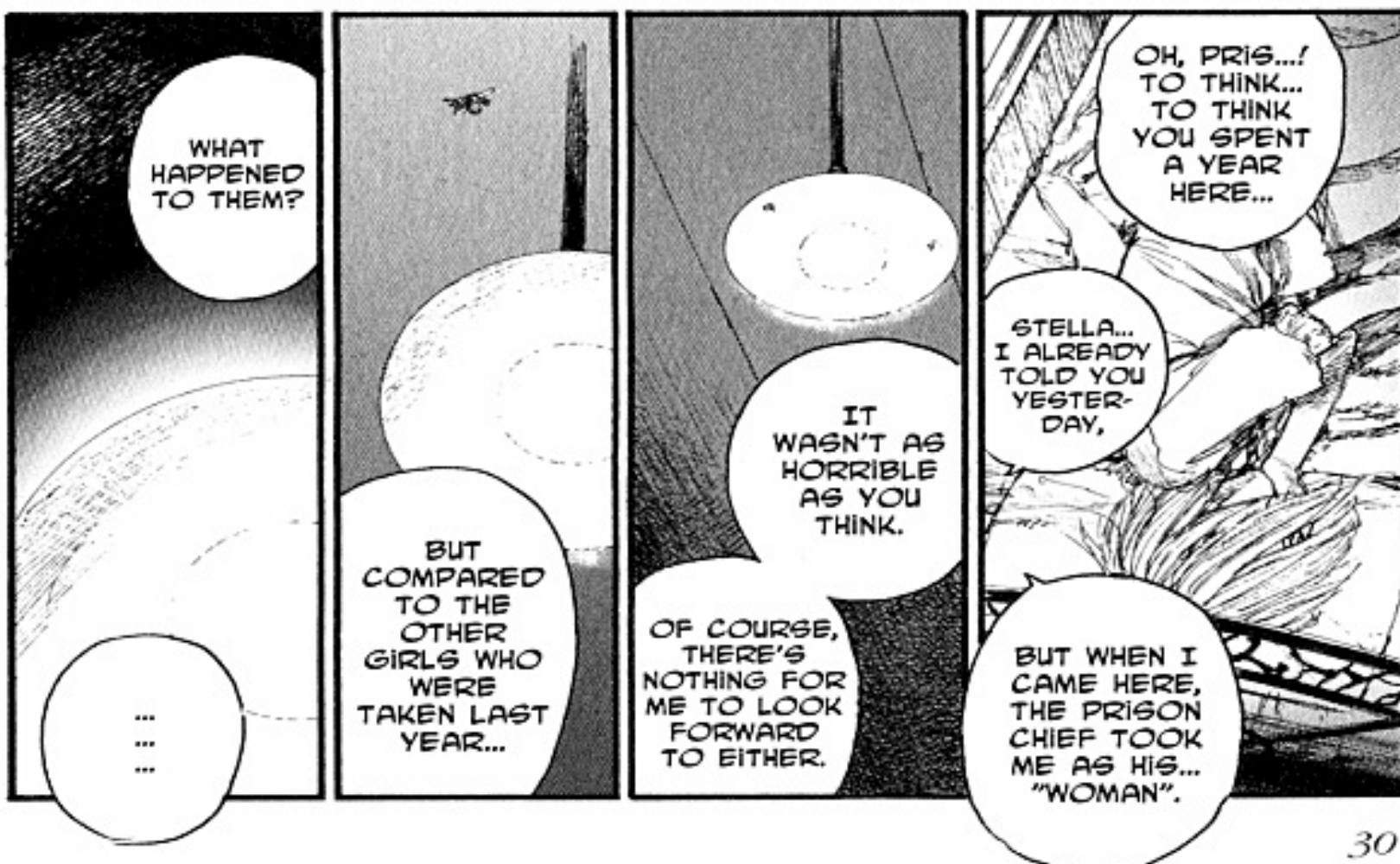
I DON'T THINK... I WOULD HAVE EVEN SURVIVED 3 DAYS...

PRISCILLA... IF YOU WEREN'T HERE,





HOW WAS
I TO KNOW
THAT IT
WOULD BE
HELL—



WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THEM?

BUT
COMPARED
TO THE
OTHER
GIRLS WHO
WERE
TAKEN LAST
YEAR...

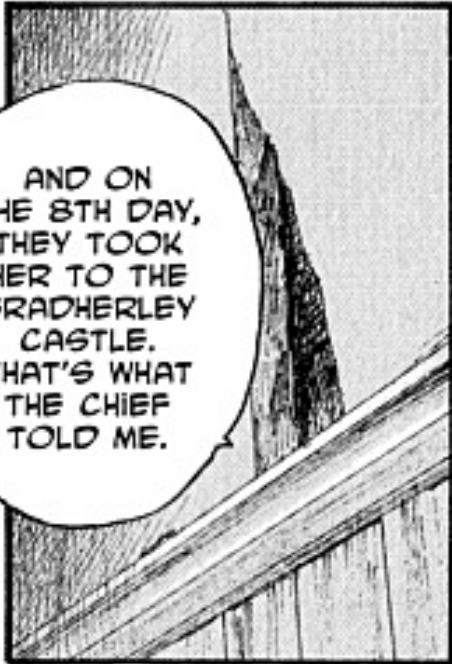
IT
WASN'T AS
HORRIBLE
AS YOU
THINK.

OF COURSE,
THERE'S
NOTHING FOR
ME TO LOOK
FORWARD
TO EITHER.

OH, PRIS...!
TO THINK...
TO THINK
YOU SPENT
A YEAR
HERE...

STELLA...
I ALREADY
TOLD YOU
YESTER-
DAY,

BUT WHEN I
CAME HERE,
THE PRISON
CHIEF TOOK
ME AS HIS...
"WOMAN".



AND ON
THE 8TH DAY,
THEY TOOK
HER TO THE
BRADHERLEY
CASTLE.
THAT'S WHAT
THE CHIEF
TOLD ME.

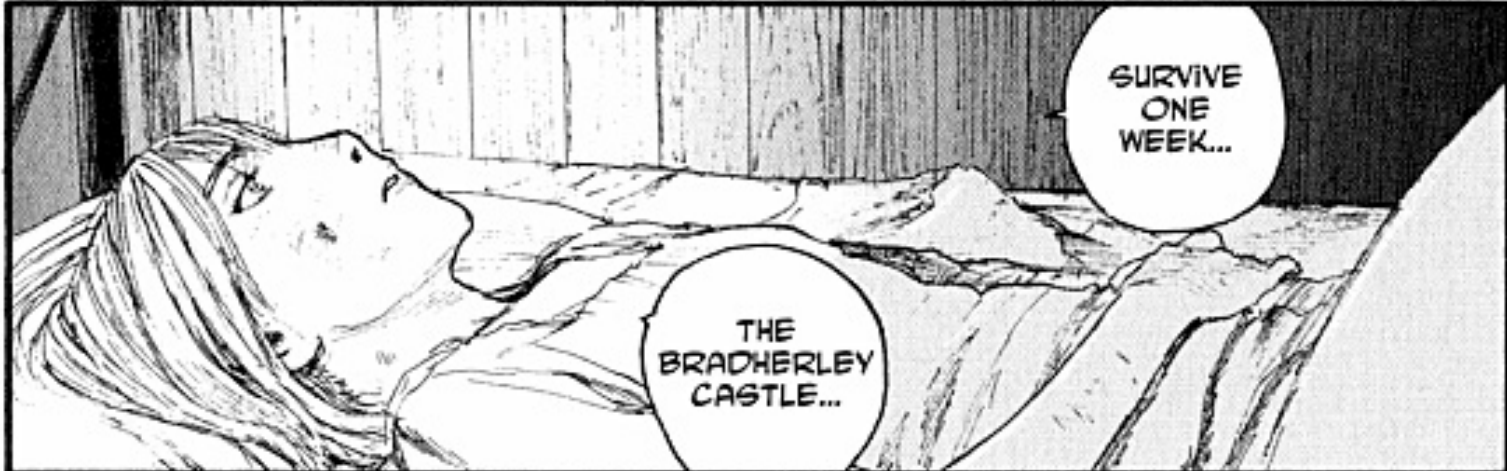


ONE OF
THE GIRLS
SURVIVED A
WEEK OF THIS
TORTURE,

I DON'T
KNOW...
BUT...



THEY
DIED?



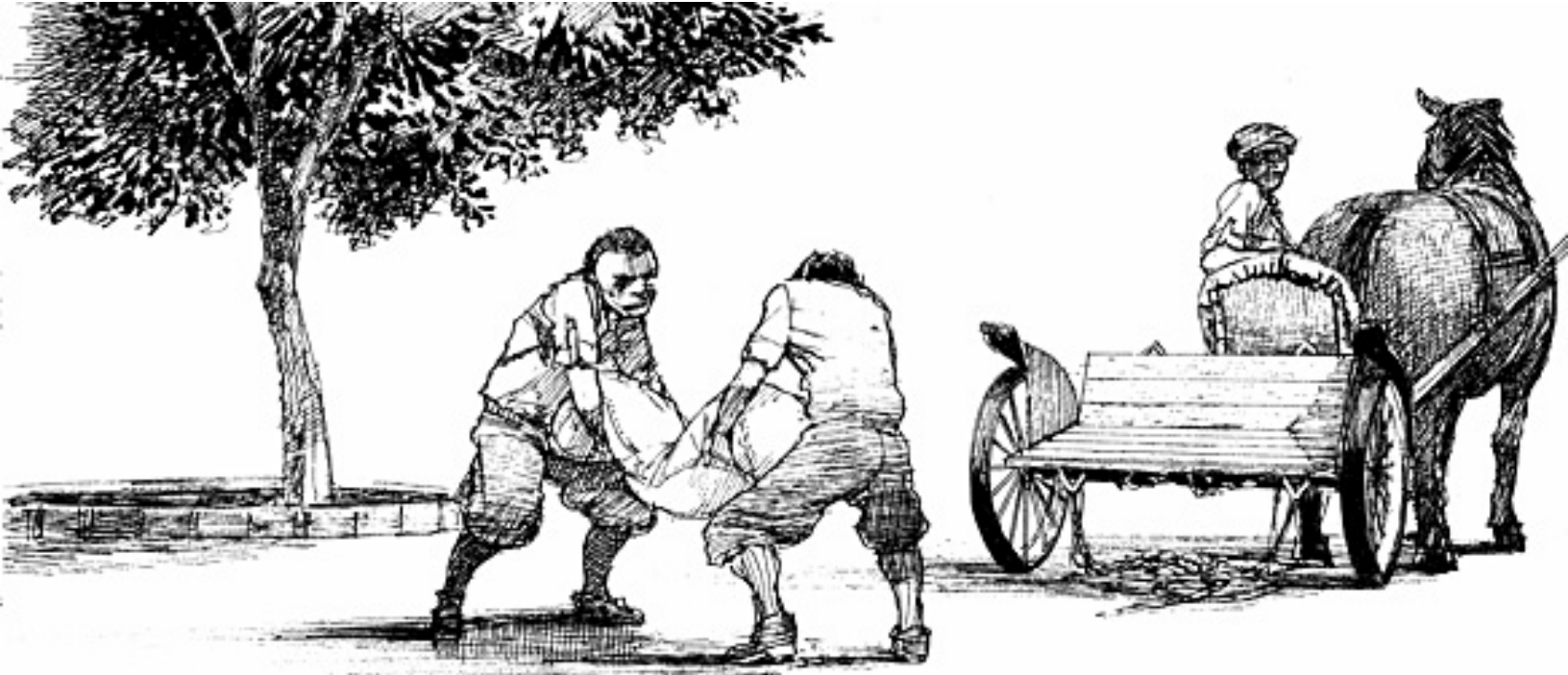
SURVIVE
ONE
WEEK...

THE
BRADHERLEY
CASTLE...



...ONE
WEEK...







IT WAS
"OTHELLO"
THAT TIME,
RIGHT?

HOW
COULD I
FORGET?

BUT IT WAS
THE FIRST TIME
THE TWO OF
US PLAYED THE
LEAD CHARACTER
AND THE HEROINE
TOGETHER
ON STAGE.

WE'VE
BOTH LET
EACH OTHER
TAKE THE
ROLE OF
THE HEROINE
MANY TIMES
BEFORE,



DO YOU
REMEMBER
THE GOLDEN
CEDAR FESTIVAL
THE YEAR
BEFORE LAST,
PRISCILLA?



AH...
NO, NO.

I'VE
GOTTA
THINK OF
HAPPIER
THINGS.

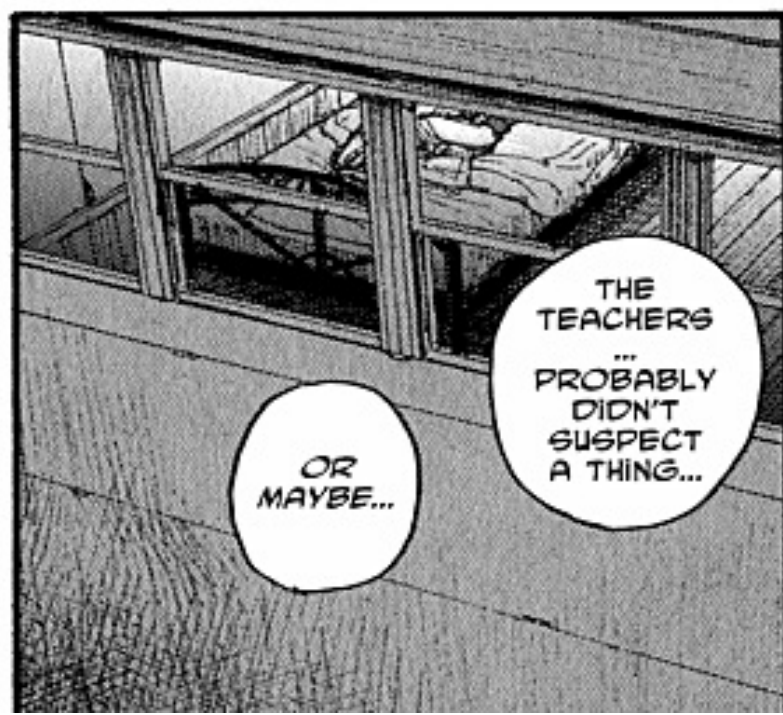
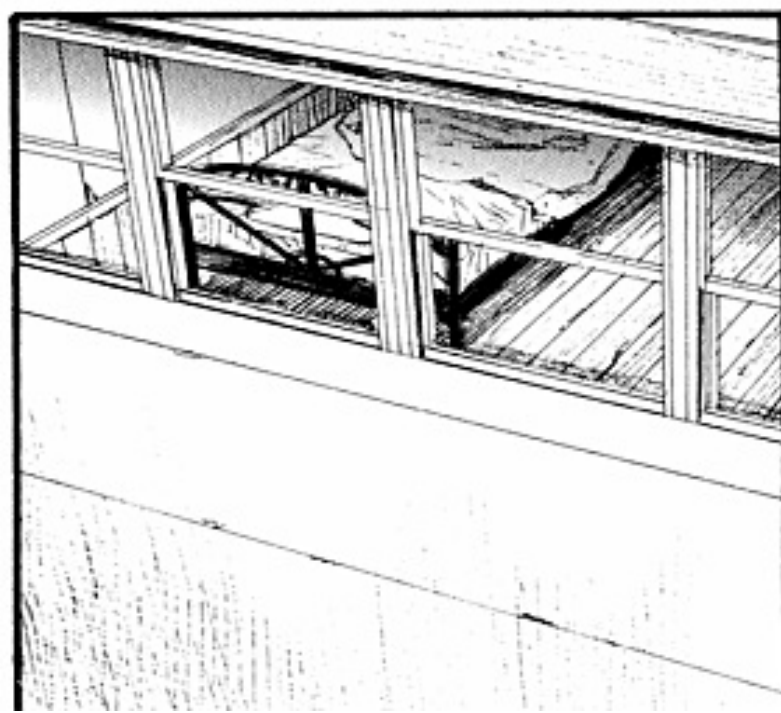


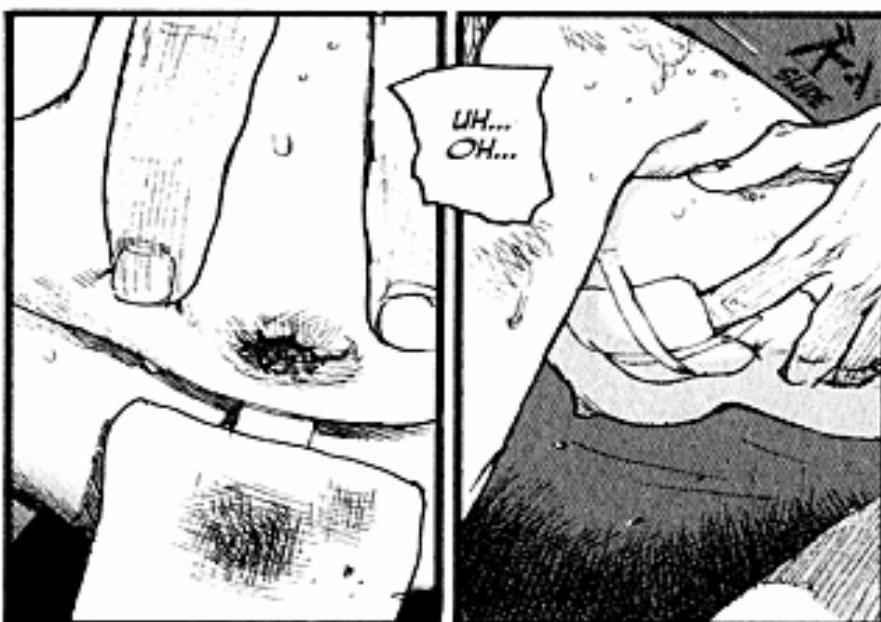
THAT WAS
MS MARIA'S
FAULT!
AH, I
SHOULDN'T
BE RUDE.

BUT YOUR
DESDEMONA
HAD SO MUCH
MAKE-UP ON!



AND THE
COSTUMES THAT
WE MADE FROM
THE SCRAPS OF
CLOTH FROM THE
BAZAAR WERE
MUCH NICER THAN
THE YEAR
BEFORE.





30 men
taking
turns...
again and
again...

The
prisoners
are sent
elsewhere
...

Probably...
when the
girls in the
other
rooms die,

No...
it's no good.
I've gotta
think of
happier
things...

How can
so much
pain exist
in this
world...

Ahh...
it just
hurts so
much.

I don't
even know
what's
happening
to my
body...

I WANTED
TO SHOW
IT TO
YOU...

I'D NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING
LIKE IT BEFORE
EXCEPT IN
BOOKS...

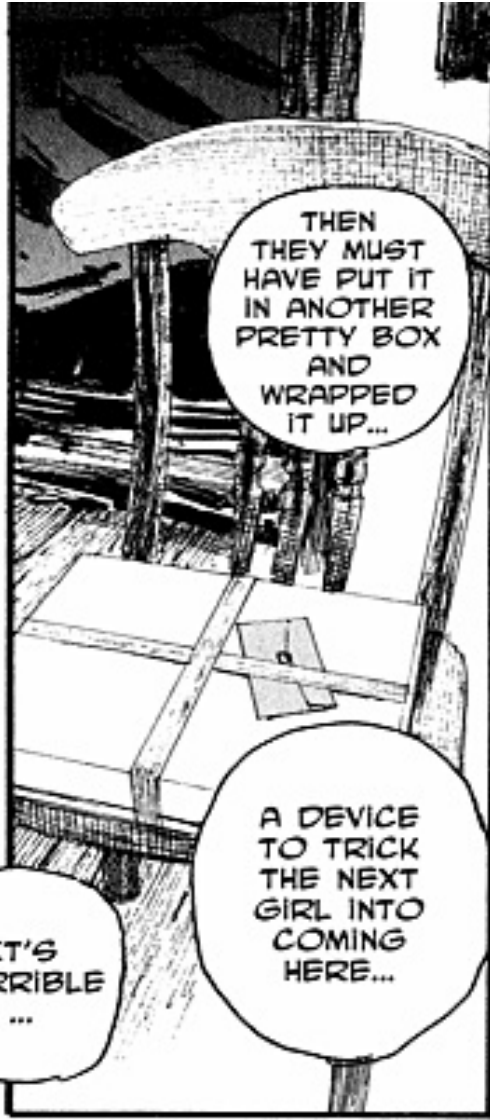
THE DRESS
THAT LORD
BRADHERLEY
SENT ME WAS
MADE OF
PURE WHITE
GEORGETTE.

THAT
SOUNDS
BEAUTIFUL
!

BUT PRIS,
THE BROWN
GLORIA
DRESS YOU
GOT WAS
GORGEOUS
TOO.

IT WAS
REALLY
SOME-
THING.

IT MUST
HAVE LOOKED
BEAUTIFUL,
A PURE WHITE
DRESS WITH
YOUR GOLDEN
HAIR.



THEN
THEY MUST
HAVE PUT IT
IN ANOTHER
PRETTY BOX
AND
WRAPPED
IT UP...

A DEVICE
TO TRICK
THE NEXT
GIRL INTO
COMING
HERE...

IT'S
HORRIBLE
...



EVERYONE
WAS
JEALOUS
OF YOU...

SO MANY
OF THEM
ENVIED
THE TWO
OF US...

OH YES,
BUT THE DAY
BEFORE I LEFT,
SOMEONE SLICED
UP THE SLEEVE
OF MY DRESS.
THE CUT WAS OVER
A FOOT LONG.

I'M SURE
YOU SAW IT.
MS PATTY
STAYED UP
ALL NIGHT
TO MEND IT.



THEY
TOOK THEM
FROM US
SHORTLY
AFTER WE
CAME HERE.

BUT
IN THE END...
WE DIDN'T
GET TO
KEEP THE
DRESSES.



IF...
IF THEY'RE
GOING TO
DO THIS
TO US...
AT THE
LEAST...

AT LEAST...
THEY COULD
HAVE HAD THE
DECENCY...
TO BURY US
WITH THE
DRESSES
WHEN WE
DIE...

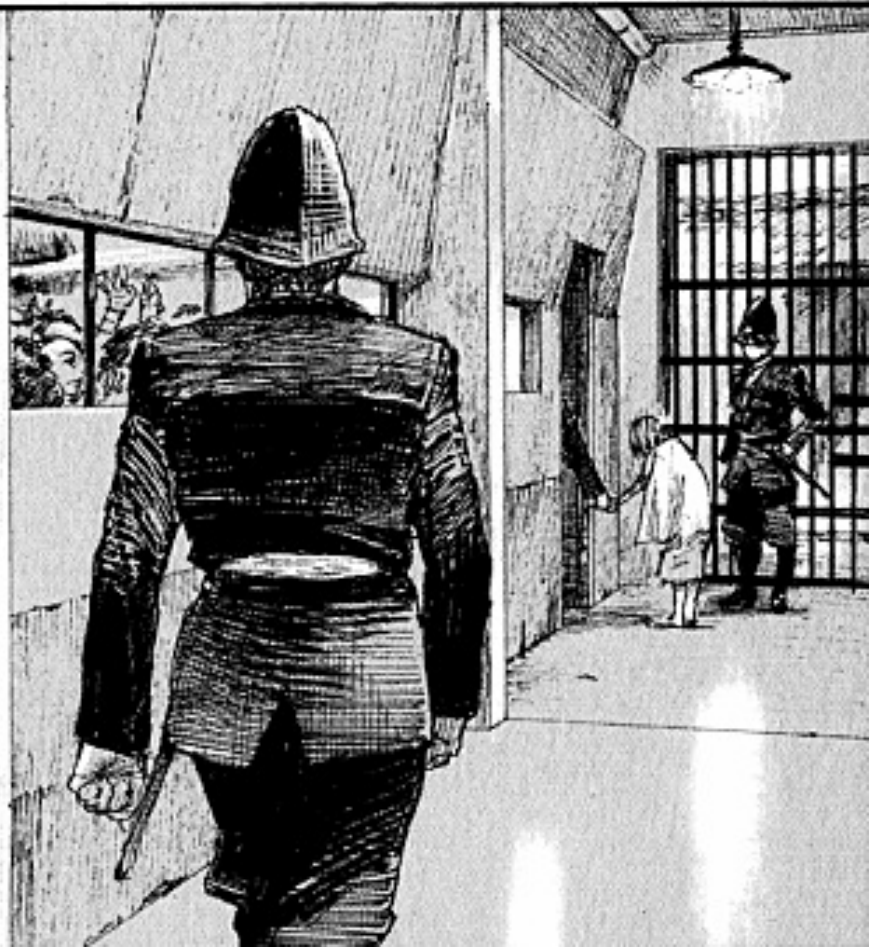
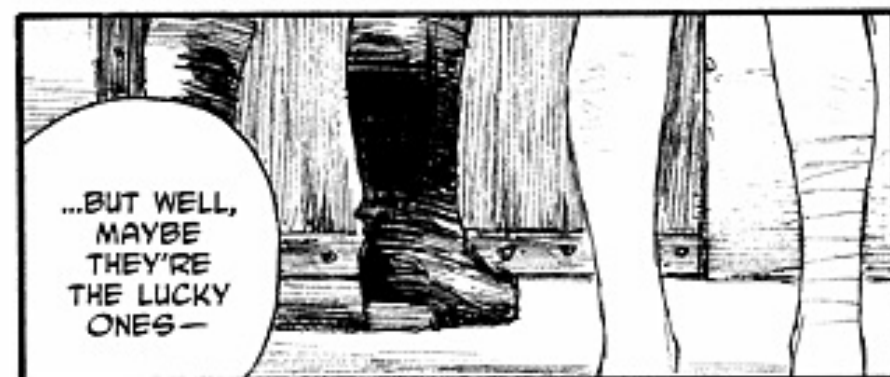


DON'T
THINK
ABOUT
DYING,
STELLA.

DON'T
SAY
THAT...



DON'T DIE,
STELLA!



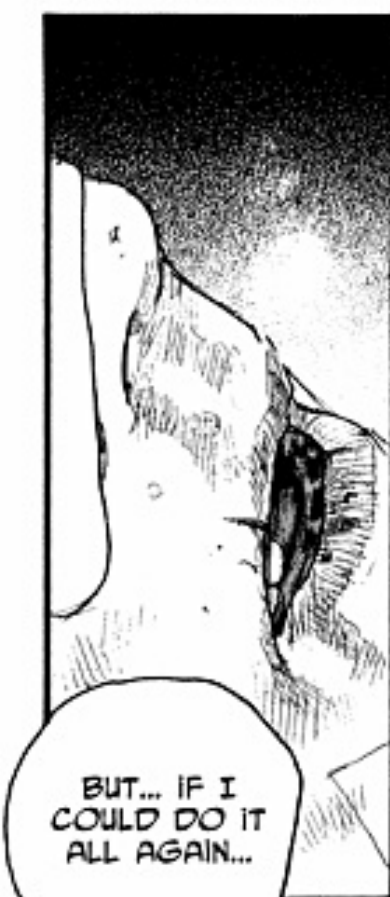


PART
OF THAT
OPERA
TROUPE...

W- WE
COULD
REALLY...
HAVE BEEN
PART OF
IT...

I REALLY...
THINK IT'S
TRUE...

HEY...
PRISCILLA...
ABOUT THAT
RUMOR...



BUT... IF I
COULD DO IT
ALL AGAIN...



...COME TO
THINK ABOUT IT,
I... I HAVEN'T
BEEN A GOOD
GIRL...

THAT'S
WHY...
THIS
HAPPENED
...



AHH...
AND IF I
HAD BEEN...
A BETTER
PERSON

THEN I
WOULD
DEFINITELY
...
HAVE
GOTTEN
IN...



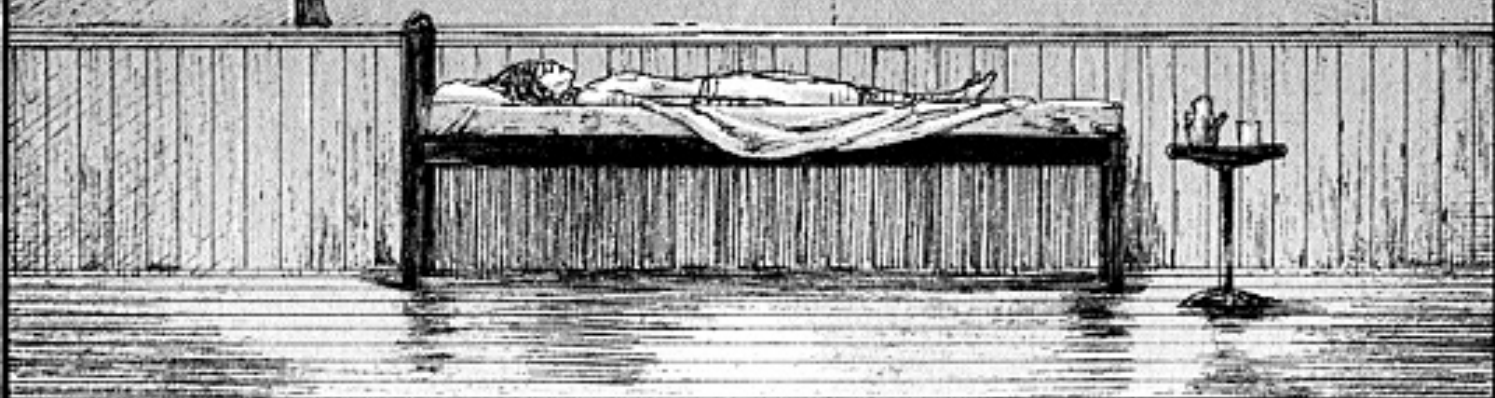
IF I...
WERE
PRETTIER...

LEAVE THIS
PLACE
ALIVE,
STELLA!

JUST ONE
MORE DAY!
STAY ALIVE
AND YOU
CAN LEAVE!

IF YOU
CAN LAST
ANOTHER DAY,
YOU'LL
DEFINITELY
GET OUT
OF HERE!

GET A HOLD
OF YOURSELF,
STELLA!
IT'S ALREADY
BEEN 6 DAYS!



YOU'RE...
REALLY...



THANK
YOU,
PRIS...
YOU'RE
SO
KIND...



...
YEAH...
LEAVE
HERE...



I CUT UP
THE SLEEVE
OF YOUR
DRESS,
YOU KNOW...



I'M
SORRY...
I'M SO
SORRY,
PRISCILLA
...

EVEN
THOUGH...
YOU WERE...
MY BEST
FRIEND...

I'VE
WANTED TO
CONFESS
SINCE
FOREVER...

...I
SAID
IT...

I
FINALLY
SAID IT...

I KNEW,

STELLA.

ALL
THROUGH...
THIS LAST
YEAR...

SO-

I FORGAVE
YOU A YEAR
AGO,
STELLA.

BUT YOU KNOW...
I SAID TO MYSELF,
IF STELLA DID IT,
I FORGIVE HER.

I FIGURED
IT OUT A
YEAR AGO.

I'M
SORRY...

THANK
YOU.

OH...
PRIS-
CILLA,

THANK
YOU.

I'M
SORRY
...

THANK
YOU.

I'M
SORRY.

I'M
SORRY.

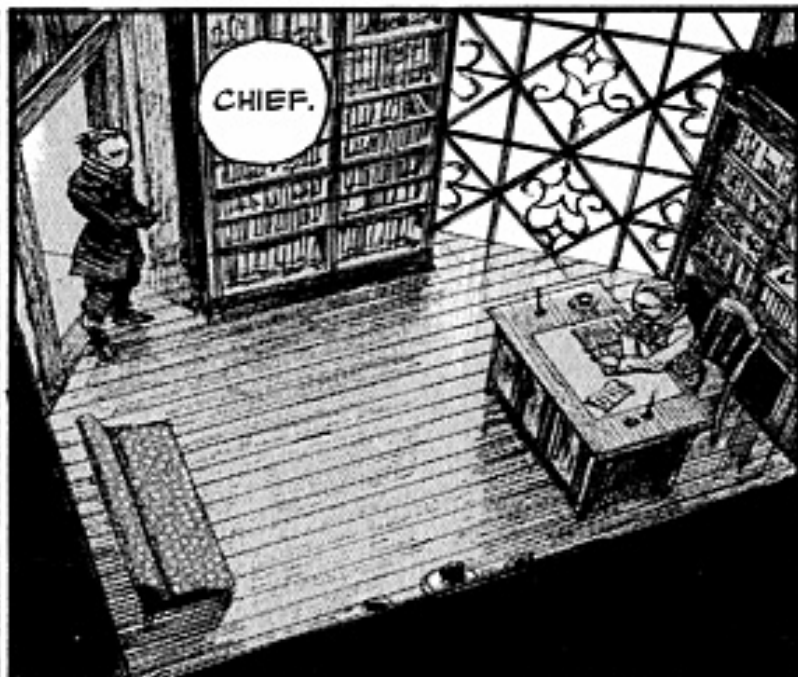


I SEE.

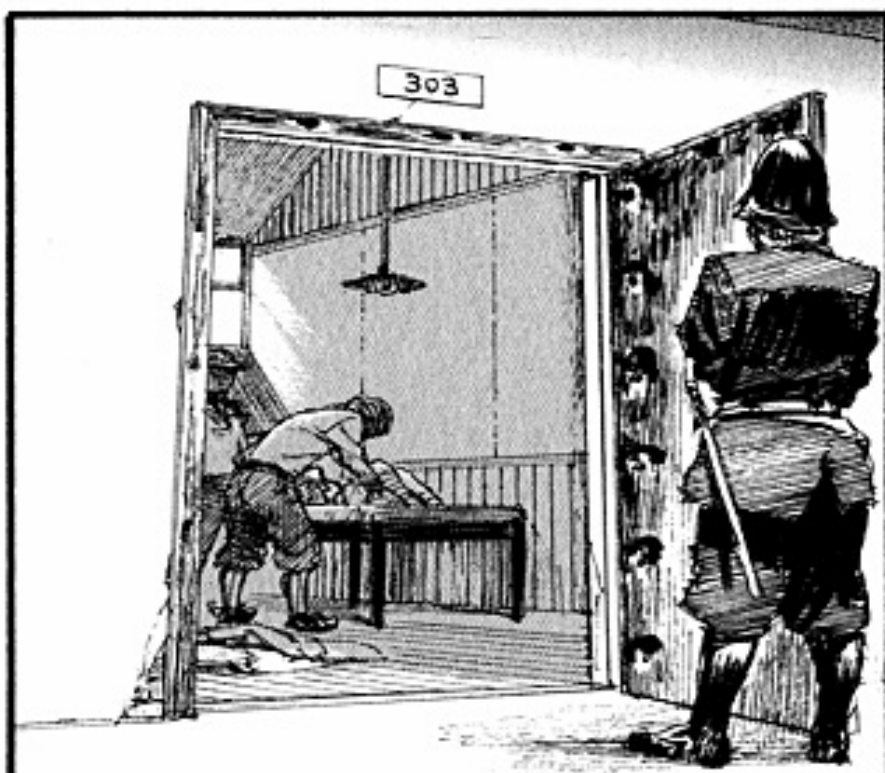


SO ALL
THE GIRLS
FROM THIS
YEAR'S
PROGRAM
ARE NOW...

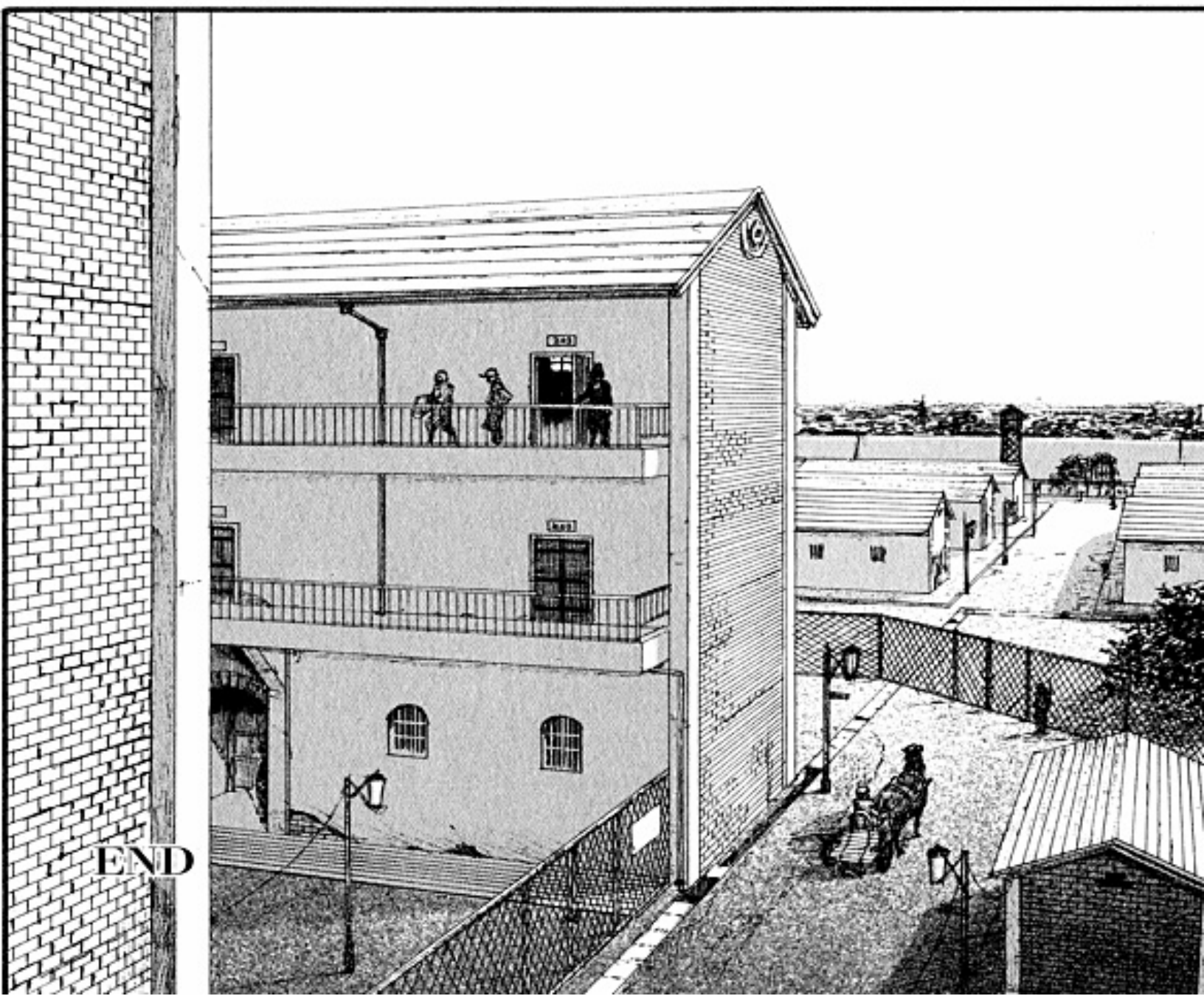
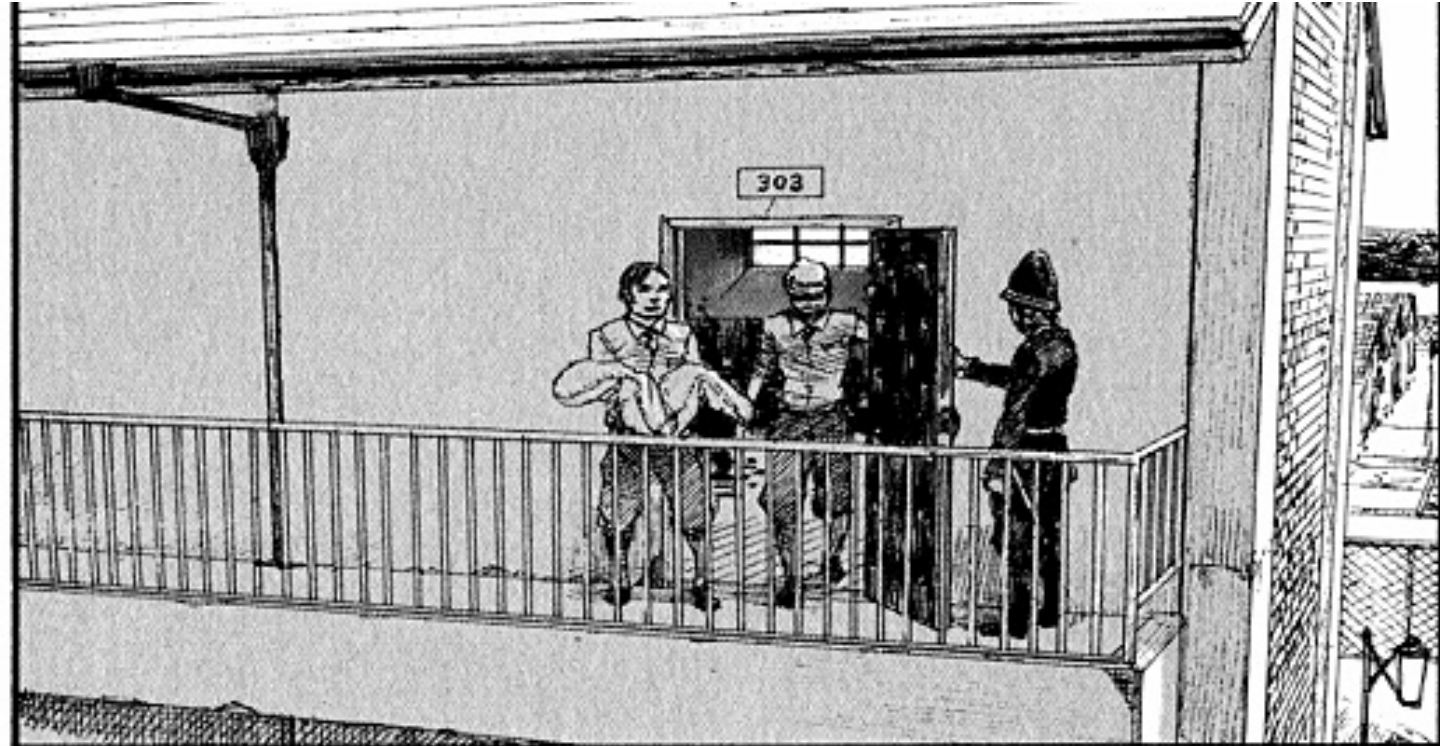
STELLA
CALKLAND
WAS
FOUND
DEAD THIS
MORNING
AT 8:10
AM.



CHIEF.



WELL,
GET THE
USUAL TEAM
TO TAKE
CARE OF IT.



END

Chapter 3

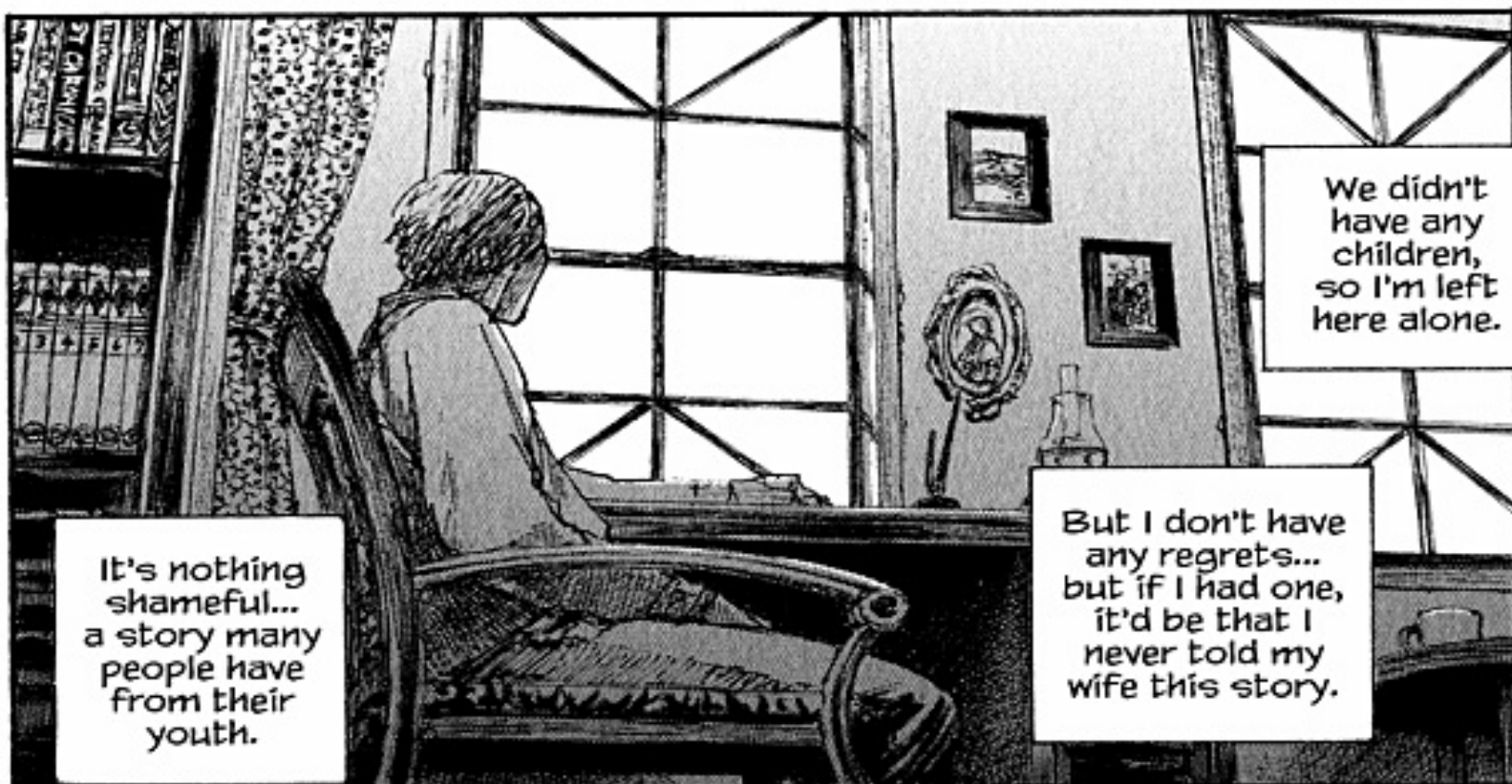
ある追憶

OLDMAN'S
REMEMBRANCE





My wife
of 35
years
passed
away last
week.



It's nothing
shameful...
a story many
people have
from their
youth.

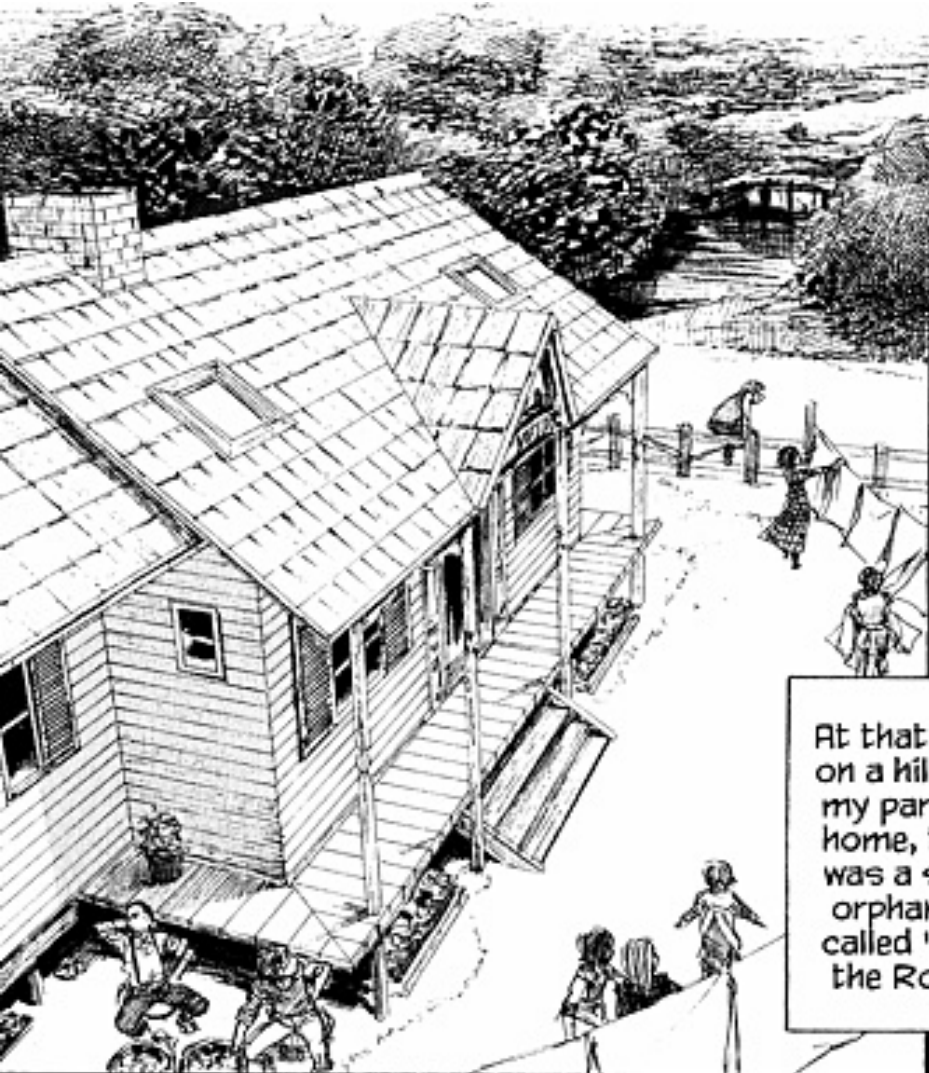
But I don't have
any regrets...
but if I had one,
it'd be that I
never told my
wife this story.

We didn't
have any
children,
so I'm left
here alone.



PHILIPPA!





At that time,
on a hill near
my parents'
home, there
was a small
orphanage
called "Near
the Road".



I'VE GOT
TO WAIT
TILL IT
DRIES,
JONAS.



ENOUGH,
DON'T BE
SO CRUDE.

WHISTLE

LOOK!
THE FARMER'S
SON AND THE
MERCHANT'S
DAUGHTER ARE
HAVING THEIR
ALONE TIME
AGAIN!

WELL,
I THOUGHT
ABOUT IT
SOME MORE,
AND I DON'T
WANT TO
TOUCH IT.

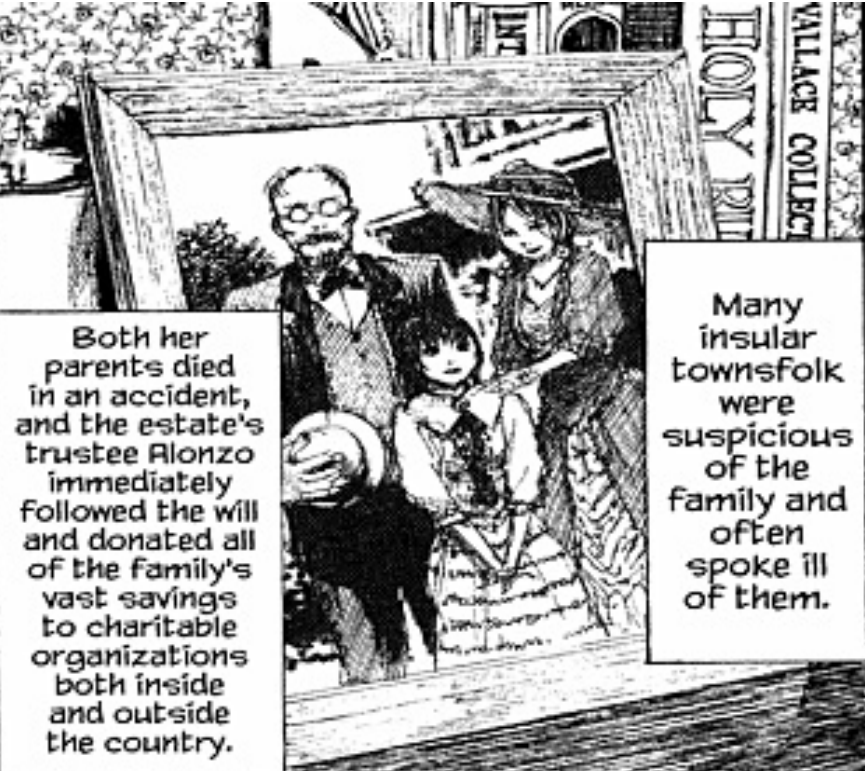
As the
kids at
the
orphanage
said,

BUT YOU
ASKED ME
TO MAKE
ONE FOR
YOU!



EW, THAT'S
GROSS.

LOOK
PHILIPPA,
I MADE A
FROG SKIN
NECKLACE
FOR YOU.



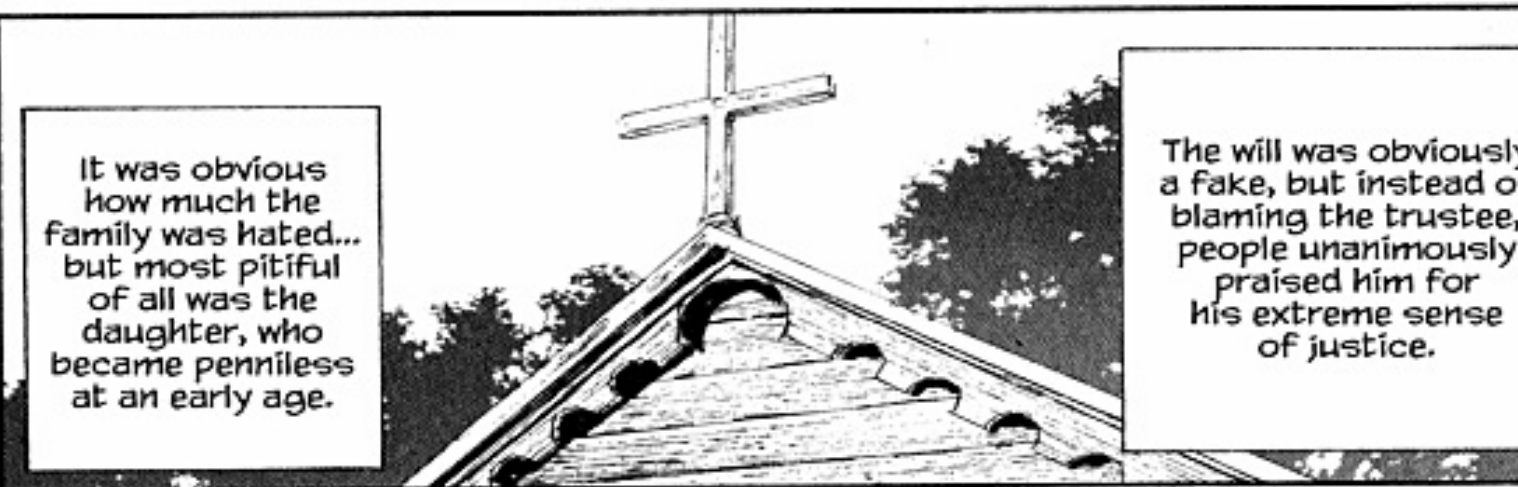
Both her parents died in an accident, and the estate's trustee Alonzo immediately followed the will and donated all of the family's vast savings to charitable organizations both inside and outside the country.

Many insular townsfolk were suspicious of the family and often spoke ill of them.



Her grandfather came here from somewhere in Eastern Europe.

Before Philippa Vassiley came to "Near the Road", she was the only daughter of a leading merchant in this town.



It was obvious how much the family was hated... but most pitiful of all was the daughter, who became penniless at an early age.

The will was obviously a fake, but instead of blaming the trustee, people unanimously praised him for his extreme sense of justice.



Sunday
—
after praying,
we would head to
the lake shore with
the communion
bread from
church in hand.



YOU DON'T
HAVE TO
BE SO
BLUNT!

The day would
go by as we
talked about
silly things.

BUT I
MIGHT
MARRY A
GOVERN-
MENT
OFFICIAL.

NOT A
CHANCE!

HOW
ABOUT
A
FARMER
?

BEING
ADOPTED
INTO THE
NOBILITY...
HOW
I DON'T WONDERFUL
WANT TO BE A THAT BE?
MERCHANT,
NO
MATTER
HOW RICH!

MAYBE
THEY'LL TAKE
ME INTO THE
BRADHERLEY
OPERA
TROUPE...

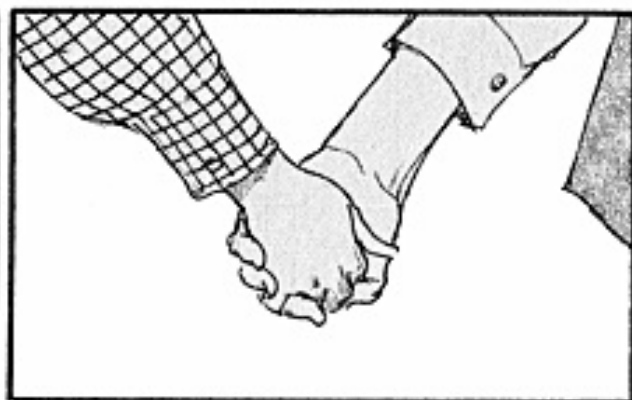
I'M
REALLY
GOOD AT
SINGING,
Y'KNOW.



One
day
...

OH?

?



I foolishly
believed
that those
times would
go on
forever.



One week later



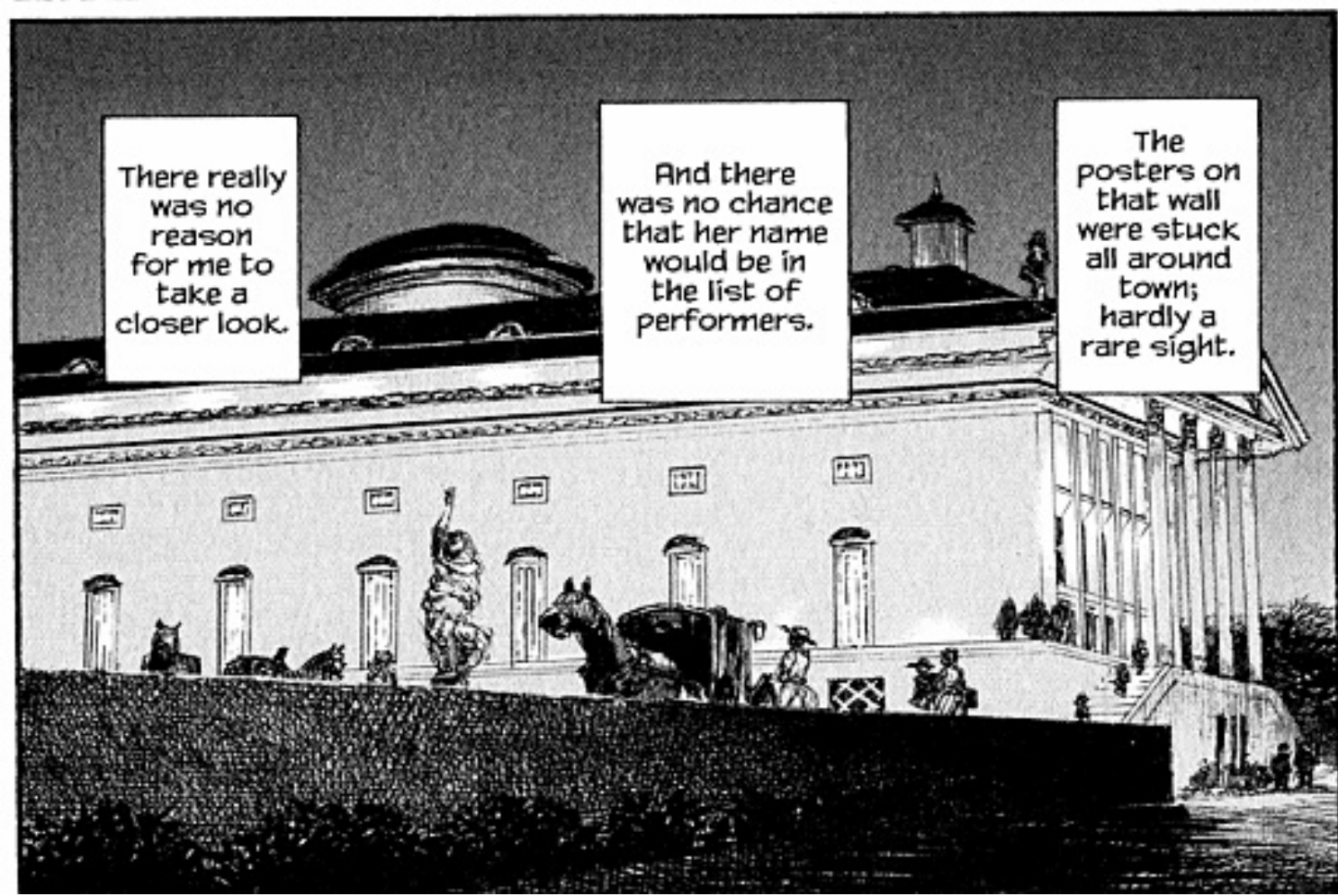


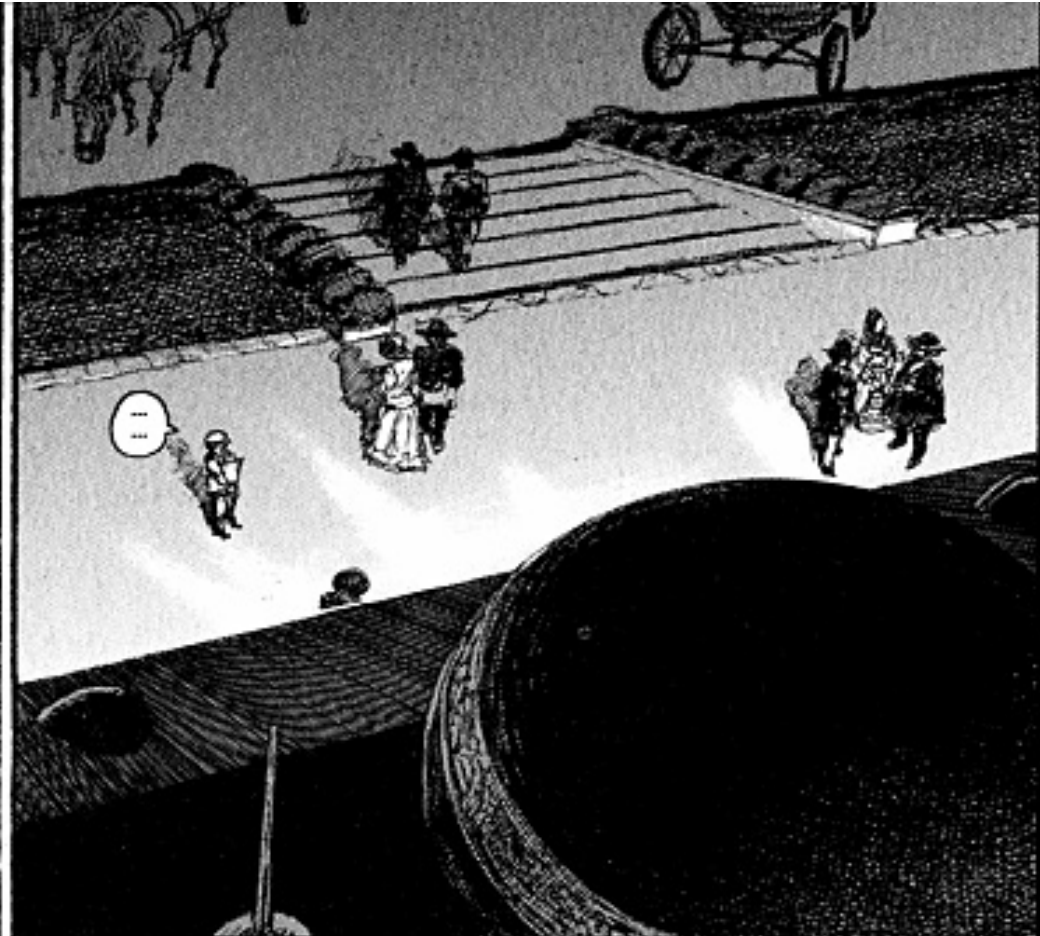
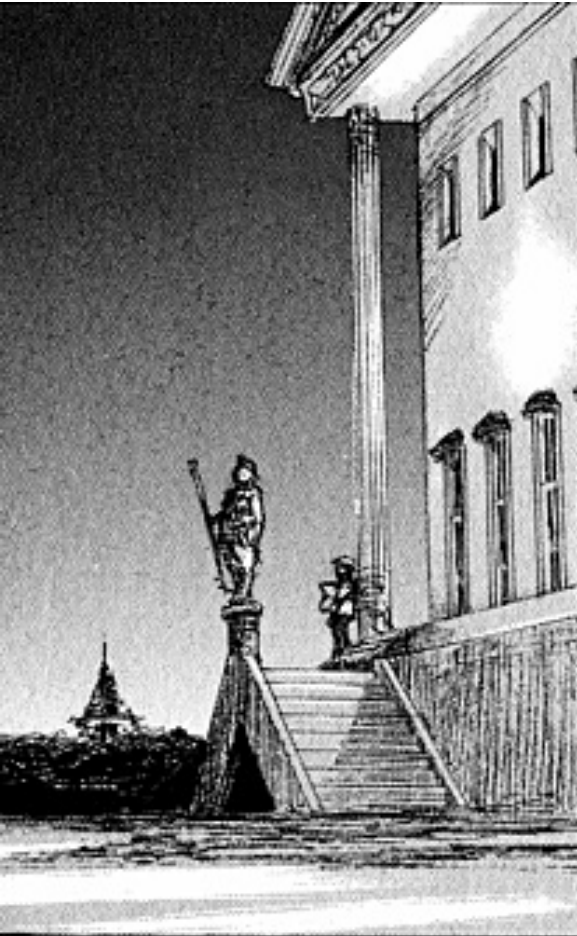


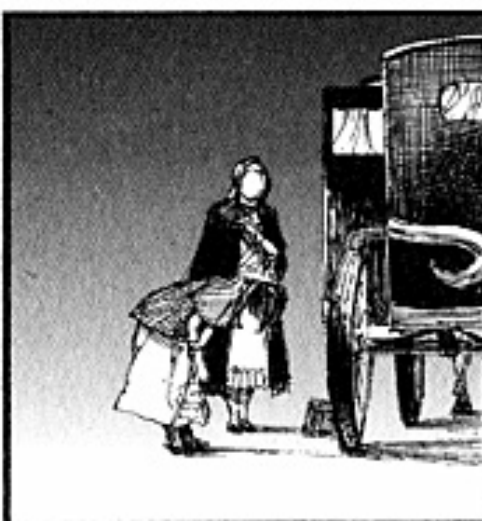
There really was no reason for me to take a closer look.

And there was no chance that her name would be in the list of performers.

The posters on that wall were stuck all around town; hardly a rare sight.







MS
PHILIPPA...
WE HAVE
TO GO.



AH,
OKAY!

YEAH...
BUT CAN
I GO IN
DRESSED
LIKE THIS?

DON'T
WORRY,
OUR TROUPE
ENCOURAGES
CHILDREN
AND YOUNG
PEOPLE
TO COME.

YOU HAVE TO
SAVE UP SO
YOU CAN SEE
ME NEXT TIME!



I WAS SO
NERVOUS
AND I
COULDN'T
REALLY
SEE THE
AUDIENCE...

OH JONAS!
I'LL NEVER
FORGET
TONIGHT'S
PERFORMANCE
IN MY LIFE!

That she spoke
as if those
past 2 years
hadn't gone by.

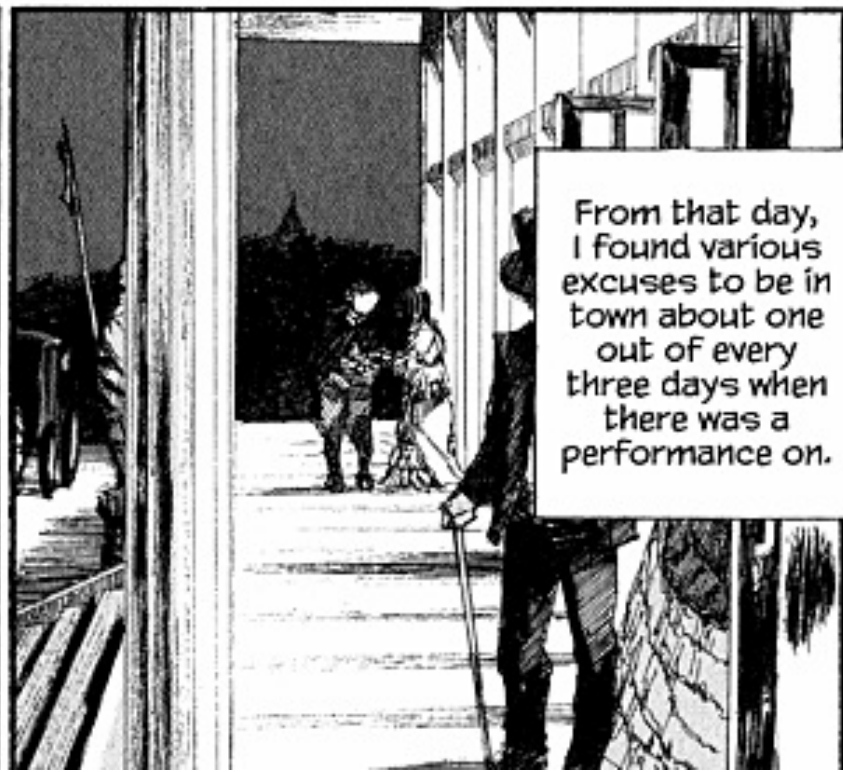


I felt a
little
disap-
pointed

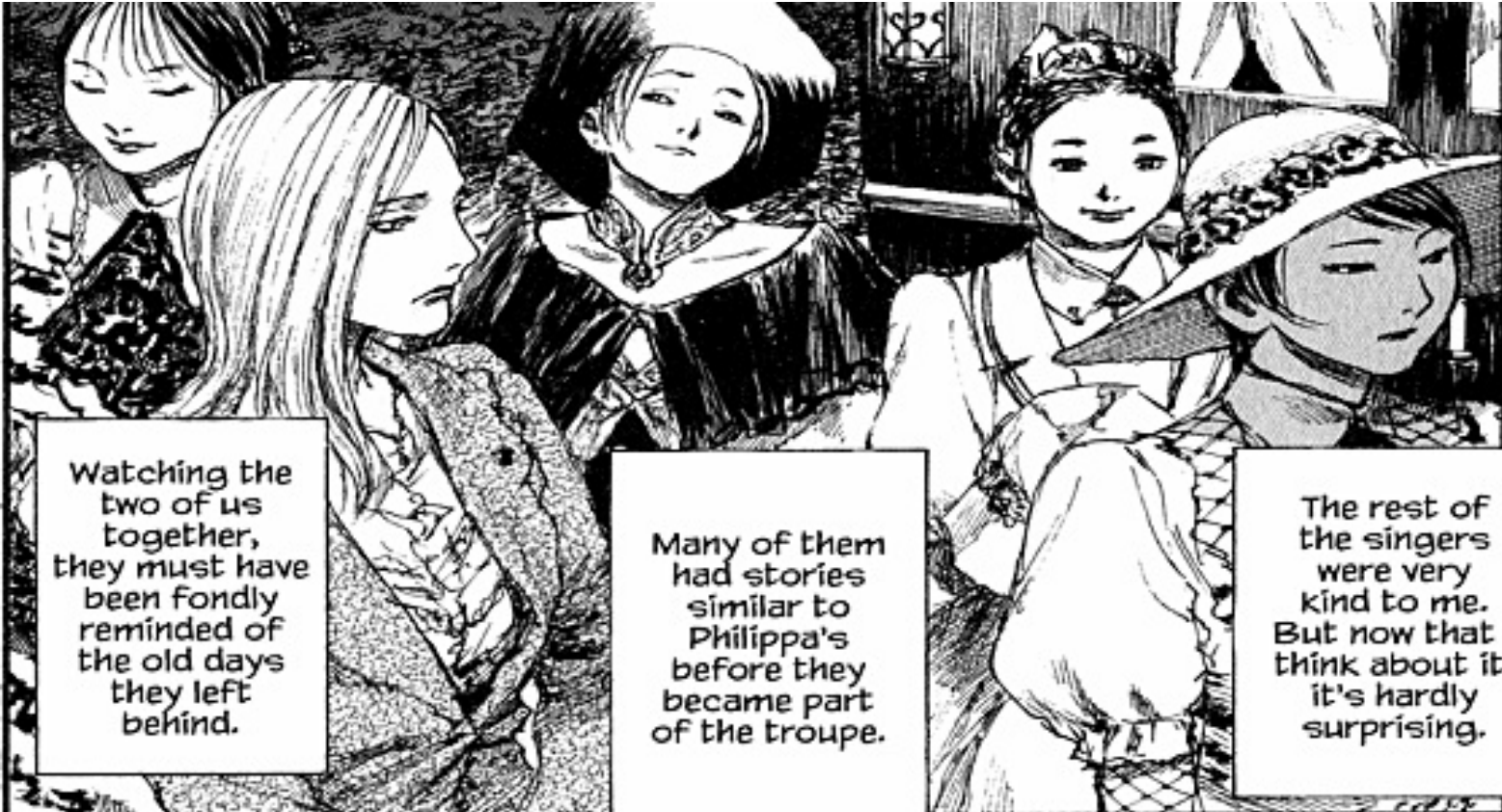


MISS!
HURRY
UP!

CALM
DOWN...



From that day,
I found various
excuses to be in
town about one
out of every
three days when
there was a
performance on.



Watching the two of us together, they must have been fondly reminded of the old days they left behind.

Many of them had stories similar to Philippa's before they became part of the troupe.

The rest of the singers were very kind to me. But now that I think about it, it's hardly surprising.

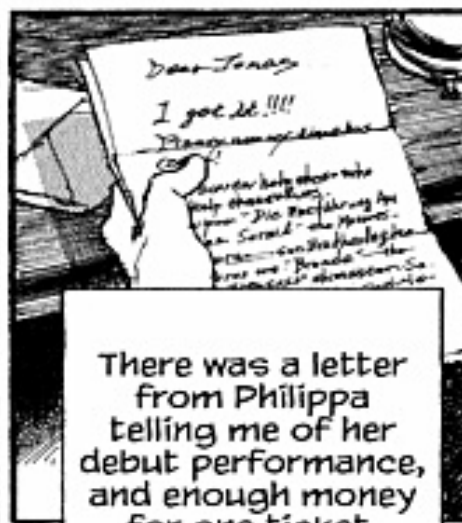


JO!
IT'S
FOR YOU.

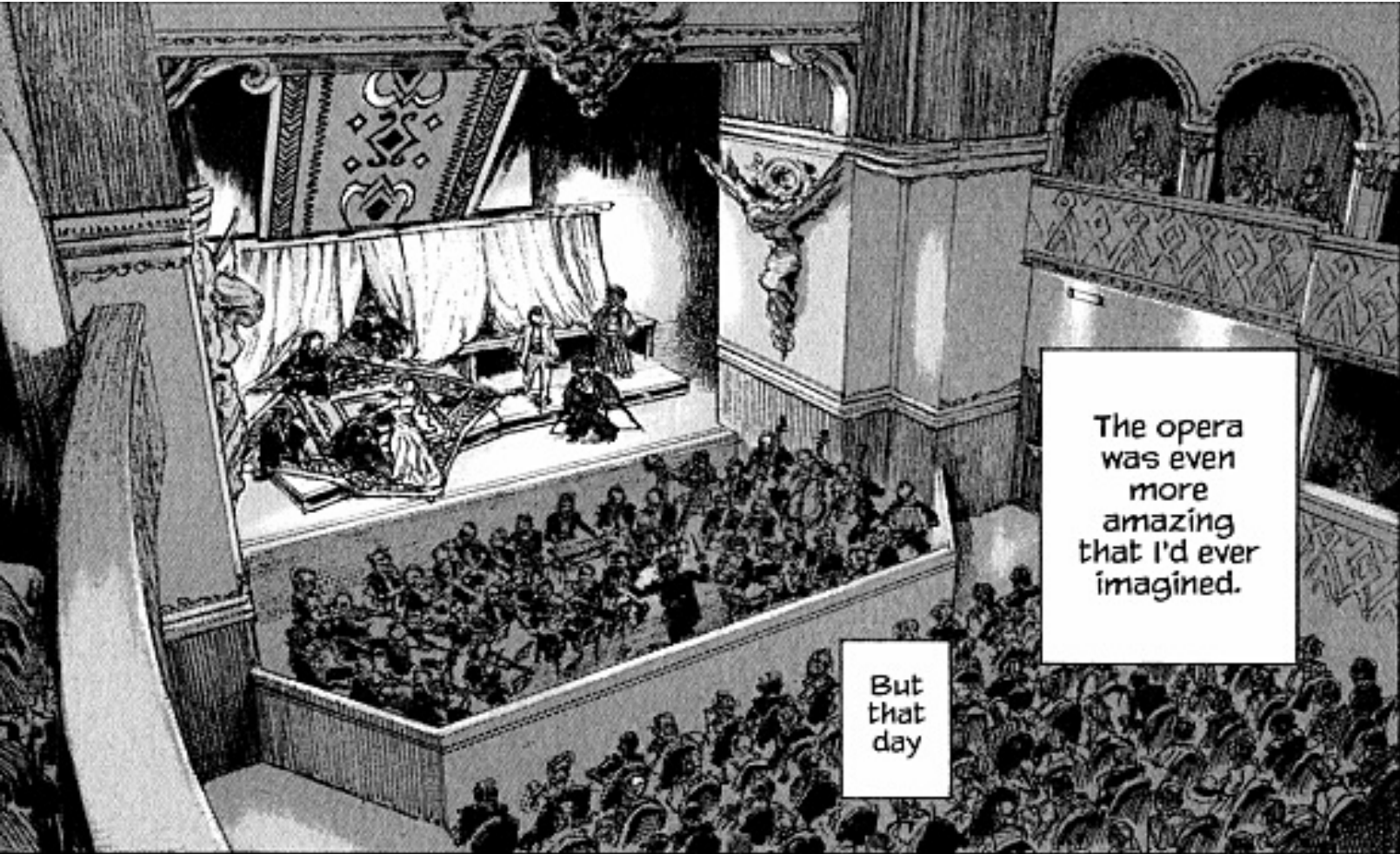
Some
months
later



...I
DON'T HAVE
ANYTHING
SUITABLE
TO WEAR
...



There was a letter from Philippa telling me of her debut performance, and enough money for one ticket.



The opera was even more amazing that I'd ever imagined.

But that day



For some reason I couldn't find Philippa.

Although I focused all my attention on the various characters on stage,



...?
DIDN'T SHE SAY SHE WAS PERFORMING TONIGHT?



UM... WASN'T
PHILIPPA
SUPPOSED
TO BE
PERFORMING
...?



JONAS!?
YOU CAME
TO SEE
US
TONIGHT!

AH...!
WELL,
YES BUT...



CATHERINE!

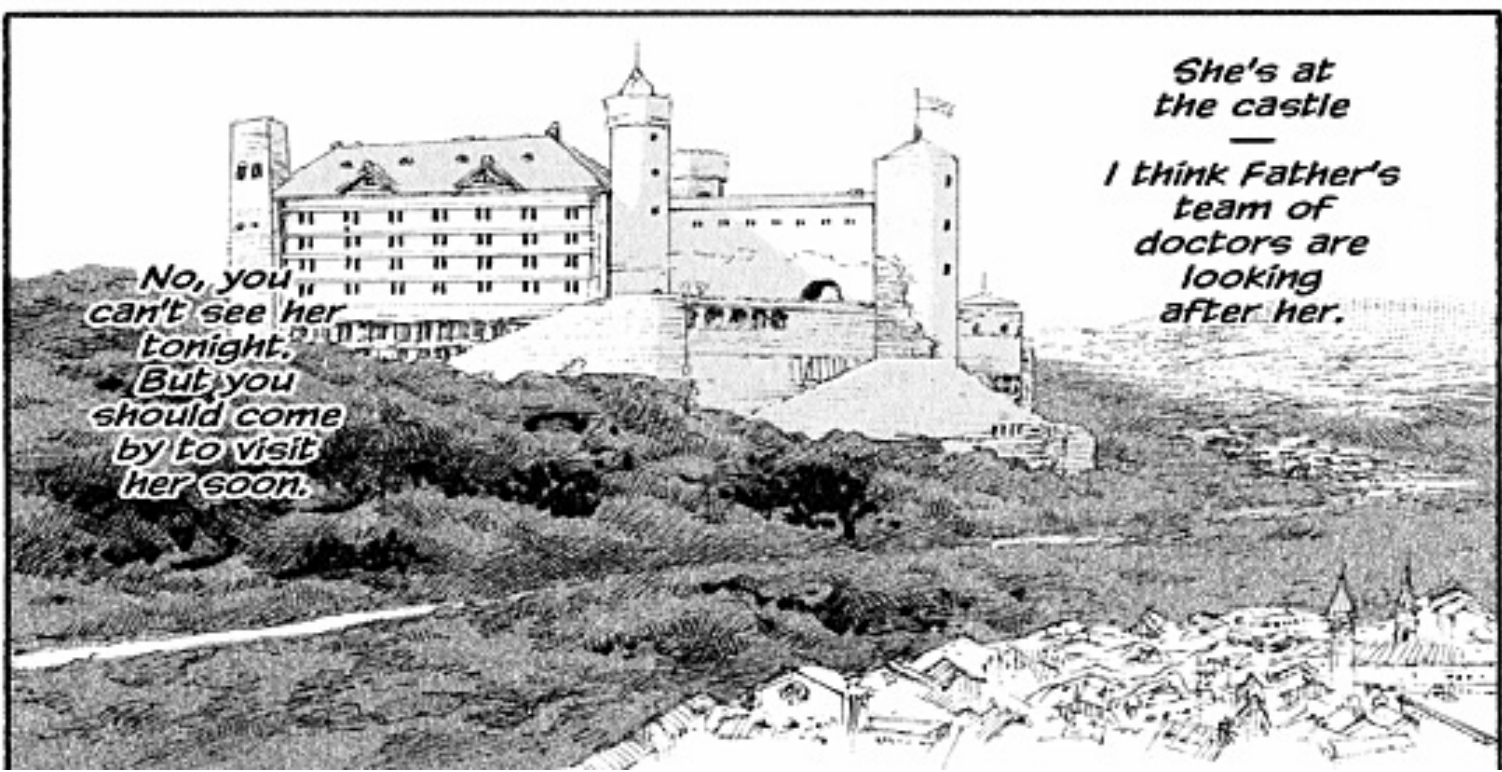


THERE'S NO
CHANCE THAT SHE
CAN RECOVER IN
TIME TO PERFORM
IN THIS OPERA.
BUT AS FOR
AFTER THAT... I
REALLY CAN'T SAY.



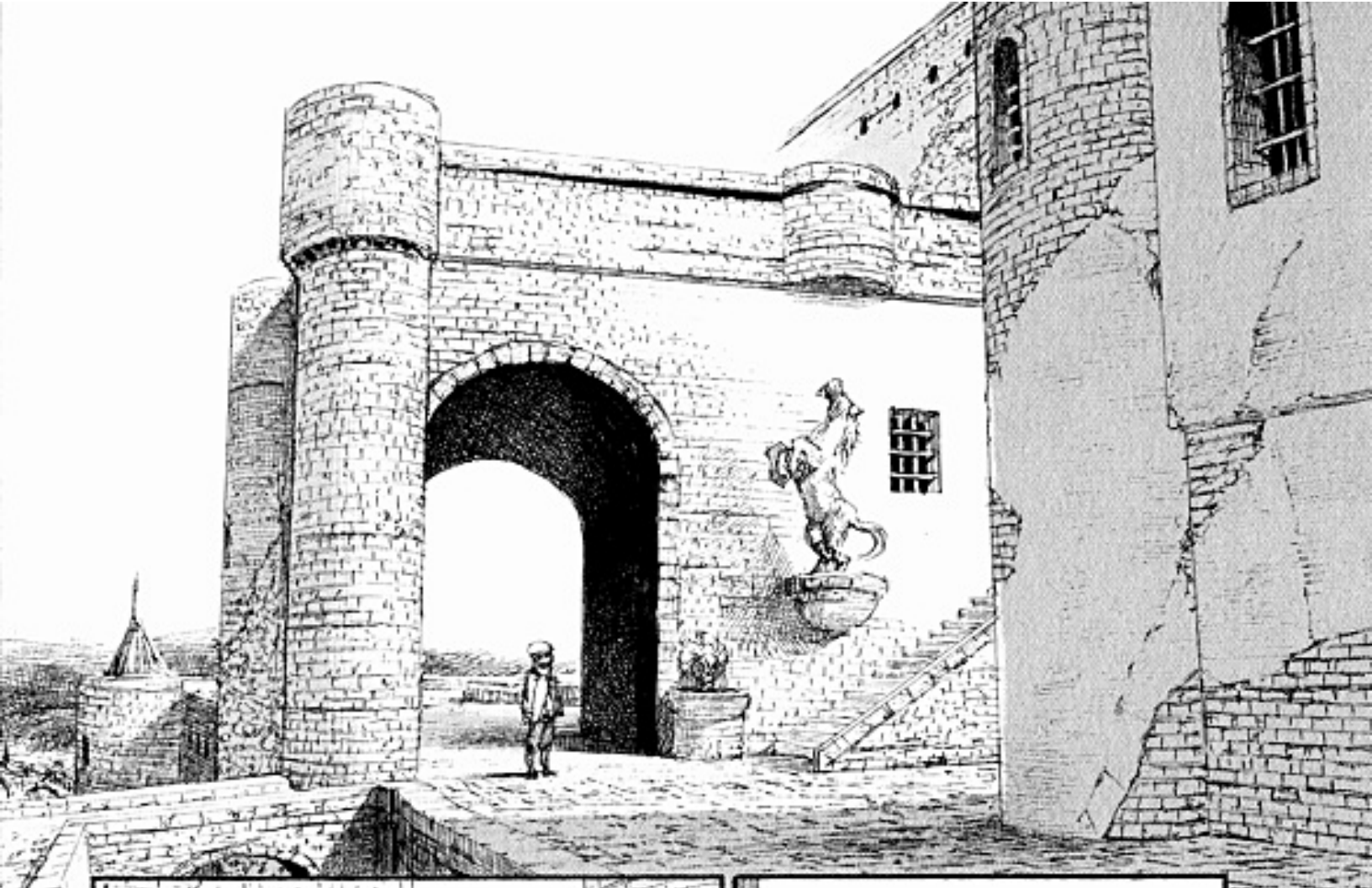
AND
CRUSHED
PHILIPPA'S
LEG...
I HAD TO
TAKE HER
ROLE
TONIGHT.

IT WAS
TERRIBLE...
A LIGHTING
TRUSS FELL
DOWN IN THE
MIDDLE OF
REHEARSALS
YESTERDAY...



No, you
can't see her
tonight.
But you
should come
by to visit
her soon.

*She's at
the castle
—
I think Father's
team of
doctors are
looking
after her.*





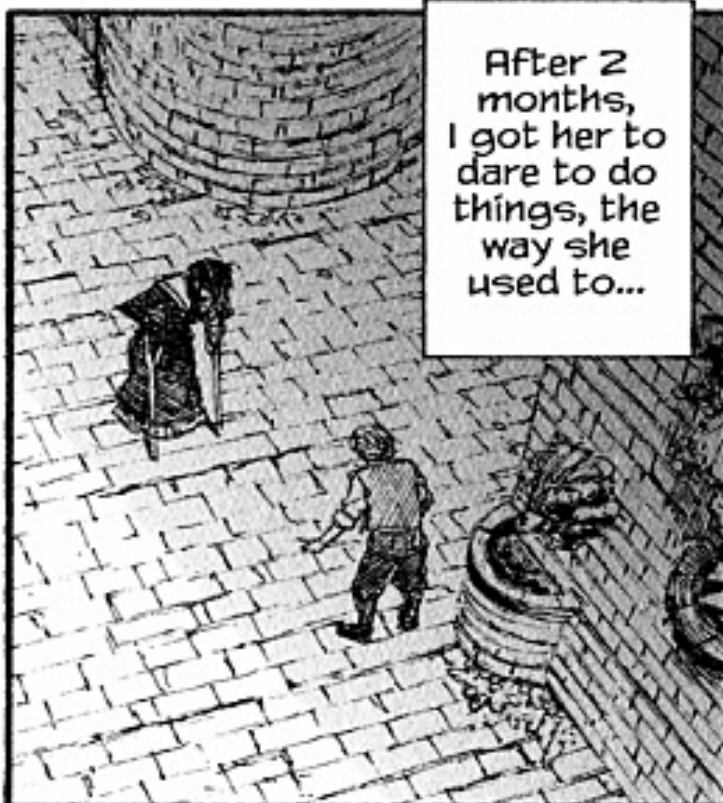
I ignored her words and came back every Sunday.

I TOLD YOU, JUST COME BACK AFTER I'VE HEALED.

I'LL COME AGAIN.



At first, I had to berate her into taking even one step —



After 2 months, I got her to dare to do things, the way she used to...



It took her until the end of spring to start showing signs of life, just like the leaves budding in the trees.



I'll tell
you now
that I
was truly
happy
then.

It reminded
me of
those
afternoons
by the lake
shore
in my
hometown

It felt like
that strange
turn of
events had
brought
me back to
the past.



YEAH,
I
GUESS
...



IF YOU
CAN WALK
WITH THIS,
ALL YOU NEED
TO DO IS HIDE
THE SCAR
UNDER YOUR
DRESS WHEN
YOU GO ON
STAGE.



IT'S HARD
LIVING HERE...
I WAS
ADOPTED
INTO THIS
FAMILY TO
PERFORM ON
THE STAGE.

HUH!?
WHY?

I THINK...
I'M GOING
TO LEAVE
THIS CASTLE.



THERE'S NO
CHANCE I
CAN BE AN
OPERA
SINGER WITH
THIS LEG...

BUT MAYBE I
CAN BE OF
USE TO THE
FAMILY IF I
MARRY A
MERCHANT OR
SOMETHING.



YEAH...
BUT IT'S
OKAY...
LISTEN.

IT'S
NOT YOUR
FAULT,
PHIL.

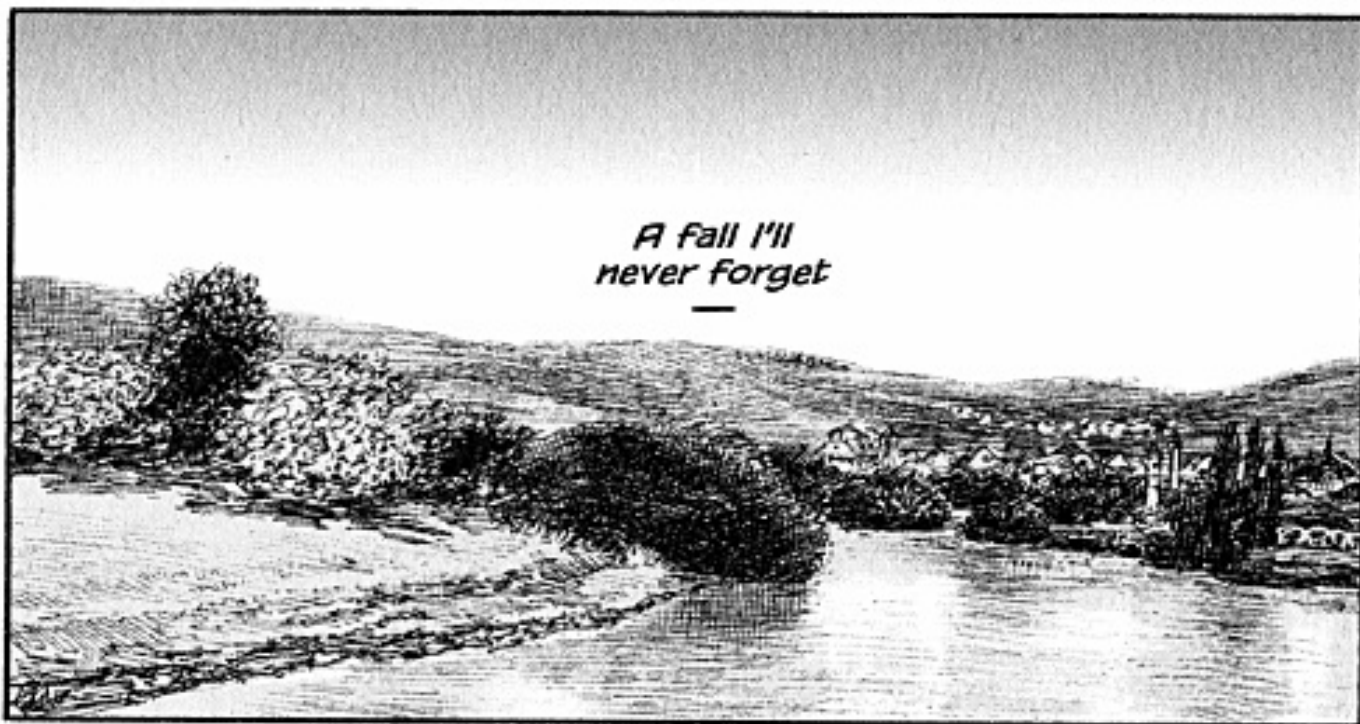
BUT...
I CAN'T
EVEN WALK
PROPERLY
ANYMORE
...

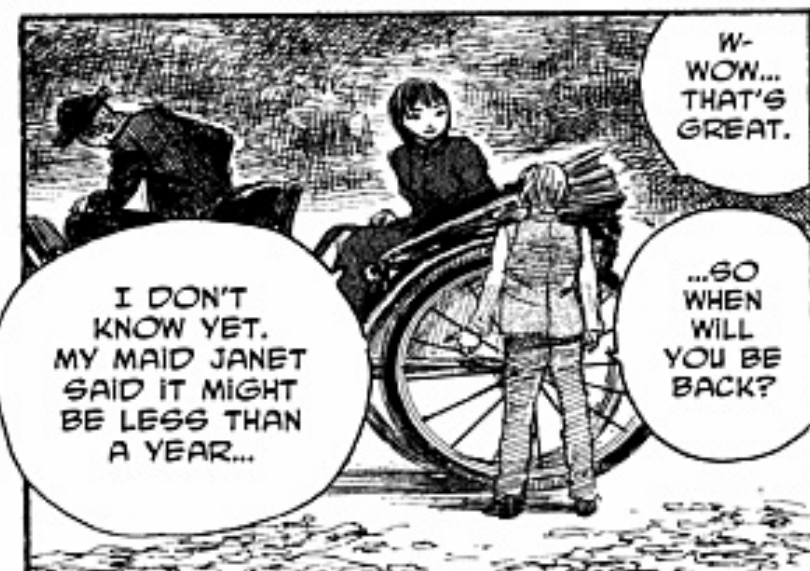
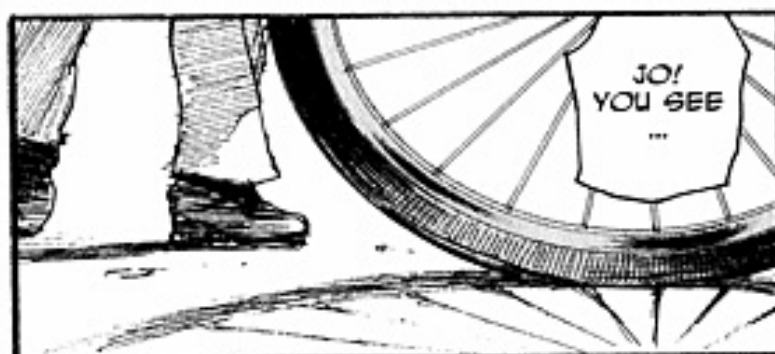


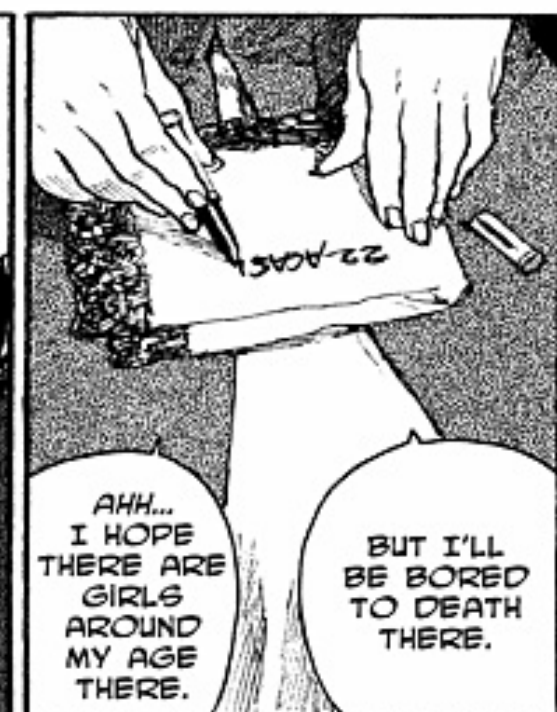
Before I
knew it,
summer
was halfway
over and
it was
nearly fall.



*A fall I'll
never forget*





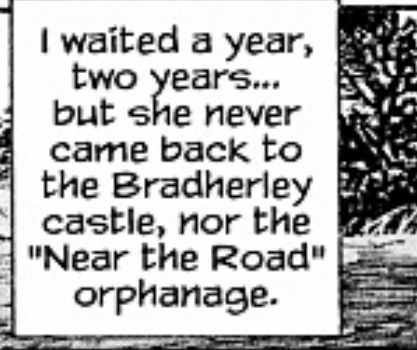




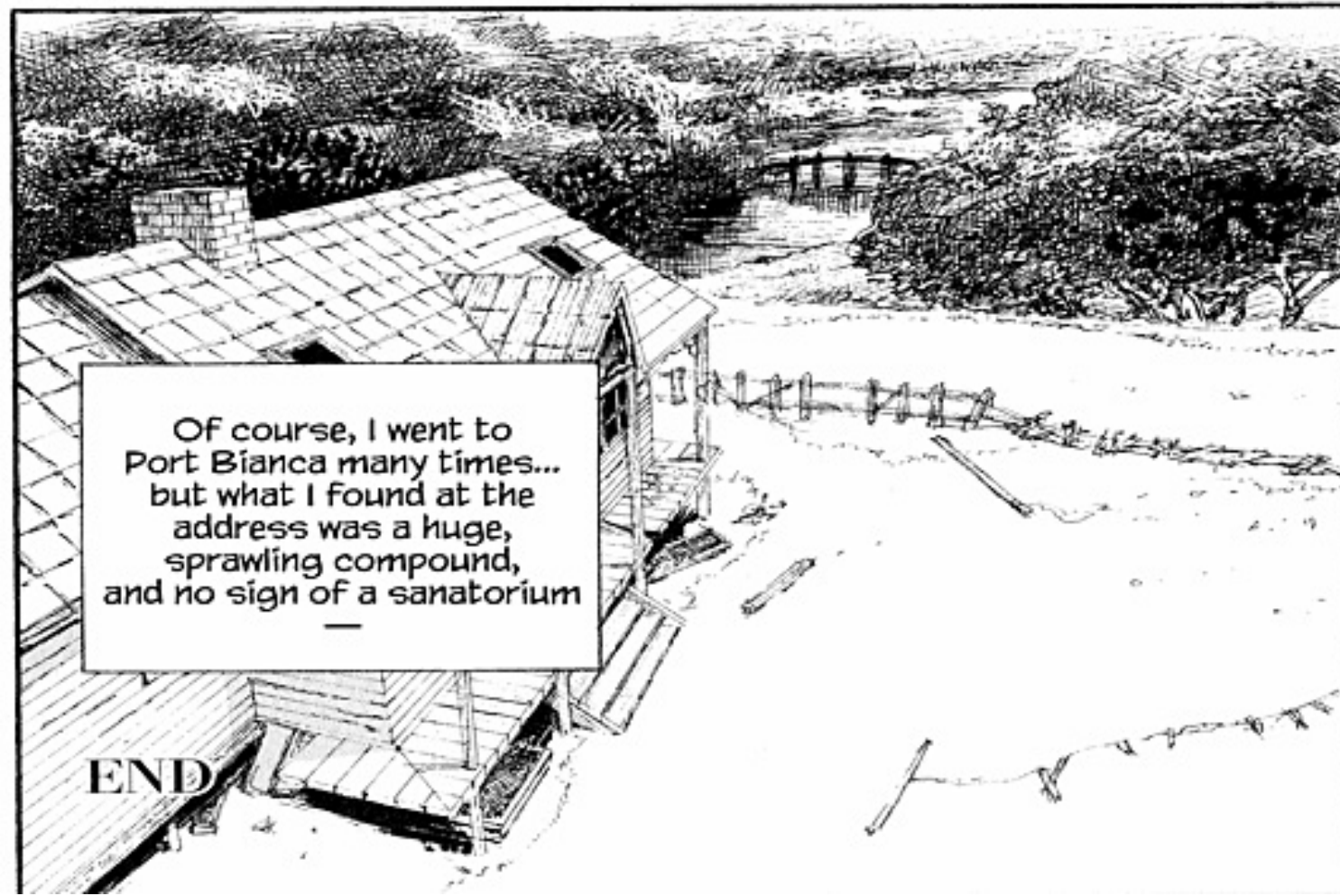
Was the
last time
I saw
Philippa.



Both of
those
places
are gone
now.



I waited a year,
two years...
but she never
came back to
the Bradherley
castle, nor the
"Near the Road"
orphanage.



Of course, I went to
Port Bianca many times...
but what I found at the
address was a huge,
sprawling compound,
and no sign of a sanatorium

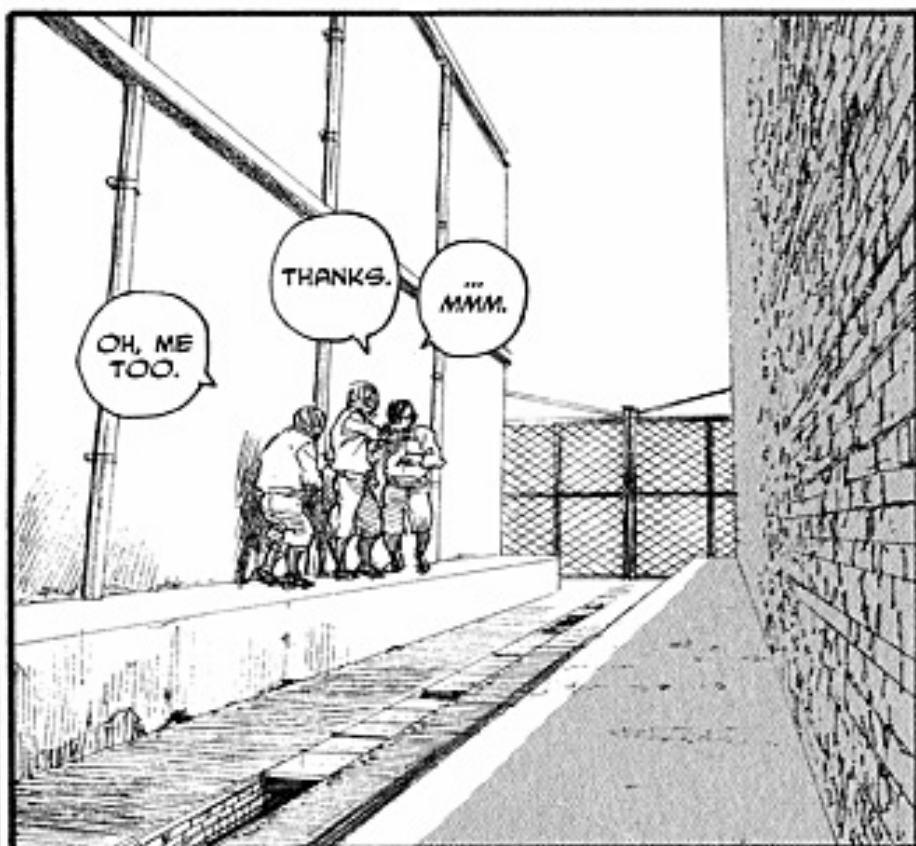
END



Chapter 4

家族写真

A FAMILY SHOT





He was a complete
flake back when we
were into petty theft,
but he proved
unexpectedly reliable
and put up with my
selfish requests
these last 12 years.

But having
a friend
outside to
supply them
regularly

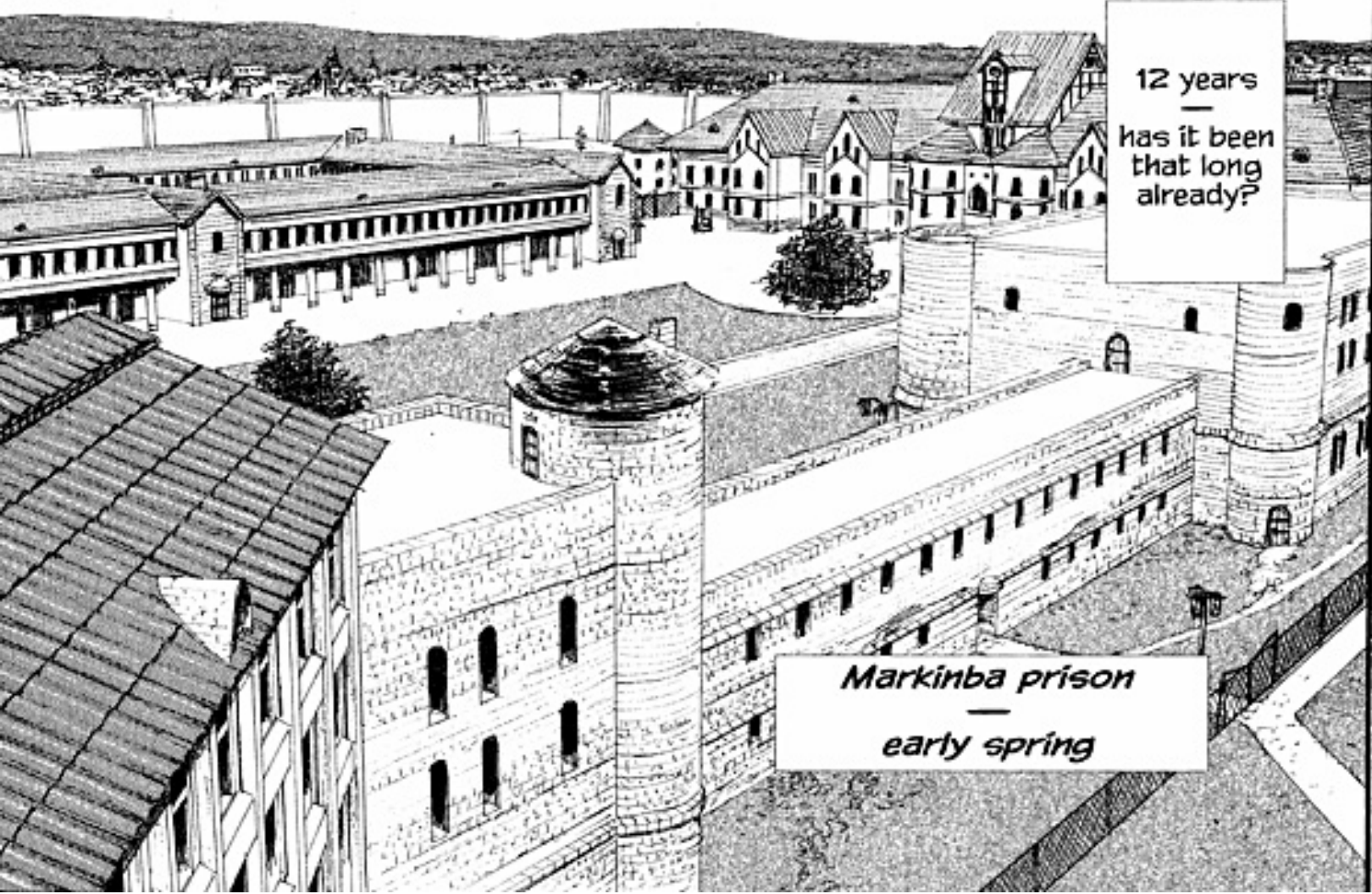
—
that was
essential.

It wasn't
too hard to
win over the
postmaster.



About half of
the prisoners
started calling
me 'Don' after
I figured out
how to get
cigarettes in.

My real
name is
Thomas
Rin.



12 years
—
has it been
that long
already?

Markinba prison
—
early spring



SO WHAT
DO YOU
THINK
SHE'LL BE
LIKE?

GEEZE...
IS THAT
ALL YOU
LIVE FOR?

This man
is Pierce
Dawson.



T- TWO
MONTHS TO
THE NEXT
PASCHAL
FESTIVAL.

I WONDER
WHAT THE
NEXT GIRL
WILL BE
LIKE.



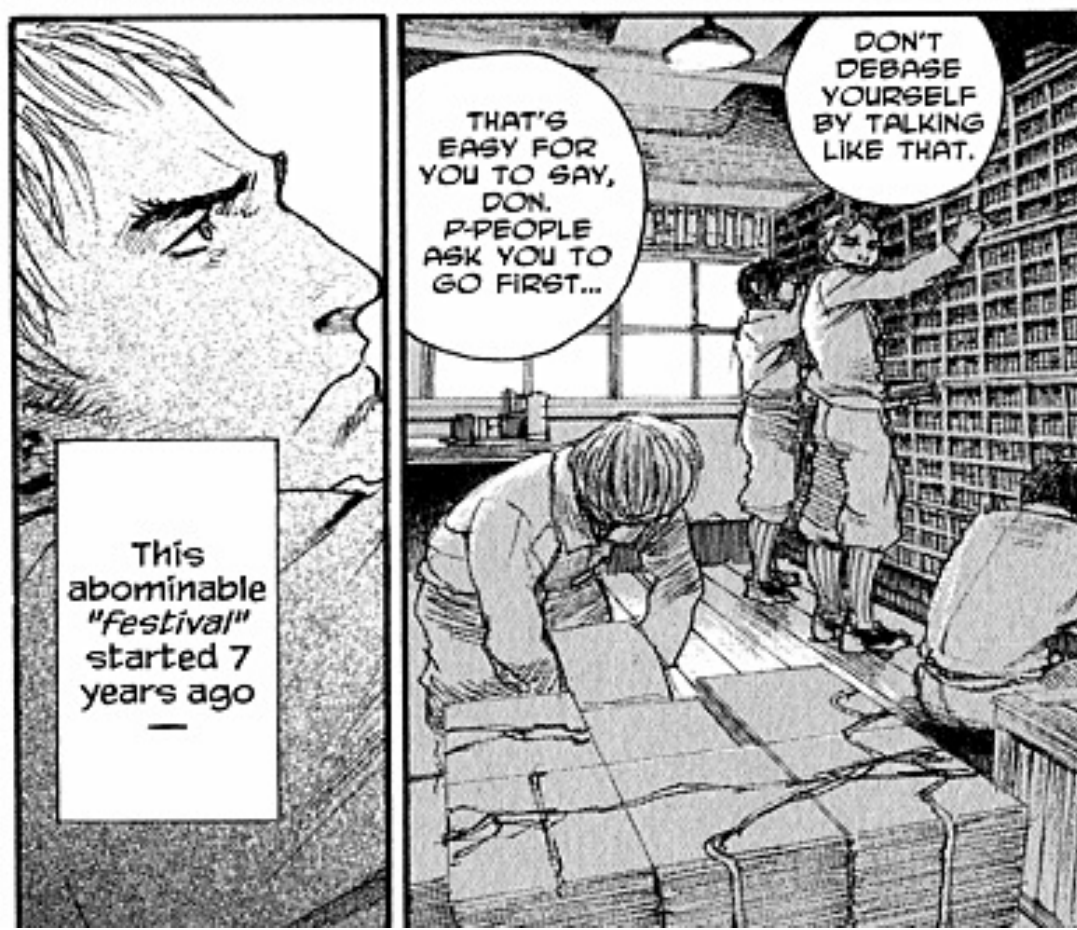
He
apparently
had a wife
and child
depending
on him
for money
but...
ah well.

He
started
drinking
heavily
and
ended up
like this.



He isn't
the man he
used to be
before the
accident...

He used to
work as a
miner in the
coal pits in
the north.
But he lost
his job after
an explosion
in the mine.



THAT'S
EASY FOR
YOU TO SAY,
DON.
P-PEOPLE
ASK YOU TO
GO FIRST...

DON'T
DEBASE
YOURSELF
BY TALKING
LIKE THAT.

This
abominable
"festival"
started 7
years ago
—

I- I ONLY
GOT TO DO
IT ONCE
LAST YEAR.
I'LL TRY
HARDER THIS
TIME.

W-WHY AM
I ALWAYS
O-ONE OF
THE LAST?



ANY
QUESTIONS
?



All 109 of
us who were
imprisoned
for life
agreed to it.

Nobody
opposed
the idea.

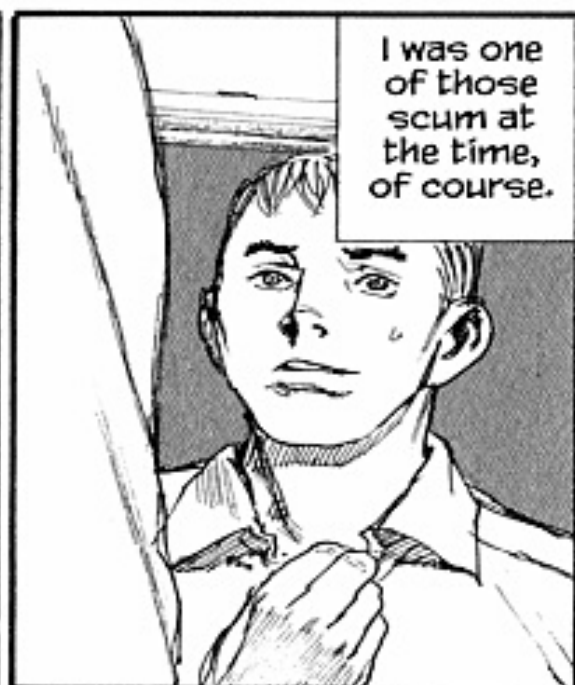


IF YOU
WANT TO
PUT IT
CRUDELY,
YES.

D-DOES
THAT MEAN
WE'LL GET
TO FUCK
A GIRL?



But...



I was one
of those
scum at
the time,
of course.



How can you
do it with
someone
staring at
you like that!?



"What...?
What in
the world
are we
doing?"

I saw myself
reflected in
her eyes...
like they
were
mirrors...



Though,
well...
I've kinda
grown
numb to
it now.

Her eyes
burned
themselves
into my brain.
I haven't
missed going
to Mass
since then.

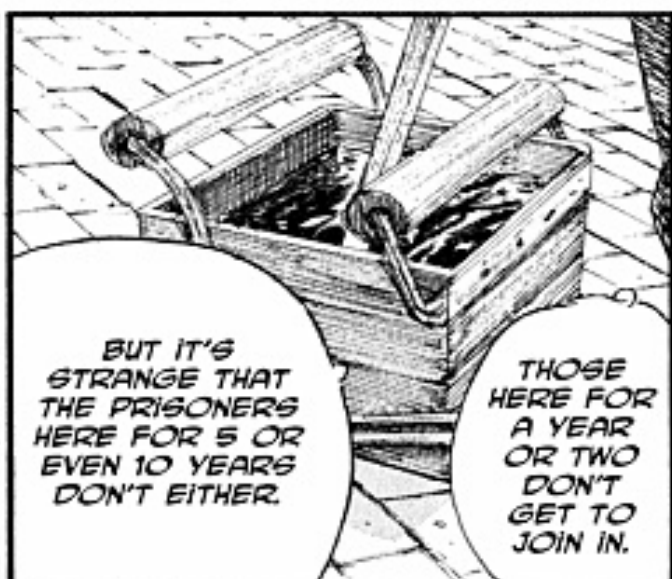


That only the
lifers were
allowed to
participate in
the Paschal
festival



GEEZE,
WHEN THE
TIME COMES
AROUND, ALL
OF THEM...

THERE'S
REALLY NO
BETTER WAY
TO MAKE THEM
BEHAVE...



BUT IT'S
STRANGE THAT
THE PRISONERS
HERE FOR 5 OR
EVEN 10 YEARS
DON'T EITHER.

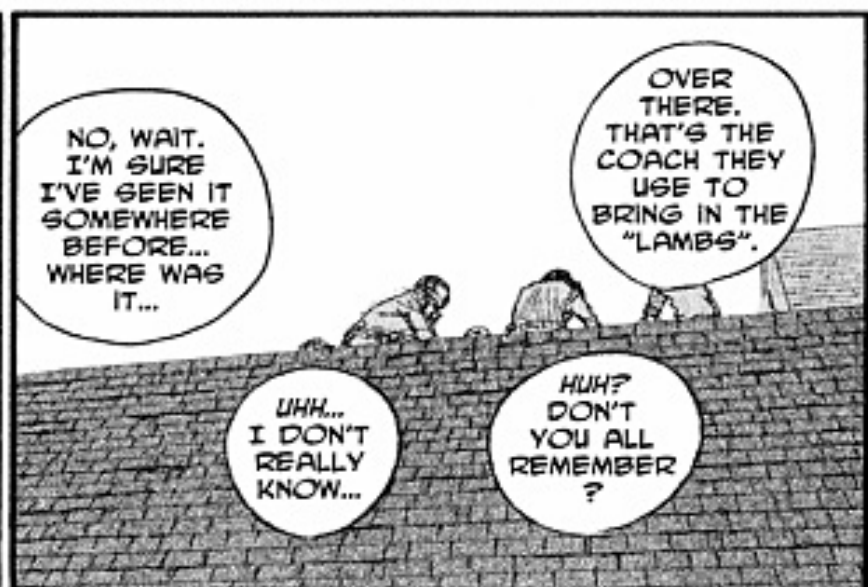
THOSE
HERE FOR
A YEAR
OR TWO
DON'T
GET TO
JOIN IN.



SHH!
SHH!

This man
is Cliff
Gardner.
He came
here 2 years
ago and
used to be
a journalist.

I KNOW!
IT LOOKS
JUST LIKE
THE COACH
THAT THE
BRADHERLEY
OPERA
TROUPE
USES!



NO, WAIT.
I'M SURE
I'VE SEEN IT
SOMEWHERE
BEFORE...
WHERE WAS
IT...

OVER
THERE.
THAT'S THE
COACH THEY
USE TO
BRING IN THE
"LAMBS".

UHH...
I DON'T
REALLY
KNOW...

HUH?
DON'T
YOU ALL
REMEMBER
?



He swore
on his
mother's
grave that
he didn't
do it, but...

The newspapers
at the time
reported that
one of the
servants was
killed while
Cliff was trying
to escape.

He was arrested
after he broke
into the house
of a member of
the House of
Commons while
investigating
a scandal.



WHILE
TAXES FOR
LANDOWNERS
HAVE GONE UP
4 TIMES IN THE
LAST 10 YEARS.

THE HOUSE
OF LORDS
IS SLOWLY
HAVING ITS
POWER
WHITTLED
AWAY...



THESE
ARE
DARK DAYS
FOR THE
NOBILITY.

He shouldn't
be in a place
like this,
and wouldn't
if he'd been
a little more
cautious.

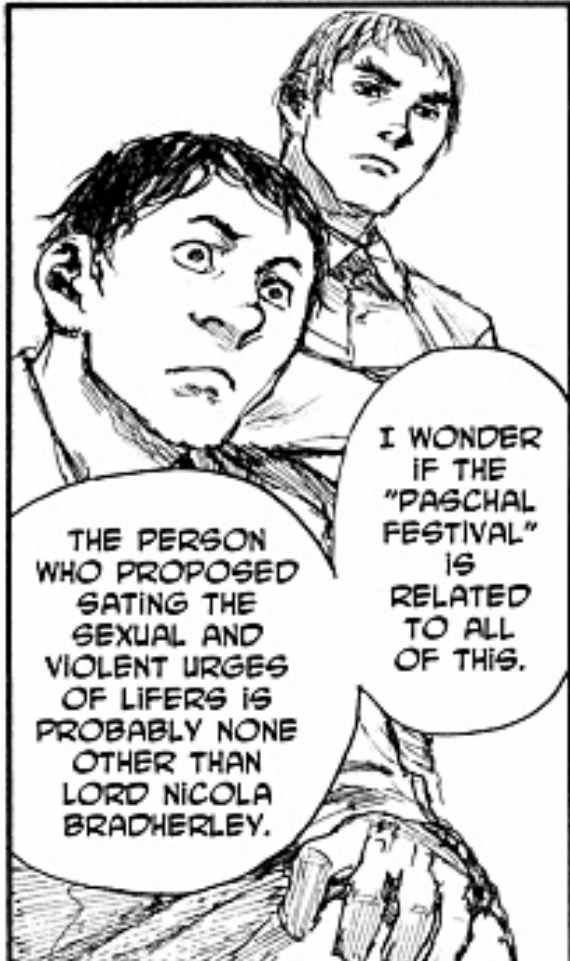


THEN
THERE
WAS THE
HENSLEY
UPRISING
9 YEARS
AGO.

IT CAUSED
THEM ALL
TO CHANGE
THEIR
MINDS.

THE
NOBILITY MIGHT
HAVE COME
CLOSE TO
IMPLEMENTING IT
ONCE OR TWICE,
BUT ANY NUMBER
OF THEM MUST
HAVE DEMURRED
...

...WELL, BUT
NO MATTER
HOW YOU
LOOK AT IT,
IT'S A PLAN
BORDERING
ON THE
CRIMINAL.



THE PERSON
WHO PROPOSED
SATIATING THE
SEXUAL AND
VIOLENT URGES
OF LIFERS IS
PROBABLY NONE
OTHER THAN
LORD NICOLA
BRADHERLEY.

I WONDER
IF THE
"PASCHAL
FESTIVAL"
IS
RELATED
TO ALL
OF THIS.

A huge revolt
at the end of
the 19th century.
Between
the prisoners
and guards,
there were
37 dead and
145 injured —

"The
Hensley
Uprising"

Instead of
punishing the
ringleaders for
any violence
or organized
gaolbreak,
the penalty was
instead inflicted on
the girls through
the "festival".

The "festival"
started with
the laudable
aim to prevent
an incident
like that from
occurring
again.



I WISH
YOU HAD
INCLUDED A
PHOTO OF
OUR GIRL.

BUT AHH,
DEAR



I WONDER
WHAT IT
MEANS THAT
WE CALL
THEM
"LAMBS".

WHAT
DO YOU
THINK?
IT KINDA
EMBODIES

RELAX
ALREADY.
IT'S
A REST
DAY.

YOUR
WIFE IS
REALLY
SKINNY,
HUH.

I—
I WISH I
COULD GO
BACK TO
THEM.

HER...
HEALTH
ISN'T
GOOD...

THAT'S
YOU?
FOR
REAL?!

I
THOUGHT
IT WAS
SOMEONE
ELSE!

WHAT!?!
HANG ON!
SO THE
GUY ON THE
LEFT...

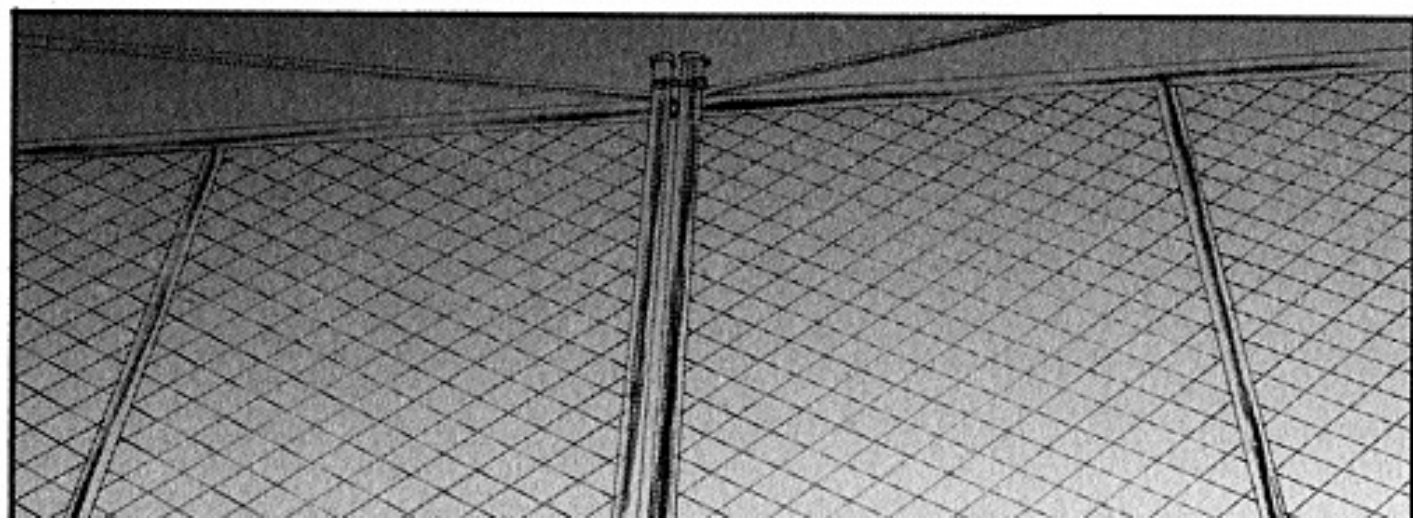
THE ONE IN
THE MIDDLE
IS YOUR
DAUGHTER?
SHE'S
PRETTY
CUTE.

*That's
how we'd
spend our
afternoons
on a rest day*
—

*Apologizing
to their
loved ones
while
thinking of
the next girl.*

*The ones
without
families
think of
their
woman.*

*The ones
with
families
think of
their
families.*



THE
PLAN MUST
HAVE BEEN
RAISED IN
PARLIAMENT.

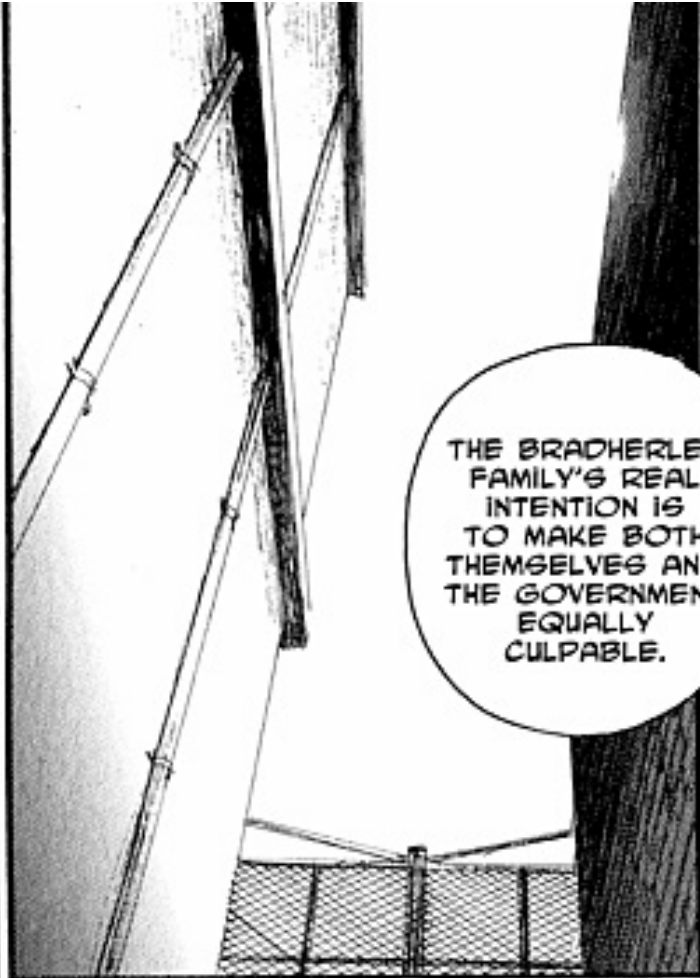


THAT
WOULD HAVE
AMELIORATED
ANY OPPOSITION
TO THE PLAN.

THEY
MUST HAVE
PROMISED
TO TAKE FULL
RESPONSIBILITY... TO SELL
THE PLAN.



THE BRADHERLEY
FAMILY'S REAL
INTENTION IS
TO MAKE BOTH
THEMSELVES AND
THE GOVERNMENT
EQUALLY
CULPABLE.



BUT OF
COURSE,
THERE
ARE
RETURNS
TOO.

THE MASTERMIND
WOULD BE TAKING
SIGNIFICANT RISKS...
IF IT BECOMES PUBLIC,
HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE
TO GET AWAY SIMPLY
BY STEPPING DOWN.



YEAH,
THE BIGGEST
PROBLEM
WOULD BE
WHO WOULD
BE LIABLE
FOR IT.

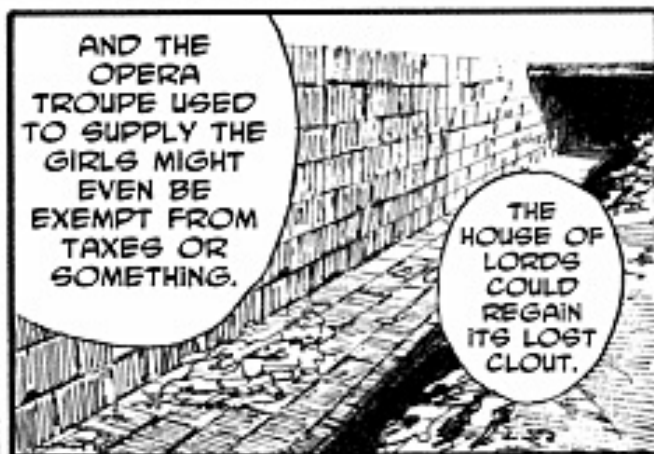
ONLY THE
BRADHERLEY
FAMILY HAD
BOTH THE
POWER
AND THE
RESOURCES.

IF YOU
CONSIDER
WHO COULD
EXECUTE
THIS PLAN,



AND THE
OPERA
TROUPE USED
TO SUPPLY THE
GIRLS MIGHT
EVEN BE
EXEMPT FROM
TAXES OR
SOMETHING.

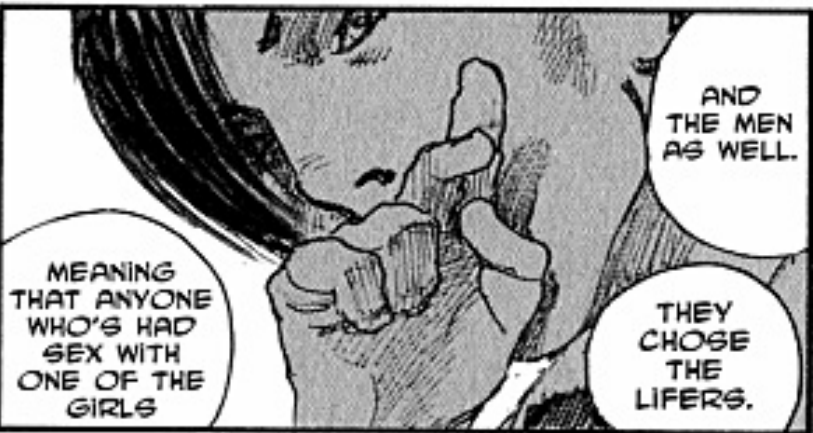
THE
HOUSE OF
LORDS
COULD
REGAIN
ITS LOST
CLOUT.





THOUGH THE
REDUCED RISK
OF VENEREAL
DISEASES
WOULD ALSO
BE A PLUS.

THEY PROBABLY
USED ORPHAN-
AGES TO SUPPLY
THE GIRLS...
BECAUSE NO
ONE WOULD
MISS THEM
WHEN THEY
DIED.



MEANING
THAT ANYONE
WHO'S HAD
SEX WITH
ONE OF THE
GIRLS

AND
THE MEN
AS WELL.

THEY
CHOSE
THE
LIFERS.



THEY WON'T
HAVE A
CHANCE OF
PAROLE...
THEY'LL DIE
IN HERE!

WON'T
SEE THE
OUTSIDE OF
A PRISON
EVER AGAIN.



...

THAT'S
WHY I...



THAT'S WHY
THEY'RE TAKING
NO CHANCES
THAT IT'LL BE
MADE PUBLIC.

THE COUNTRY,
PRISONERS
AND GIRLS
ARE ALL IN IT
TOGETHER.

...Cliff would really have been better off if he were a little more cautious

—
word spread fast throughout the prison about his theory...

BUT IT'S A REASON-
ABLE
THEORY,
ISN'T IT?

THIS
IS ALL
SPECULA-
TION!

HEY,
CHEER
UP!



And he got
drawn into
a fight that
started
mysteriously
in the canteen
2 days later.



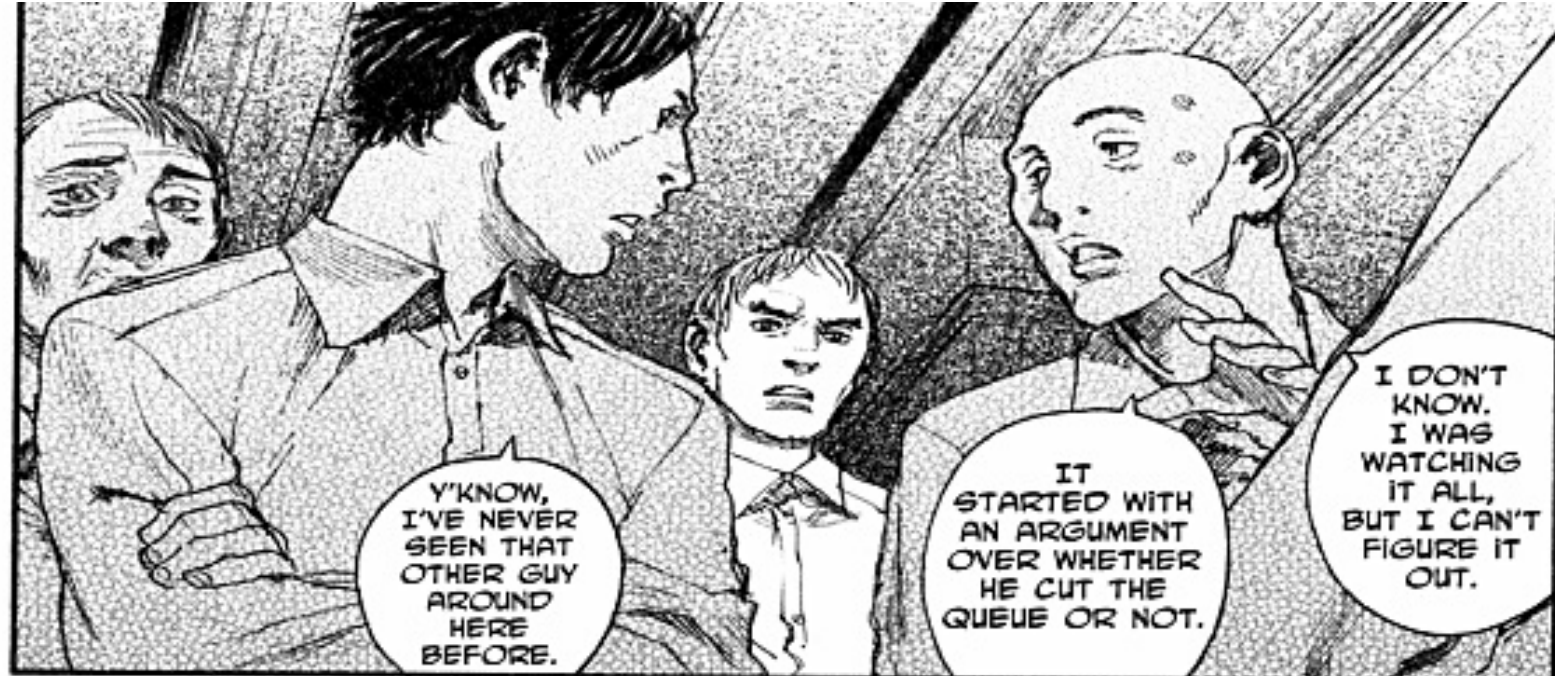
...WHAT
CAUSED
IT?



SHUT UP
AND
COME
WITH US!

WAIT!
I DIDN'T
DO
ANYTHING!

OW
OW
OW...



Y'KNOW,
I'VE NEVER
SEEN THAT
OTHER GUY
AROUND
HERE
BEFORE.

IT
STARTED WITH
AN ARGUMENT
OVER WHETHER
HE CUT THE
QUEUE OR NOT.

I DON'T
KNOW.
I WAS
WATCHING
IT ALL,
BUT I CAN'T
FIGURE IT
OUT.



Over a week
went by, but
Cliff didn't
come back
from the
punishment
cell.



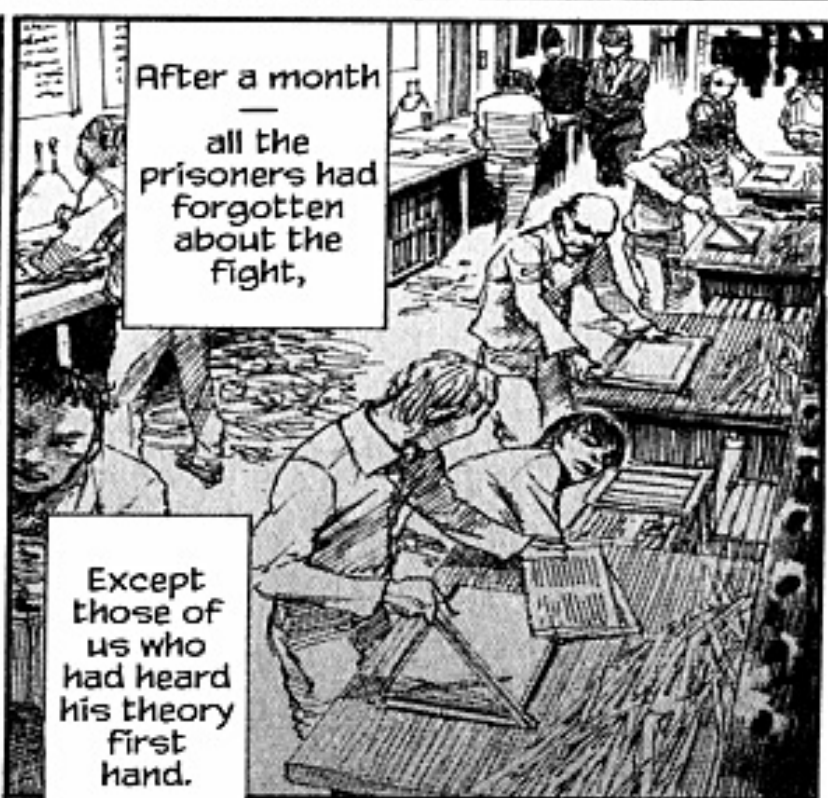
I'VE GOT
A BAD
FEELING
ABOUT
THIS...

...
...
...



...DO
YOU THINK
HE'S
VANISHED?

PROBABLY
...

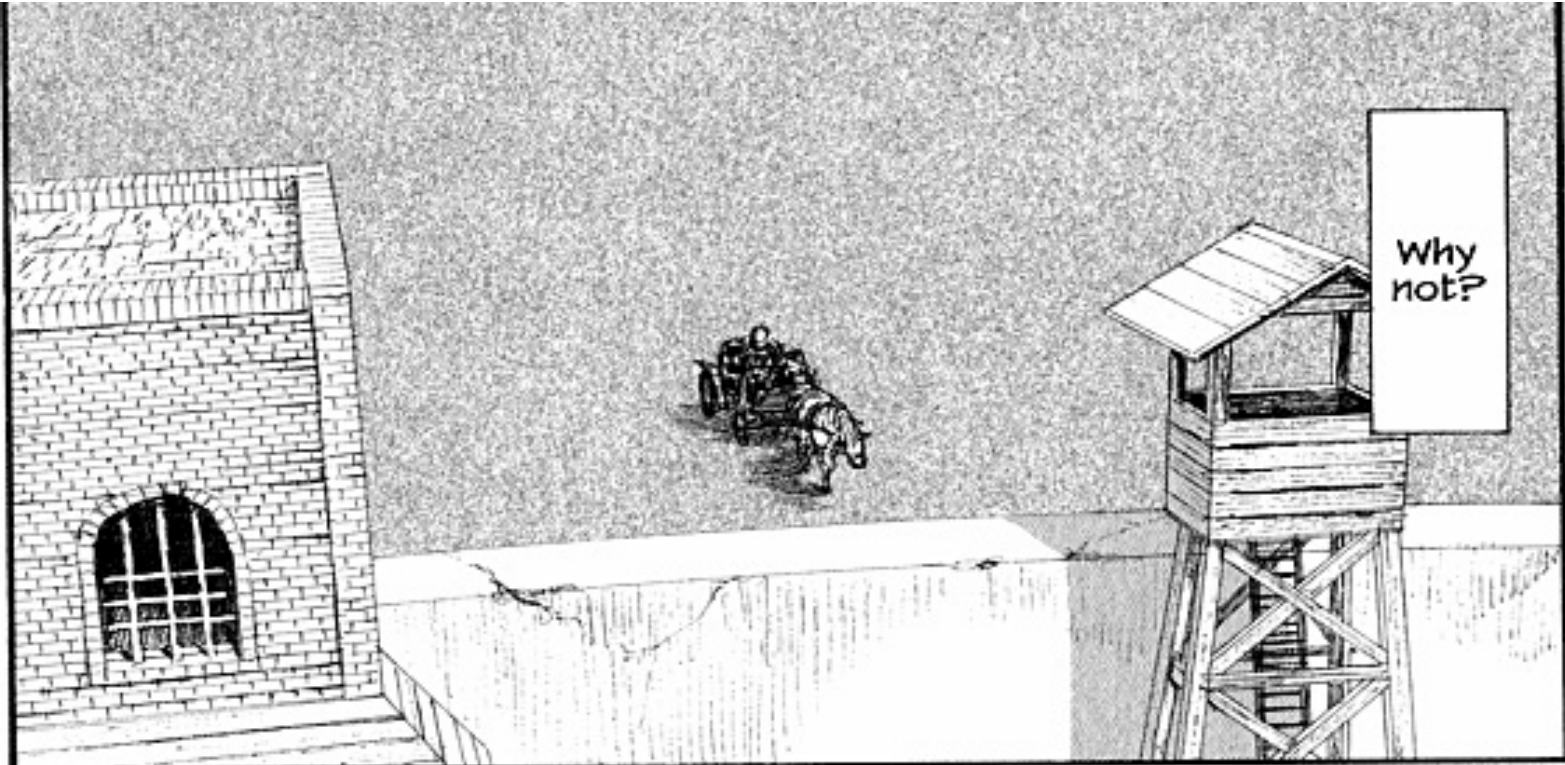


After a month
—
all the
prisoners had
forgotten
about the
fight,

Except
those of
us who
had heard
his theory
first
hand.

THOSE
BASTARDS
...

After that,
none of us
dared to
mention the
name of
Bradherley.



Why not?



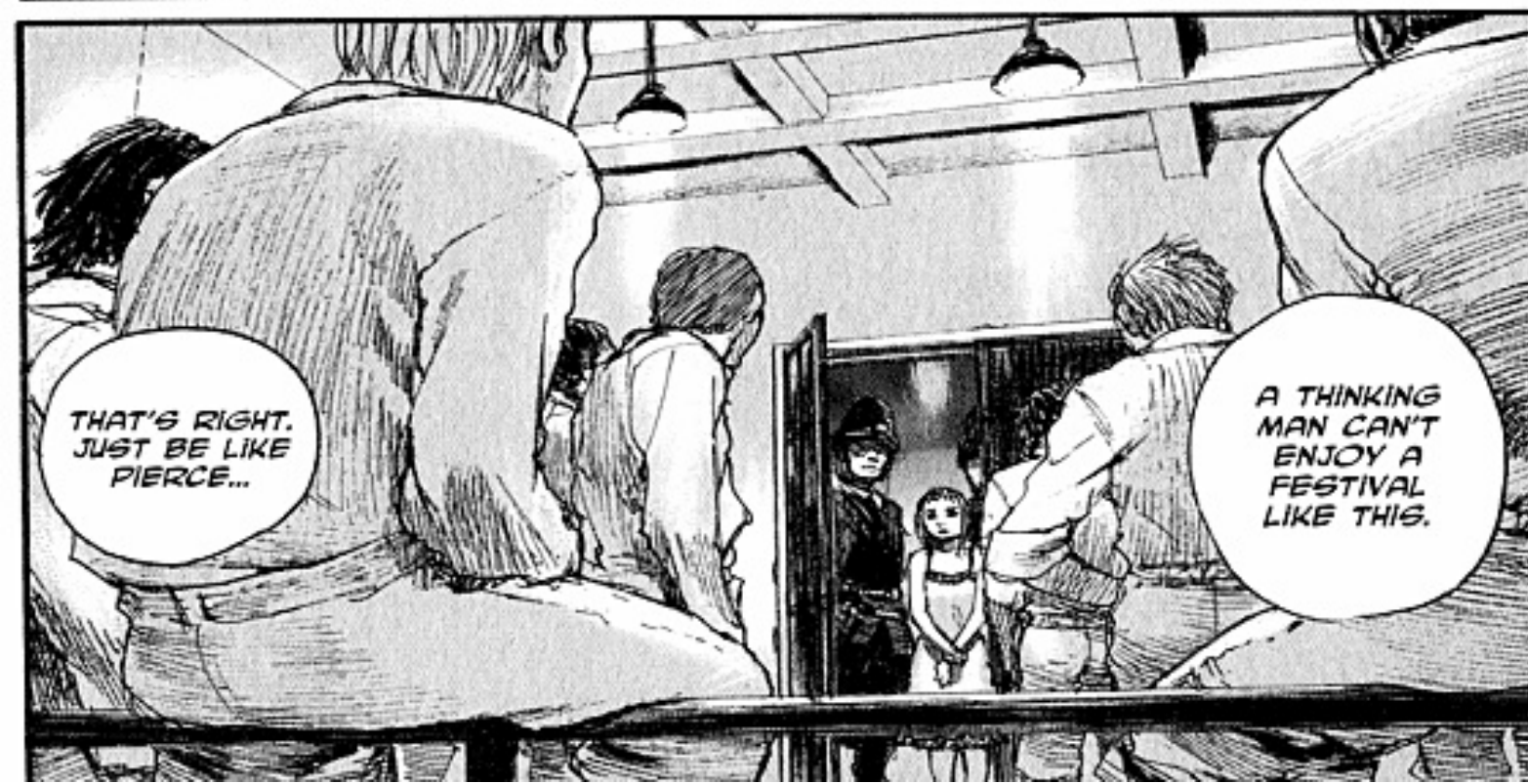
SO WHY NOT?
JUST TRY AND
FORGET ALL
THOSE THINGS
FOR TODAY...

BUT WHO CAN
SUCCESS-
FULLY RESIST
HIS LUST
YEAR AFTER
YEAR FOR
DECADES?



IS
REALLY
TOO
MUCH TO
ASK
FOR.

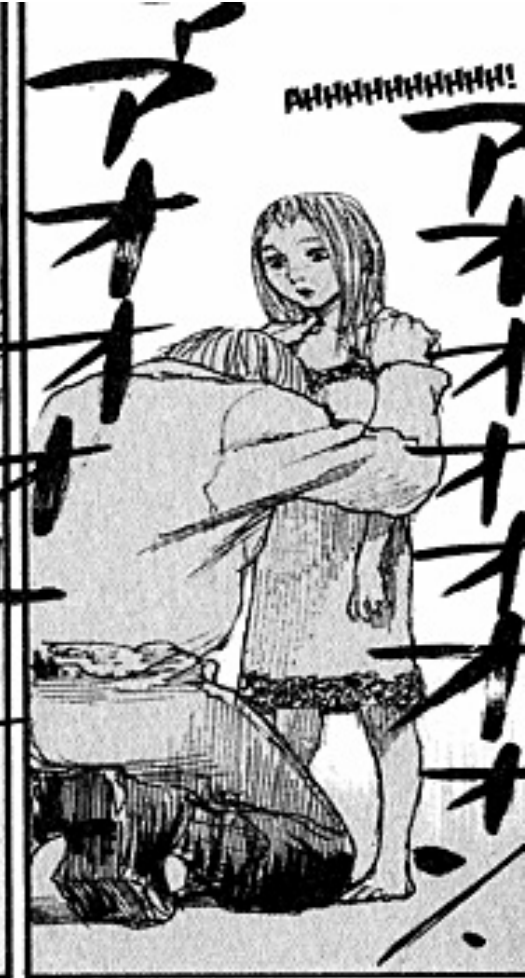
WANTING TO
RETURN TO
THE OUTSIDE
WORLD AFTER
GOING
THROUGH
ALL THIS



THAT'S RIGHT.
JUST BE LIKE
PIERCE...

A THINKING
MAN CAN'T
ENJOY A
FESTIVAL
LIKE THIS.









HEY!
HURRY
UP AND
LOCK
IT!



AHH!

CRASH!



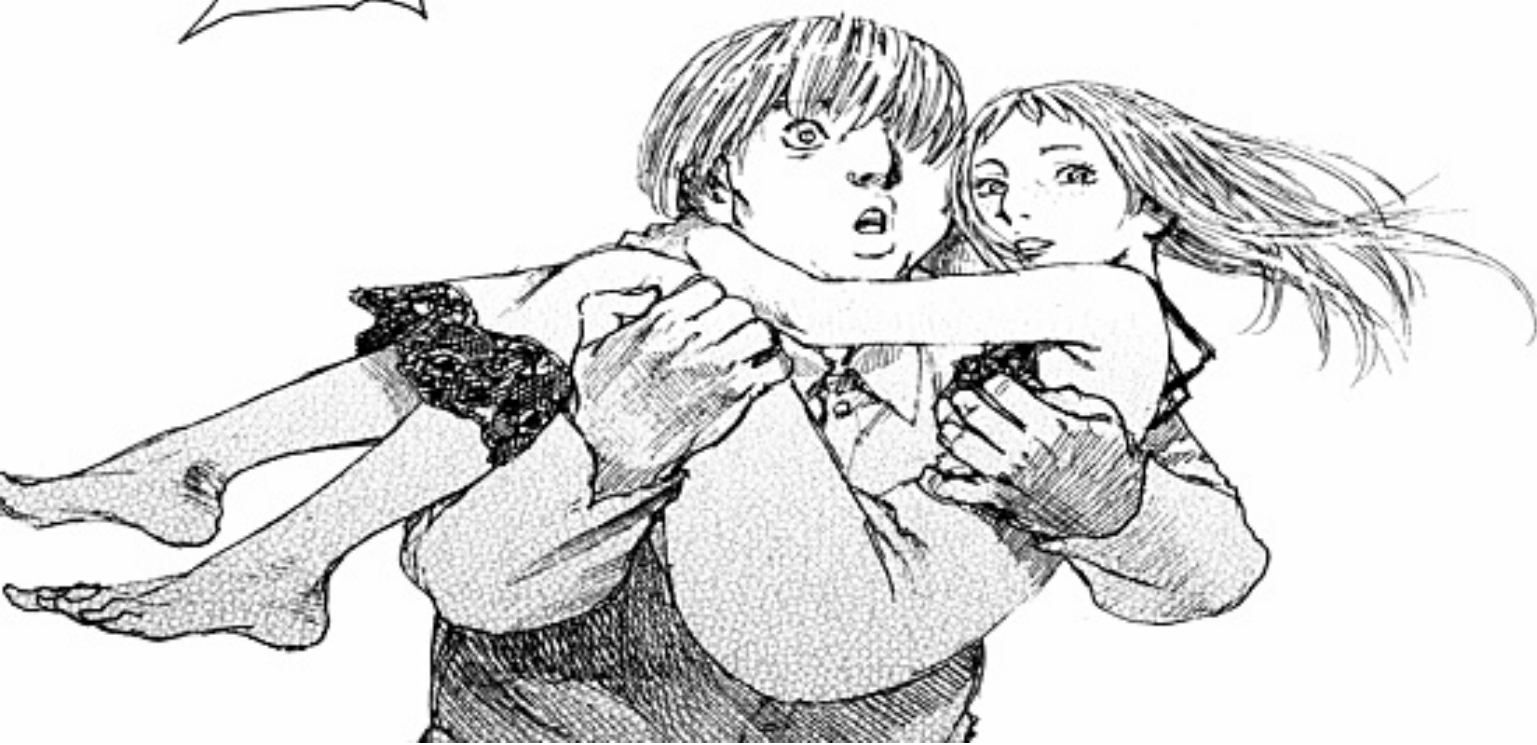
THAT'S
A COAL
MINER
FOR YOU!

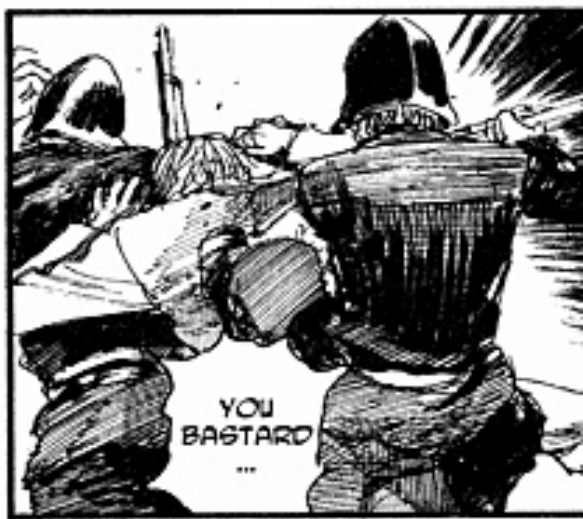


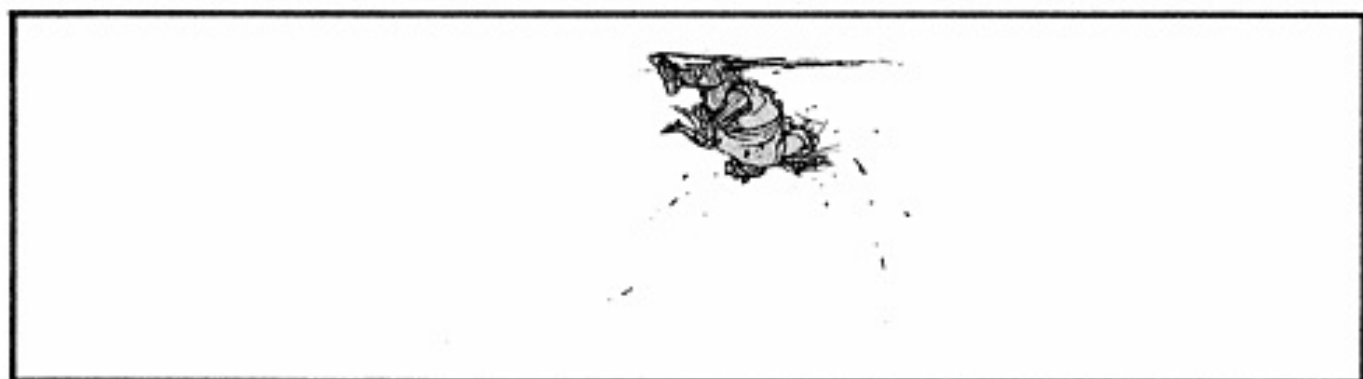
SHIT!



This
festival
is dis-
gusting.









A WEEK IN
THE PUNISHMENT
CELL MUST HAVE
BEEN ROUGH
WITH YOUR
INJURIES.

YEAH,
IT WASN'T
EASY.



ARE YOU
ASLEEP,
THOMAS
RIN?

AHH...
NO...



I DID
SOMETHING
STUPID.

AS YOU
WISH...



BUT I'LL
HAVE TO
CHANGE MY
IMPRESSION
OF YOU
OVER THIS
INCIDENT.



YOU'VE BEEN
A MODEL
PRISONER SO
FAR AND I'VE
CLOSED ONE
EYE OVER
YOUR LITTLE
BUSINESS.

...WELL, WE
NEARLY HAD
A REVOLT.

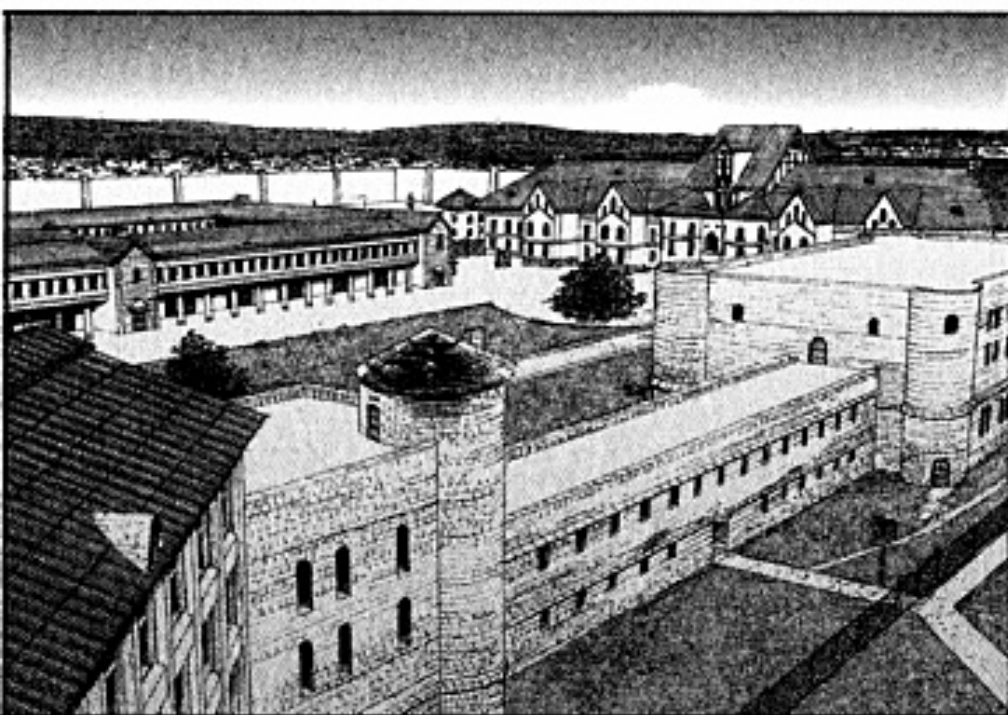
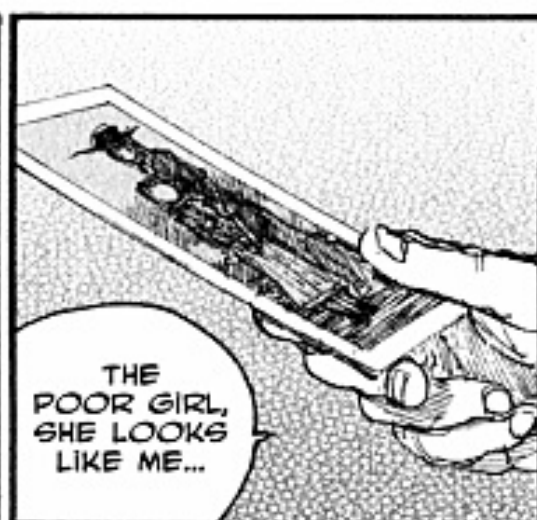


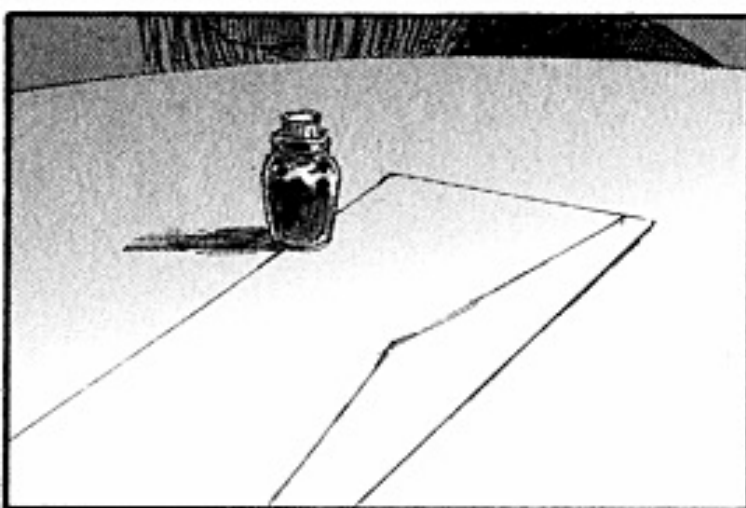
...THAT'S
MY HOPE,
AT LEAST.

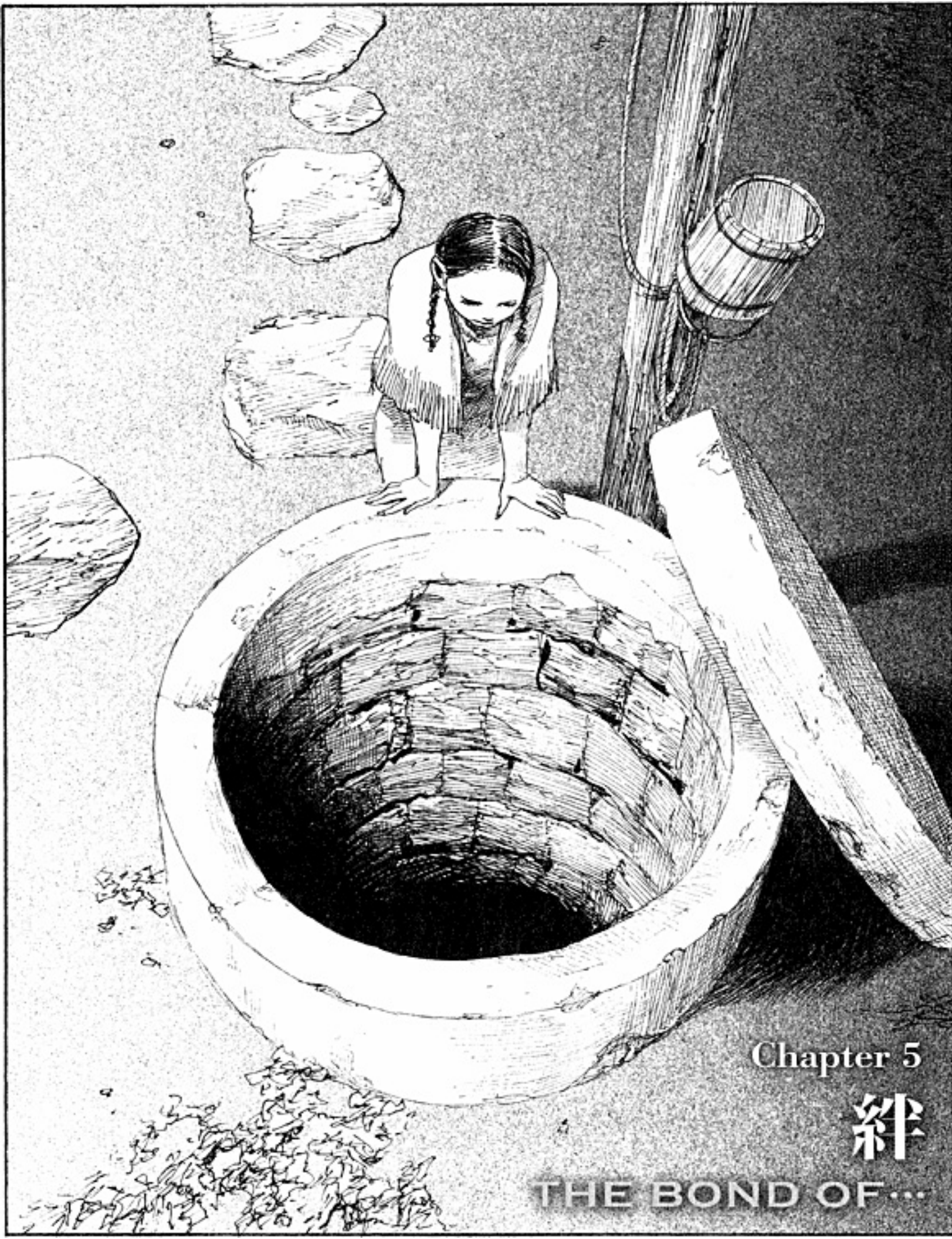
NONETHELESS,
THOROUGH
BACKGROUND
CHECKS SHOULD
BE MADE
MANDATORY
BEFORE
SUPPLYING GIRLS
NEXT YEAR.

WELL, IT CAN'T BE
DENIED THAT ONE
REASON THE WHOLE
INCIDENT BEGAN WAS
THAT WE WEREN'T
CAREFUL ENOUGH...
BUT WHAT A RARE
OCCURRENCE.





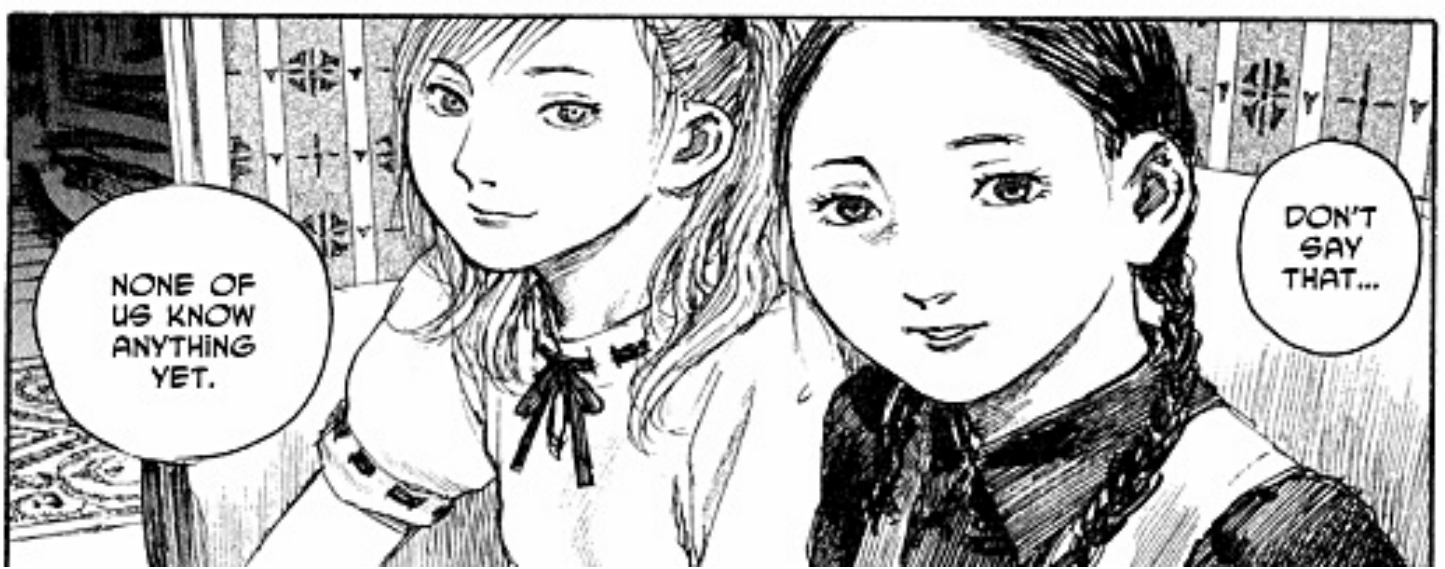
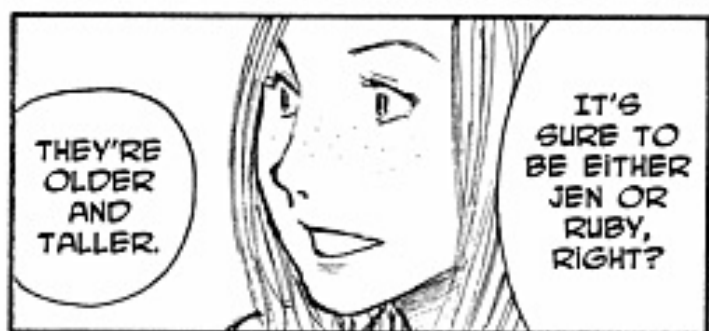
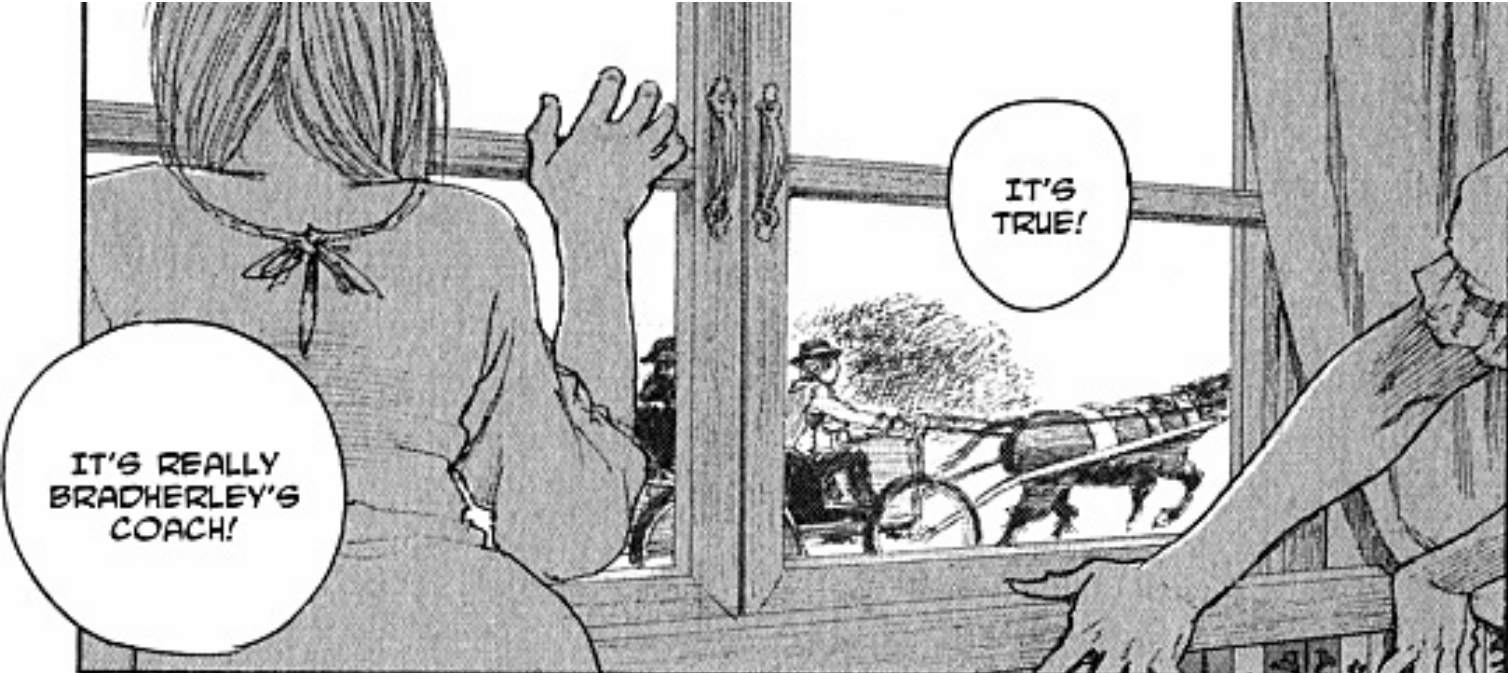




Chapter 5

絆

THE BOND OF...





MY MY,
HEADMASTER!
YOU DIDN'T
SEE OUR
VISITOR
OFF?

...SO WHO
WAS
CHOSEN?

UH...
YEAH.



WELL,
OF
COURSE!

MY
MY!



THEY'LL TELL
US OFFICIALLY
WHEN THEY
SEND THE
DRESS IN
2 WEEKS.

EITHER
JEN OR
RUBY...

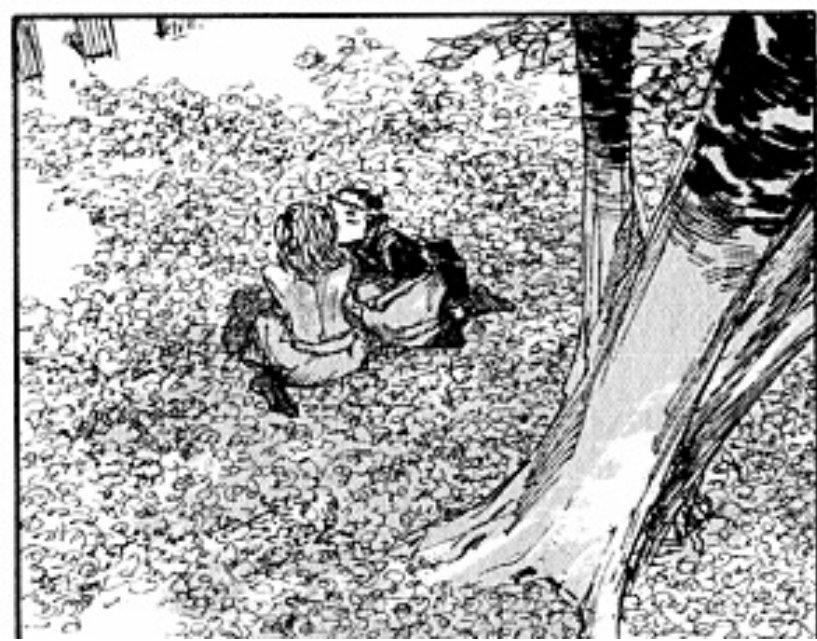
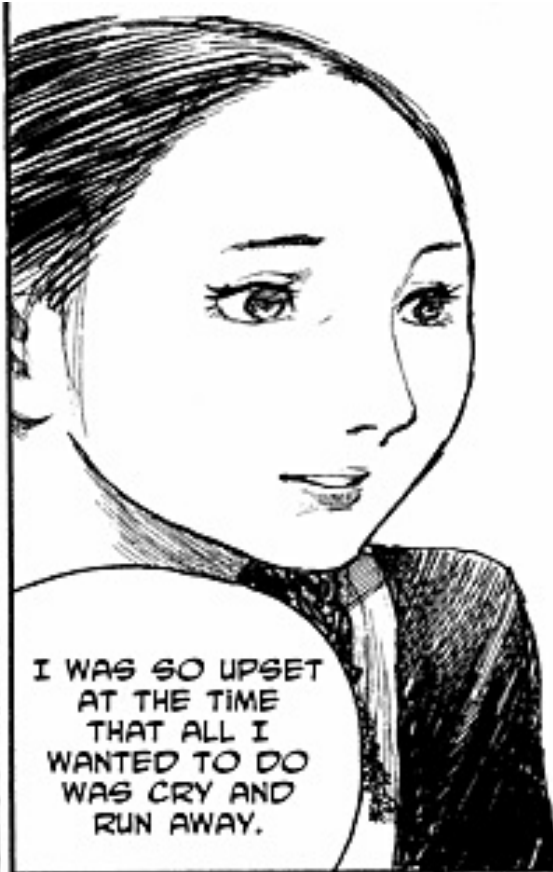


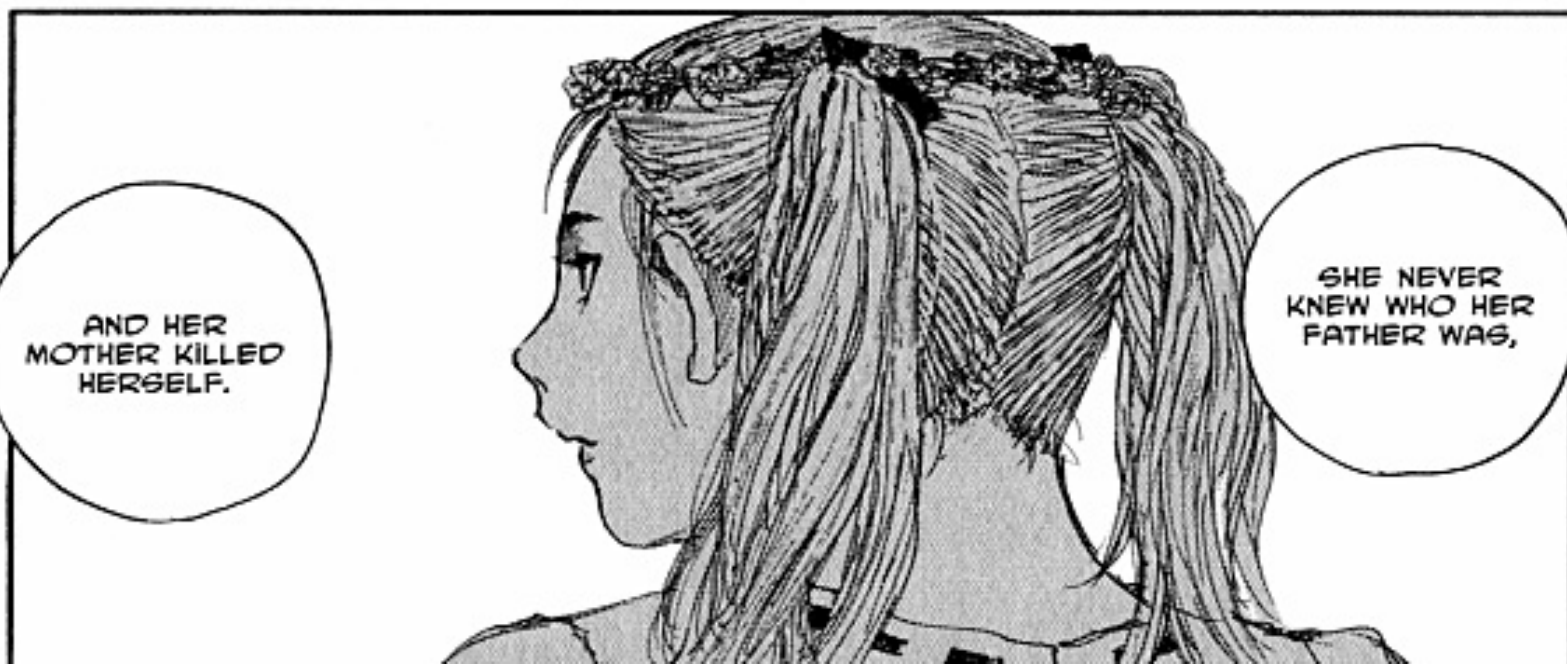
BUT IT FEELS
LIKE IT WAS
JUST YESTERDAY
THAT THOSE TWO
GIRLS CAME TO
INGLESIDE —

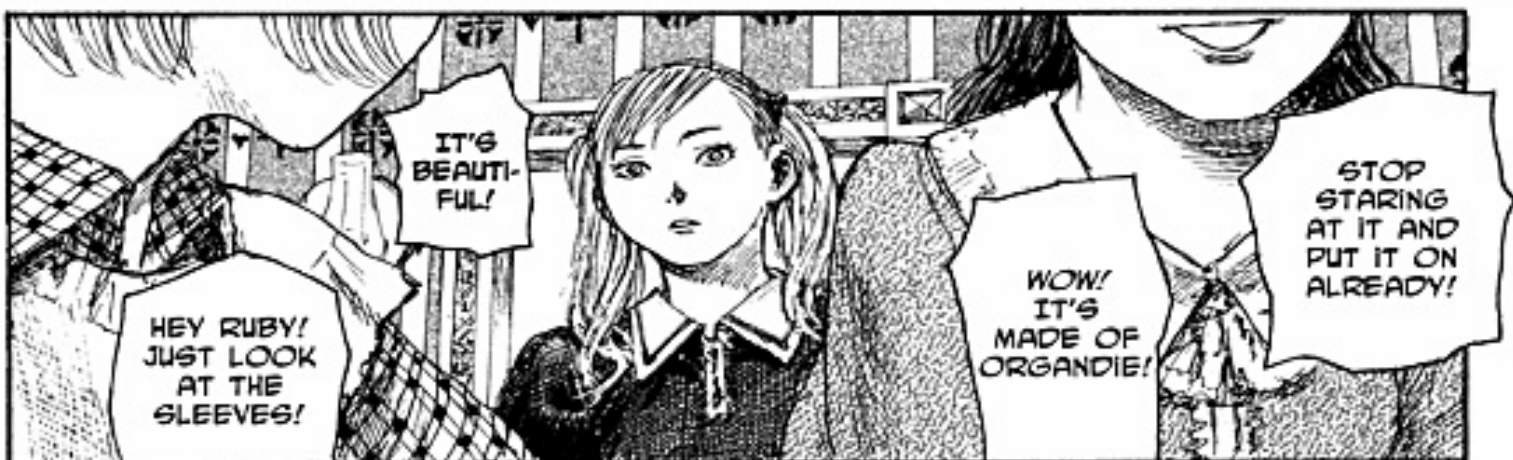


IT'S BEEN
SO MANY
YEARS NOW...











TO BE HONEST, I THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE BEEN CHOSEN.

GO TO YOUR OWN BED ALREADY, GEORGI...



— SO TELL ME, RUBY...

ARE YOU SURE YOU AREN'T HIDING ANYTHING?



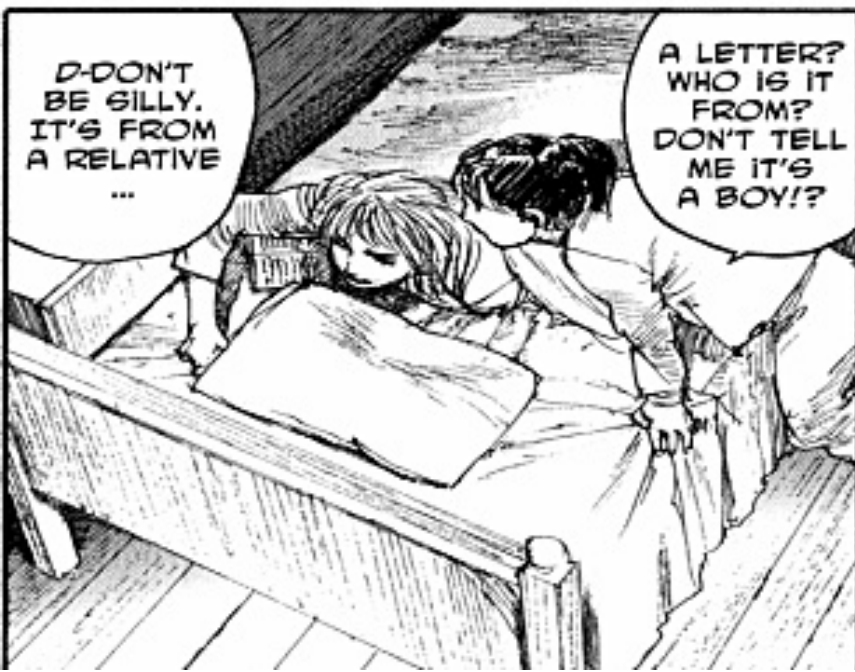
HMM?



MAYBE HER BLACK HAIR CAUGHT THEIR ATTENTION?

AHH, IF ONLY I WERE A LITTLE TALLER... AS I AM NOW, I JUST DON'T HAVE ANY MOTIVATION TO LOSE WEIGHT.

I CAN'T IMAGINE JEN ON STAGE. SHE JUST DOESN'T HAVE MUCH PRESENCE.



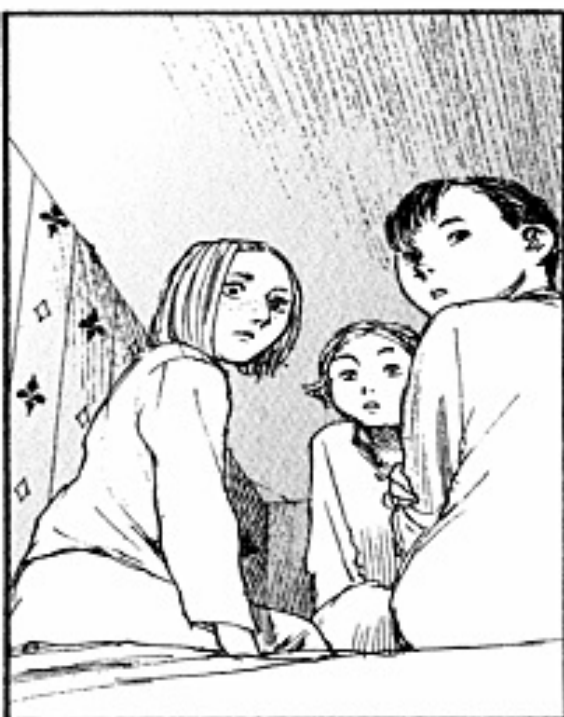
D-DON'T BE SILLY. IT'S FROM A RELATIVE ...

A LETTER? WHO IS IT FROM? DON'T TELL ME IT'S A BOY!?



WHAT'S THAT?

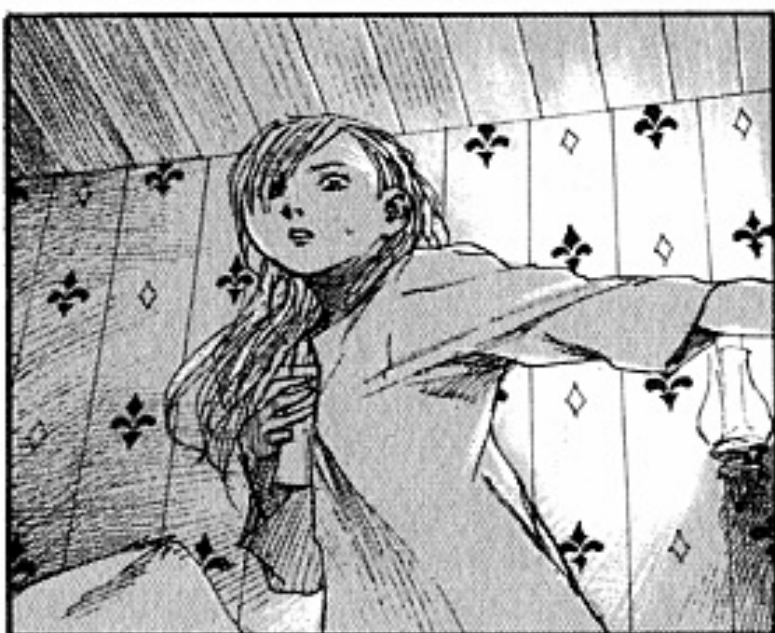
HUH?



HEY...
UGH...
STOP IT...
GET OFF
ME!

I'M SURE
IT'S A BOY!
LET ME
SEE!

BUT YOU
SAID YOU
DON'T
HAVE ANY
RELATIVES!



WELL, I KNOW
YOU MUST BE
NERVOUS...



SAY...
LET'S HAVE
A FAREWELL-
CUM-TEA
PARTY IN
TWO DAYS.

JEN WILL BE
SAD IF YOU
TWO DON'T
MAKE UP.
SHE'S ONLY
HERE FOR
ANOTHER
WEEK.



... YES
MA'AM.

GEORGI!
YOU
STARTED
IT THIS
TIME.

BUT FIGHTING
ON A HAPPY
DAY LIKE
THIS?



I WANT
TO DO
SOMETHING
FOR JEN!

WE'RE
BEST
FRIENDS,
AFTER
ALL!



I'LL
DO
IT!!

HMM WELL...
YOU'LL HAVE
TO MAKE
THEM.

A TEA
PARTY!?
REALLY?

WILL
THERE BE
SESAME
SWEETS
AND LAYER
CAKE!?

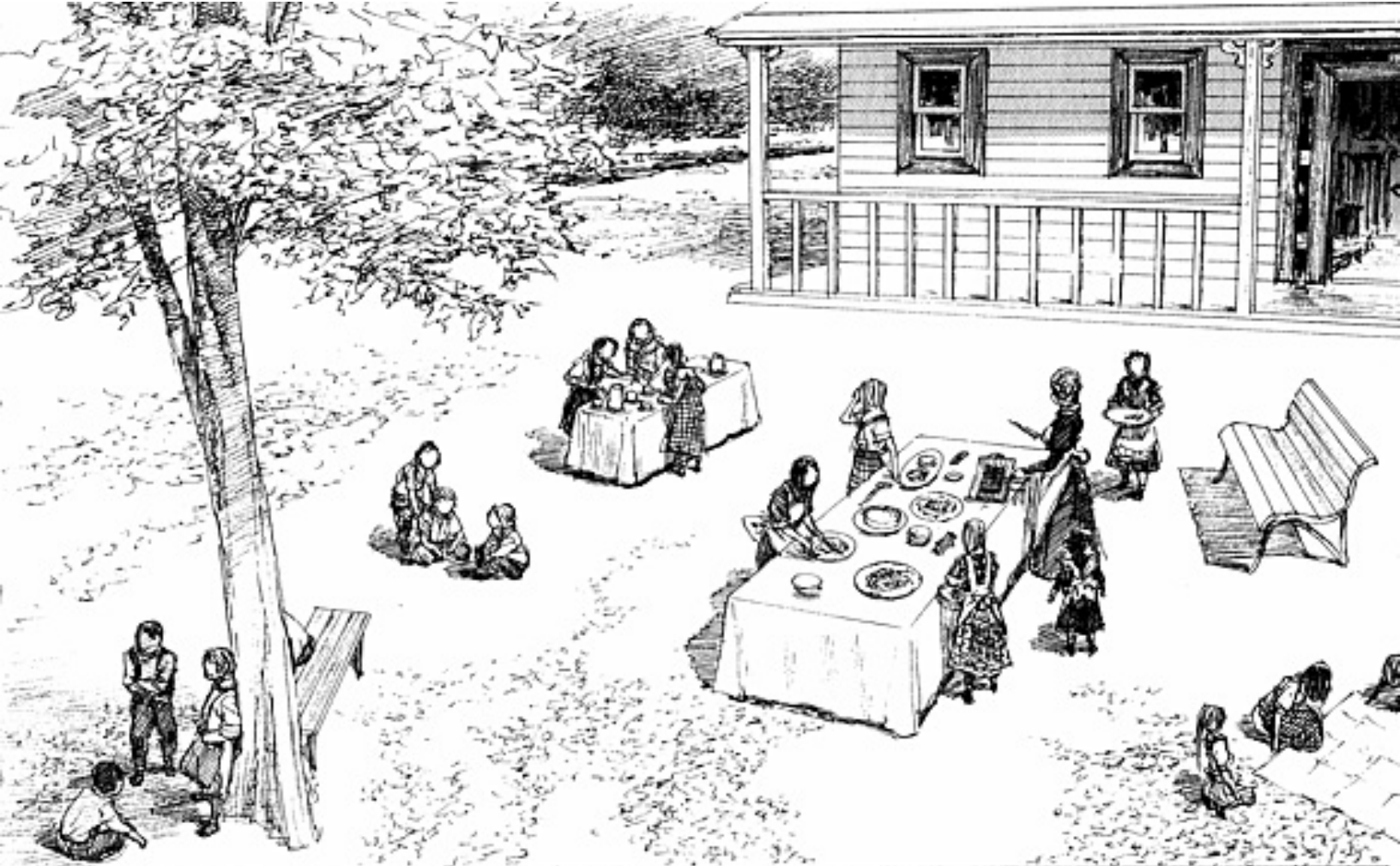


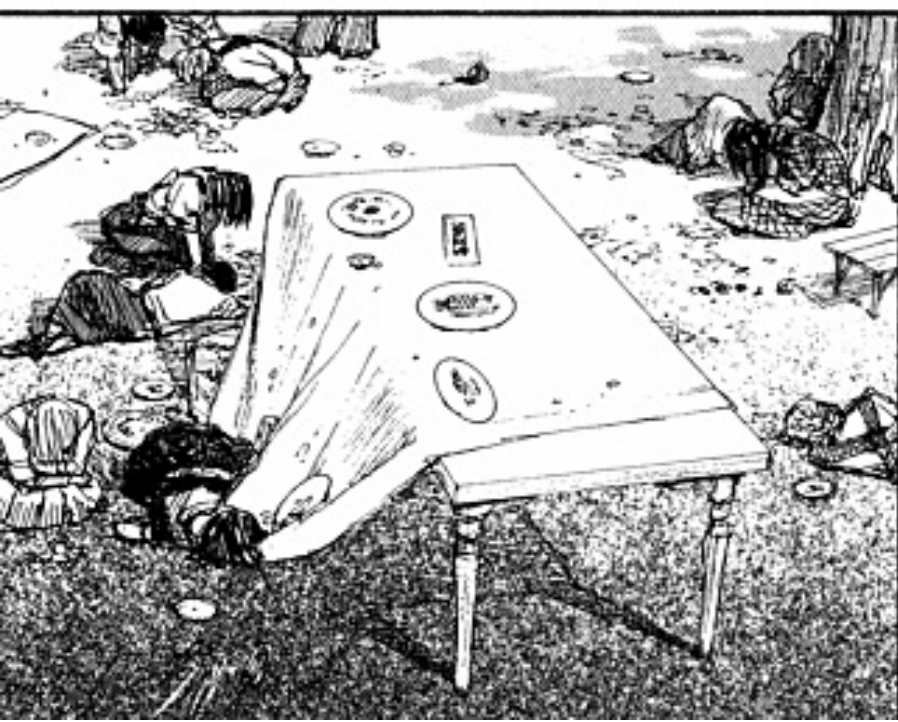
HO HO...
BUT WHY
DID YOU
ASK?

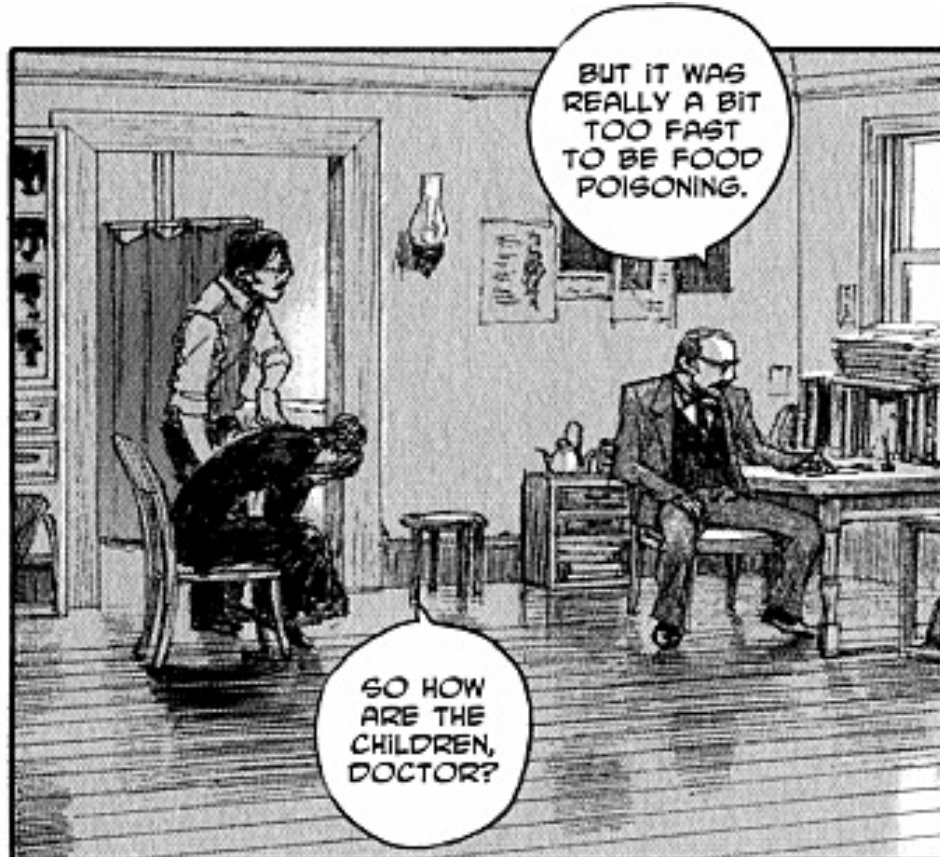
OF
COURSE.
THAT WAS
MY PLAN.



MA'AM!
LET ME
HELP TOO!









MS
HESTER,

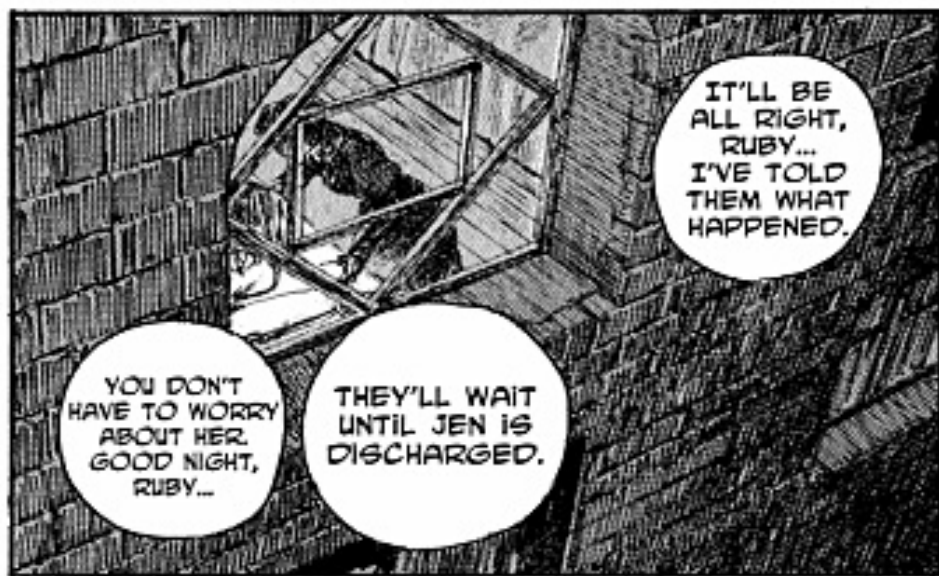
WILL JEN
BE ABLE
TO JOIN THE
BRADHERLEY
FAMILY...?



...YOU
SHOULD BE
SLEEPING,
RUBY...



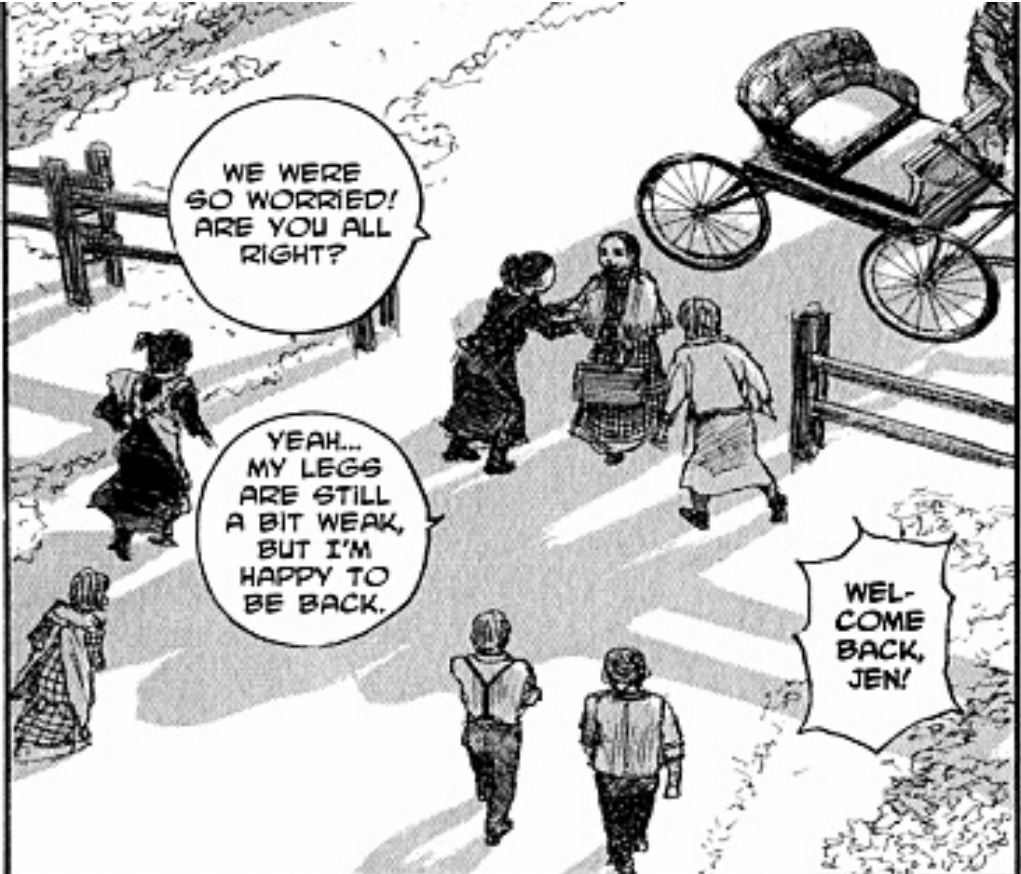
3
days
later



IT'LL BE
ALL RIGHT,
RUBY...
I'VE TOLD
THEM WHAT
HAPPENED.

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT HER.
GOOD NIGHT,
RUBY...

THEY'LL WAIT
UNTIL JEN IS
DISCHARGED.



I'M ASHAMED...
ARSENIC
POISONING OFTEN
PRESENTS SYMPTOMS
SIMILAR TO FOOD
POISONING, SO IT
WAS A LITTLE TRICKY
TO DETECT...

ARSENIC,
TO BE
PRECISE.
WE FOUND
TRACES OF
IT IN THE
CAKE.

A-
ARSENIC
?

POISON!?

ONE
MORE
QUESTION.

DO YOU
HAVE ANY
IDEA WHY
JEN INGLIS
INGESTED
MORE
ARSENIC
THAN ANYONE
ELSE?

DO YOU
KNOW
ANYTHING
ABOUT
THE
POISON?

NO...
I DON'T EVEN
KNOW HOW
SOMEONE
WOULD HAVE
GOTTEN THEIR
HANDS ON IT.

NEITHER THE
HEADMASTER NOR
I HAD ANY OF
THE LAYER CAKE.
IT WAS FOR
THE CHILDREN.

BUT...
NOW
THAT YOU
MENTION
IT,

AND EVERYONE
STARTED FEELING
SICK AROUND THE
SAME TIME...
JEN DIDN'T EAT
ANYTHING THAT THE
OTHERS DIDN'T...

WELL...

EVERYONE
ONLY HAD
ONE SLICE
OF CAKE.



HMM... AND
EVERYONE
DRANK THE
TEA FROM
THE SAME
POT...

AND THE
CUTLERY
WAS
CLEAN...



MA'AM,
DO YOU
KNOW
WHERE
JEN IS?

GIRTY!
WHAT'S
WRONG?



SHE PROMISED
YESTERDAY
THAT I COULD
TRY ON HER
DRESS BEFORE
EVERYONE ELSE
WAKES UP...



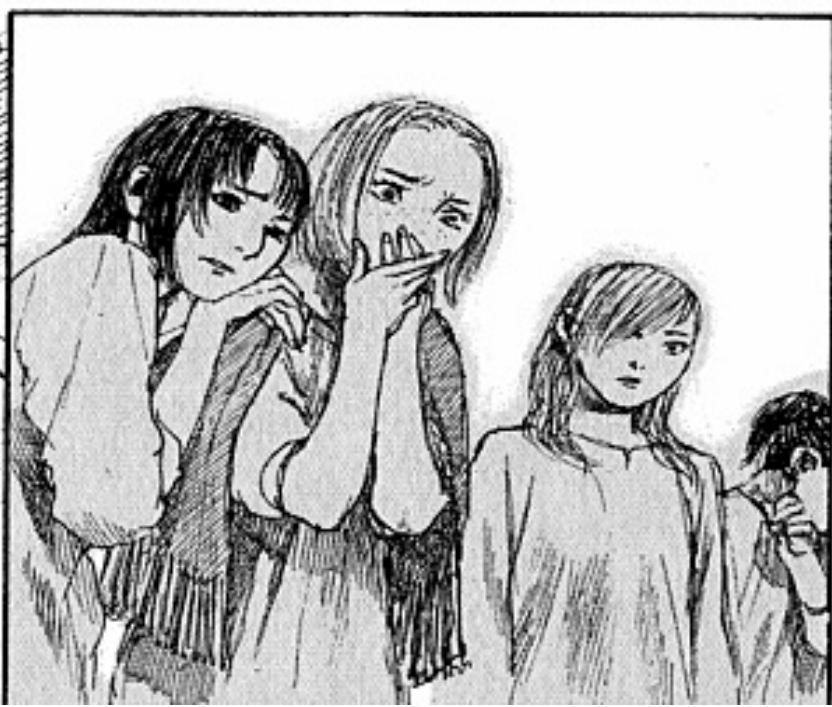
DID YOU PEEK
IN THE KITCHEN?
SHE MIGHT
HAVE GONE TO
TAKE HER
MEDICINE.

ALL RIGHT,
LET'S GO
LOOK
FOR HER
TOGETHER.

AHH,
THAT'S
TRUE.



MA'AM!
MS
HESTER!







RUBY
SPENCER.



HE
WANTS TO
ADOPT
YOU IN
HER
PLACE...

BUT
RUBY,



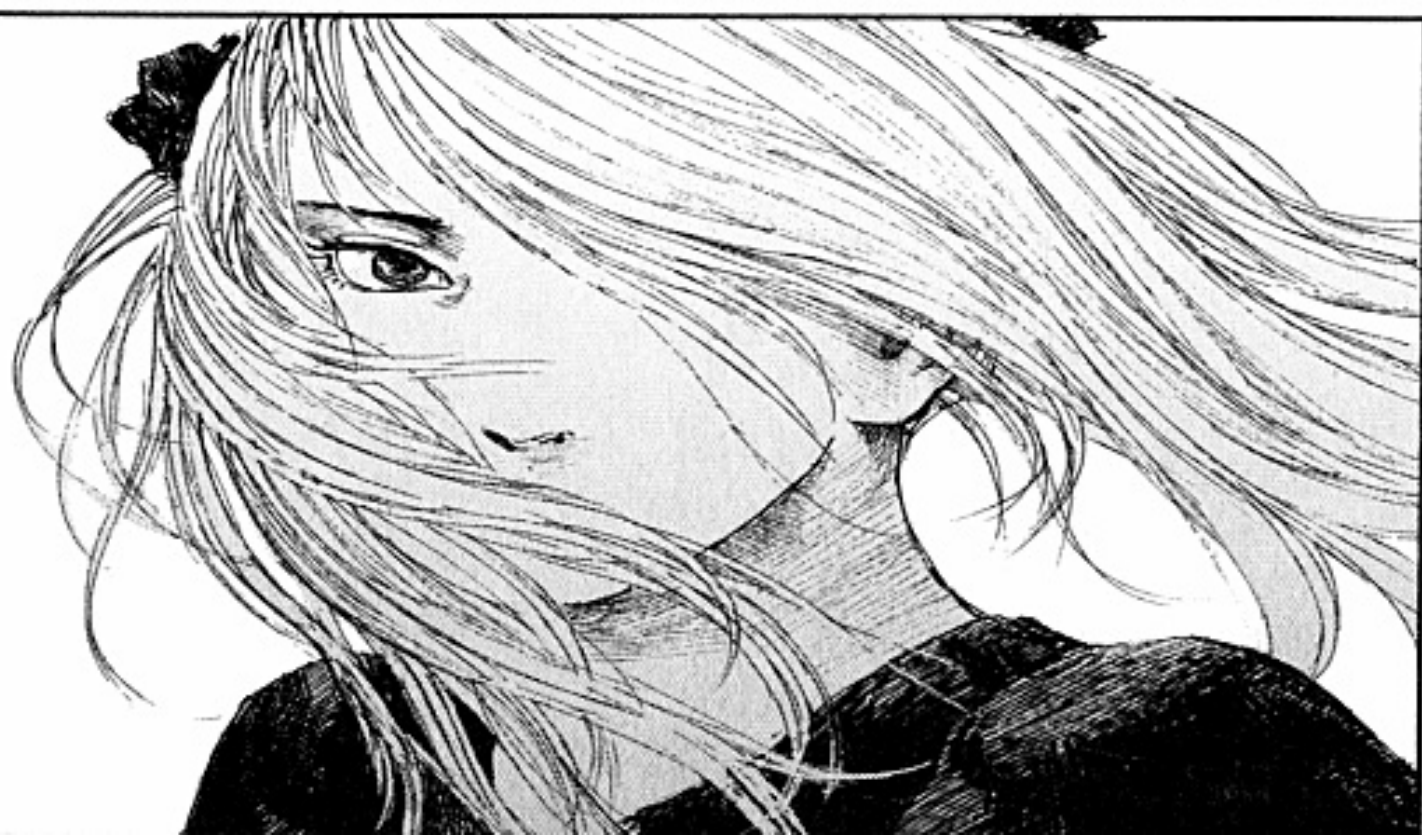
HE
SENDS HIS
CONDO-
LENCES...

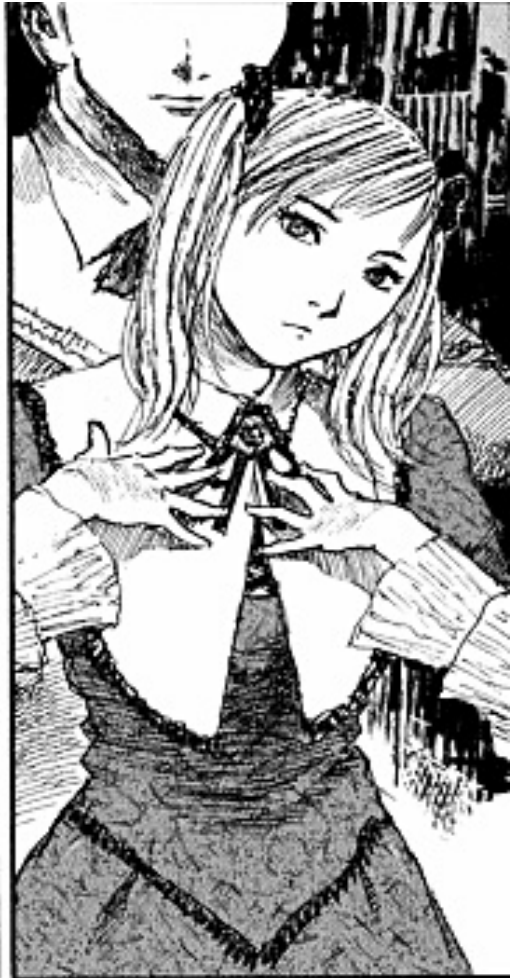
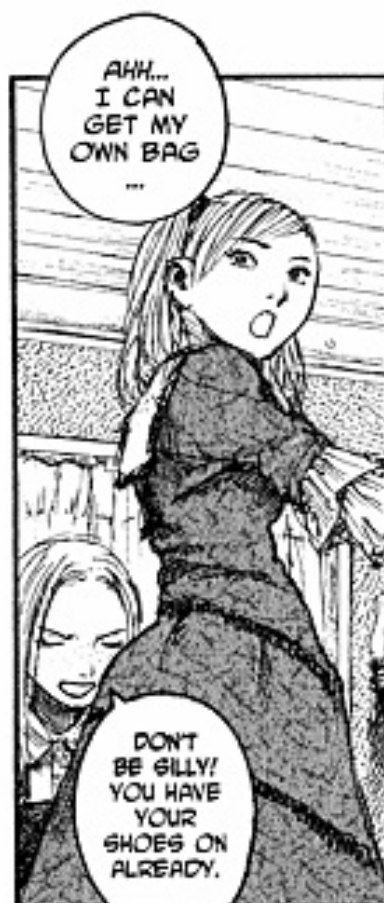
I WENT
TO THE
BRADHERLEY
CASTLE
YESTERDAY
AND TOLD HIM
THE WHOLE
STORY.

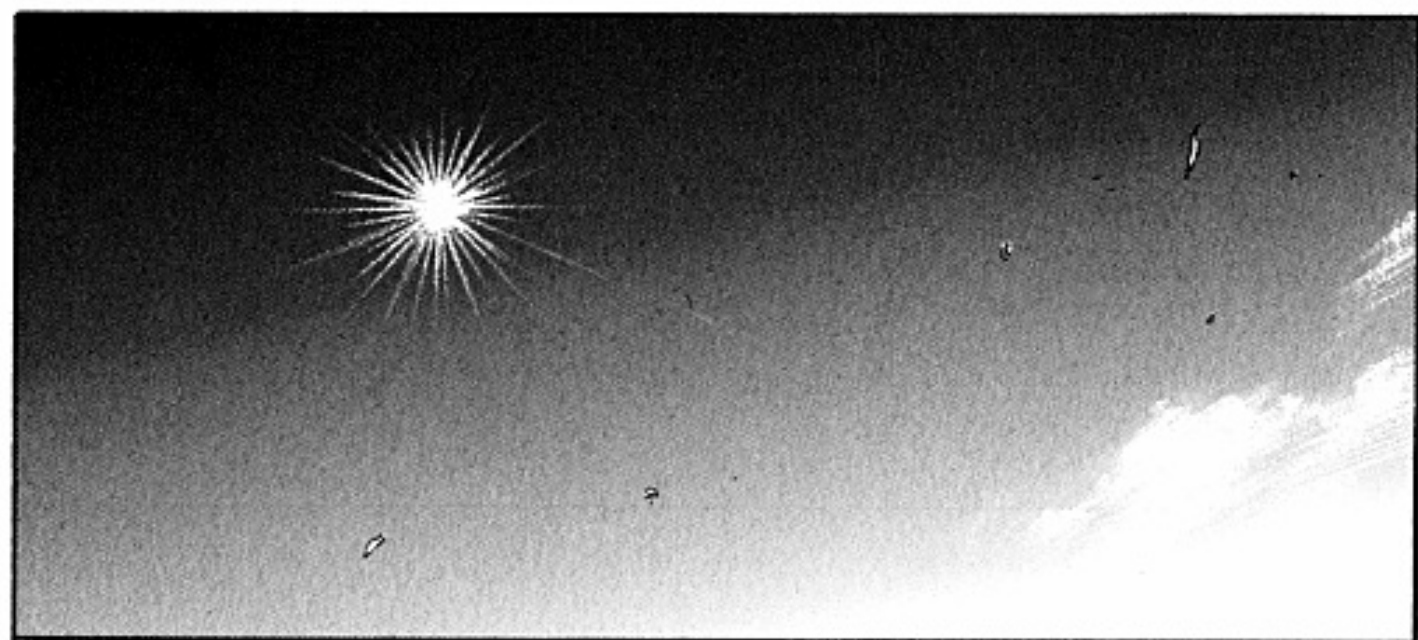


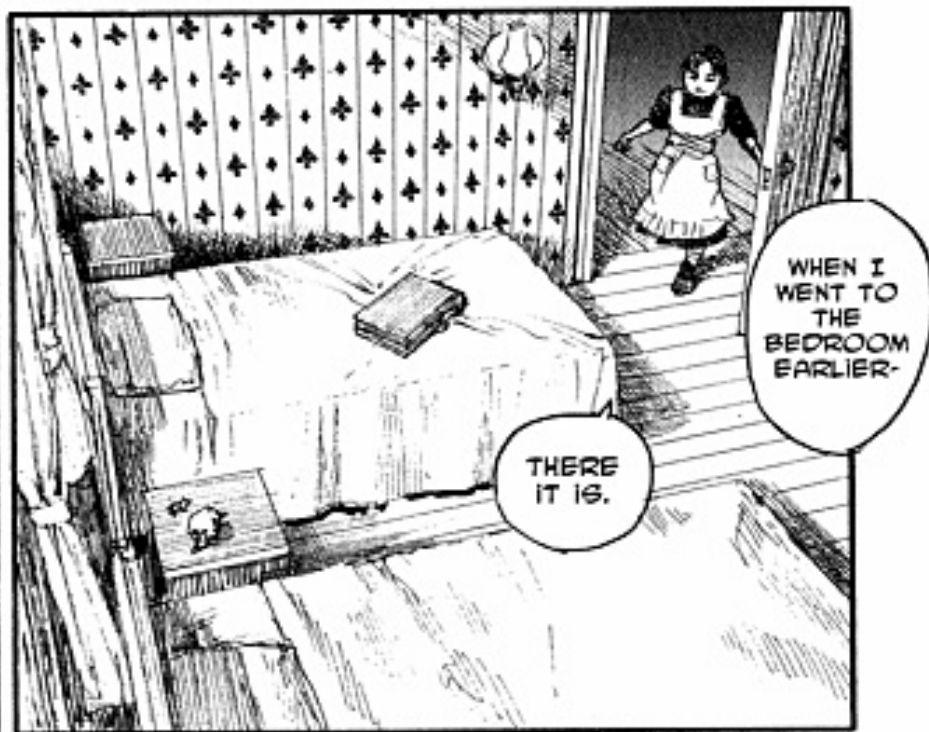
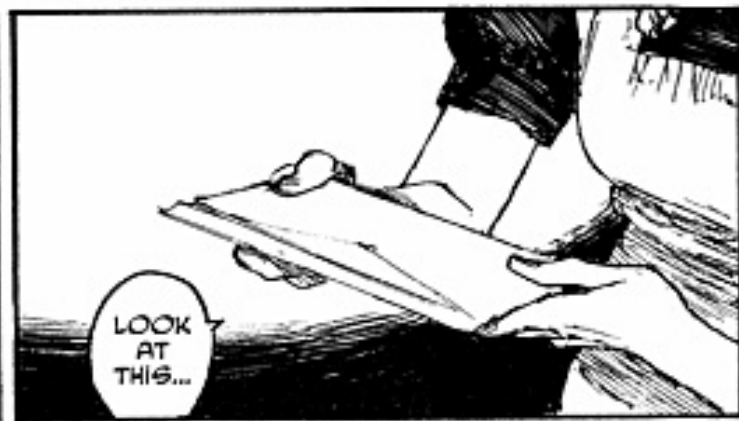
I KNOW
THIS ISN'T
THE BEST
TIME...
BUT I HAVE
URGENT
NEWS.

HEAD-
MASTER
...











...THAT'S
THE
LETTER
FROM THAT
TIME...



HUH?

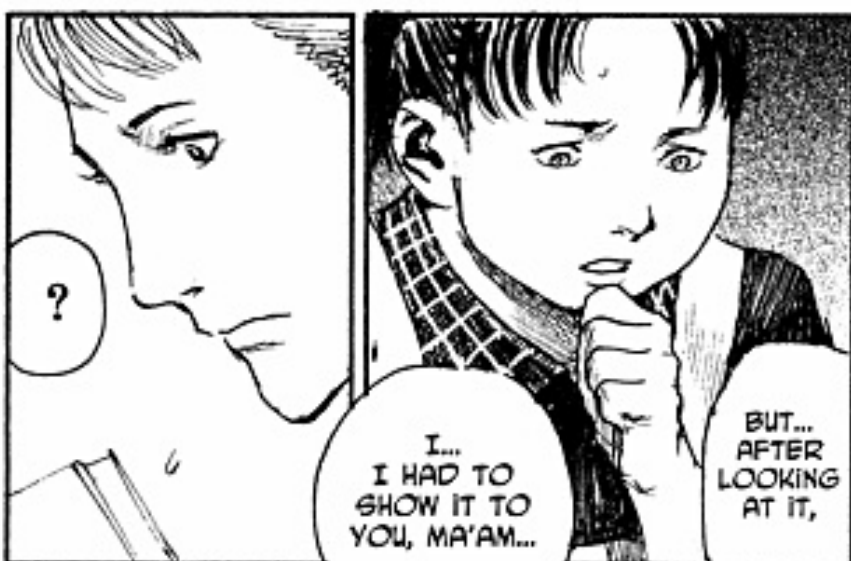


"...DEAR
RUBY,"



I ONLY
WANTED
TO TAKE A
PEEK AND
PUT IT BACK!
BUT...

GEORGI!
WHAT YOU
HAVE
DONE...



?

I...
I HAD TO
SHOW IT TO
YOU, MA'AM...

BUT...
AFTER
LOOKING
AT IT,

Dear
Ruby,



This is the
last thing
I can do for
you, so that
you can be
happy
someday.

Don't
be sad.

I've never
told anyone
before this,
but your father
is the current
head of the
MacAllister
family,
Lord Rudolph
MacAllister.



I told you that
your father
disappeared
before you were
born, but that
was a lie.

However

—
there wasn't a
happy ending for
our relationship,
of course.
I was thrown
out when they
found that I
was pregnant.

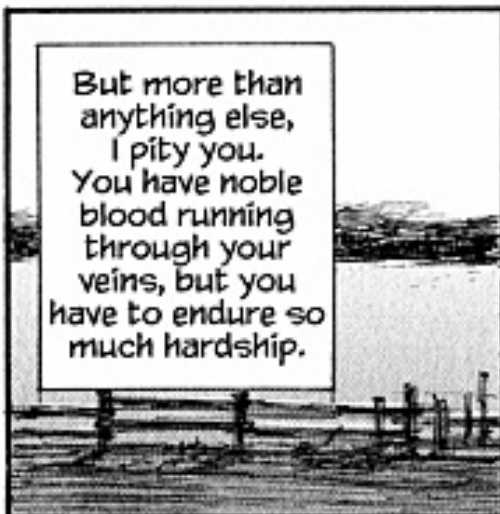
That
was when
you were
conceived.

When I was young,
I worked as a
kitchen maid in
the MacAllister
household.
The young Rudolph
and I had a secret
love affair.



...
how-
ever,

But more than
anything else,
I pity you.
You have noble
blood running
through your
veins, but you
have to endure so
much hardship.



My own life
has been filled
with nothing
but misery...



WHAT DID
YOU WANT
TO TALK
ABOUT,
RUBY...?



CAN WE STILL BE
FRIENDS FOREVER
EVEN IF I'M NOT
ADOPTED INTO
THE BRADHERLEY
FAMILY?

JEN.



WILL
YOU
SWEAR
ON
THESE?



I'LL WRITE
TO YOU
EVERY WEEK.
AND YOU'LL
WRITE TO
ME TOO,
WON'T YOU,
JEN?

O-OF
COURSE
WE CAN.



...YOU
REMEM-
BERED.

OF COURSE
I SWEAR
ON THEM.
THEY'RE
THE BOND...
THAT LINKS
US FOREVER
...



THOSE
HATS...



I think I'll gamble
on this...
there's nothing
more I can give you.

That the great
Bradherley
family is
adopting
orphans to
train them for
an opera troupe.

I recently
heard
a rumor,
Ruby,

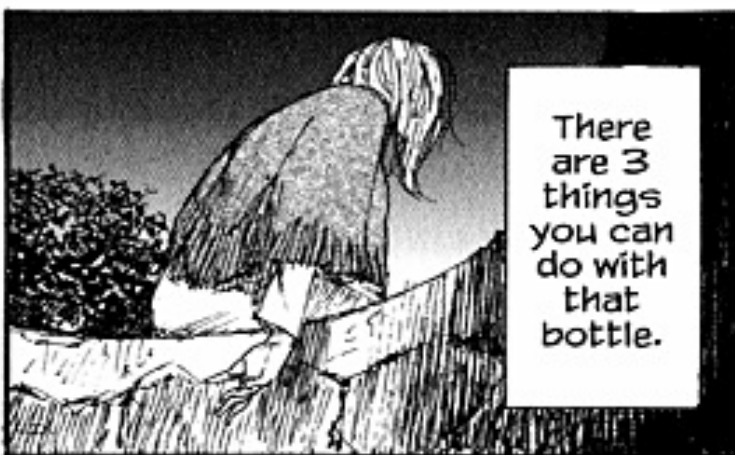


It's the only way
you can be reunited
with your father.
Not as the daughter
of a kitchen maid,
but with the pride
that you're the
daughter of
a noble family.

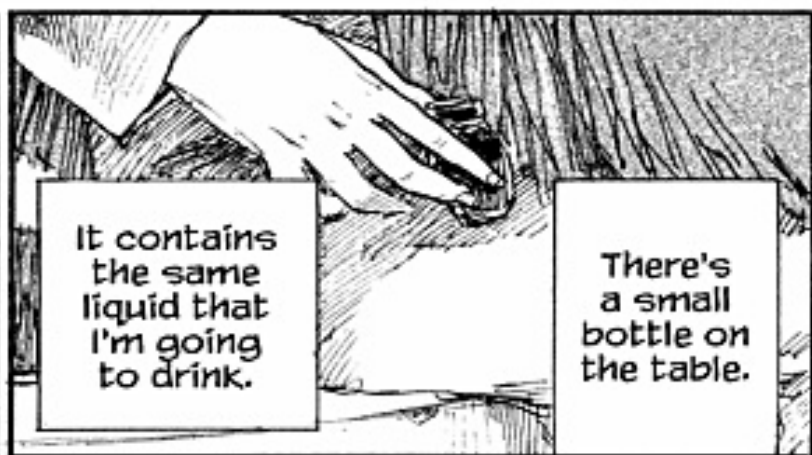
You'll be sent to
an orphanage
after this, Ruby.
You have to
find a way to
become one of
Bradherley's
adopted
daughters.



There
are 3
things
you can
do with
that
bottle.



It contains
the same
liquid that
I'm going
to drink.



There's
a small
bottle on
the table.

If you're
frightened or
didn't understand
what I've written,
hand it all over
to the police.



If you're so sad
that you can't
bear to live,
drink the contents
of the bottle and
we'll be together
again.

Then use the
contents of
the bottle as
you see fit.

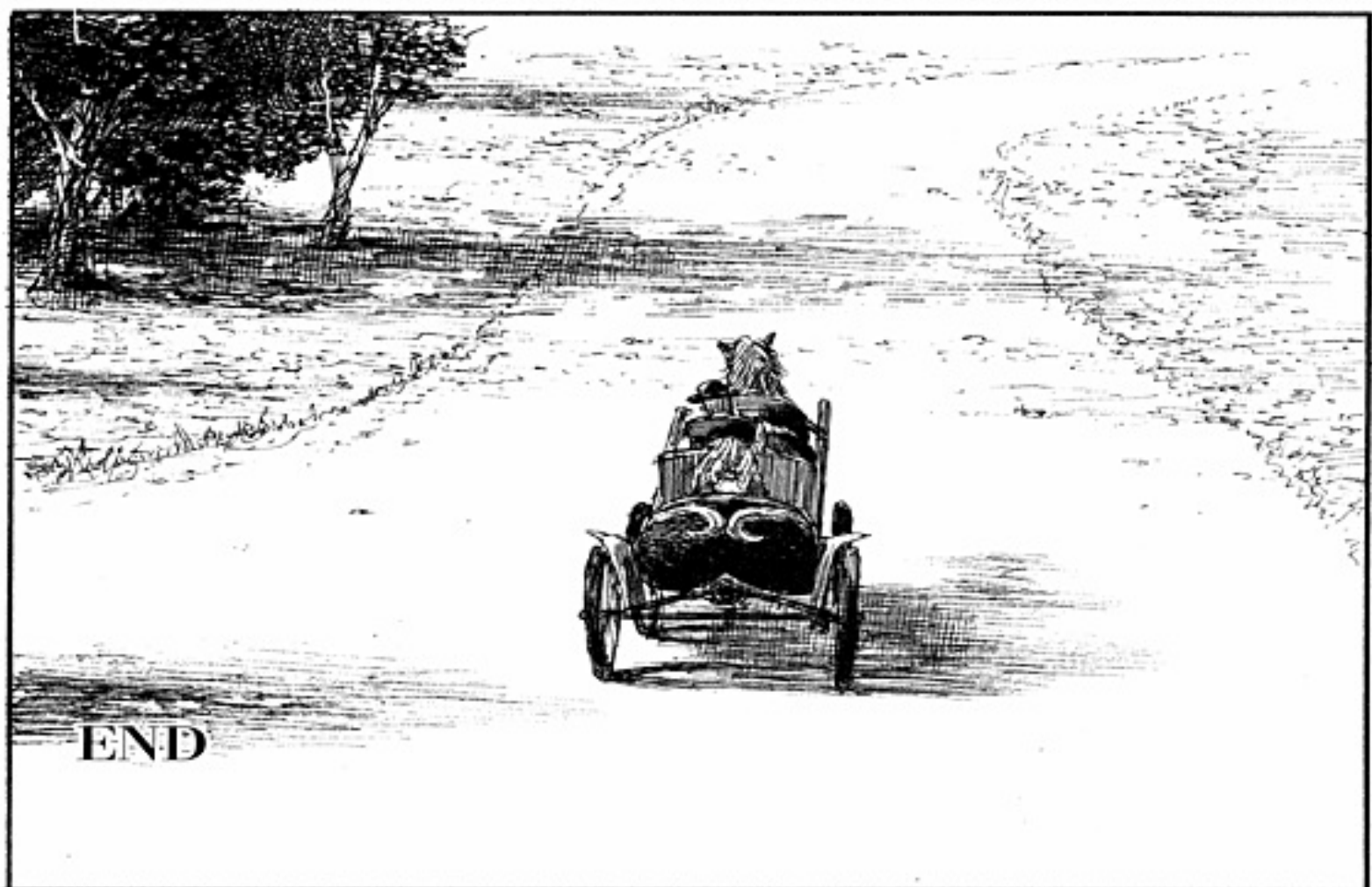
But if neither
of those are
the case,



SHE'S
BEYOND
OUR REACH
NOW...

...IT'S
TOO LATE
FOR THAT.

...THEY'LL
HAVE TO
LISTEN TO
US AND
LET US
BRING HER
BACK,
RIGHT...?



Chapter 6

銀う覆澱

SAVE HER SNOWY NECK



Though
there is
a small
differ-
ence...

Your job is simple.
You'll be doing
about the same
thing as at
Hughes Hill.

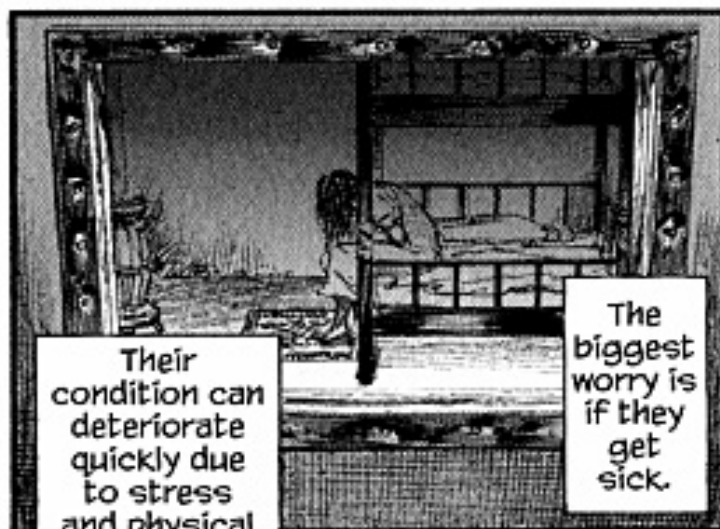
Mr
Kenneth
Irving.

I've heard
about you
from Powle...
welcome to
Hensley,

All right
then.
In that
case,
you can
start work
tomorrow...

Oh... I see you've
already heard
of "Plan 1-14"
—
we also call it the
"Paschal festival".

Do you know how
Hensley prison
differs from
Hughes Hill?



Their
condition can
deteriorate
quickly due
to stress
and physical
weakness —

The
biggest
worry is
if they
get
sick.



if they sit around for long periods doing nothing, you should go into the room to check on them. But lock the door, just like you would for a prisoner.

Well, you should call the doctor if they start throwing up or having convulsions.



IF I WERE IN THEIR SHOES, THE THOUGHT OF SUICIDE WOULD SURELY CROSS MY MIND AT LEAST ONCE...



THAT... SEEMS STRANGE TO ME.

BUT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN OFTEN. WELL, I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER ONE.



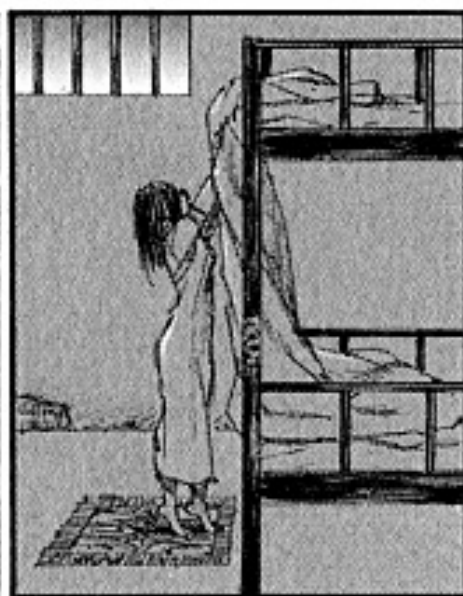
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ANYONE FIRST. JUST GO IN AND STOP THEM.

FINALLY, THERE'S SUICIDE.

IN ORDER TO COMMIT SUICIDE, YOU FIRST NEED TO KNOW HOW TO DO IT.



YOU SEE, MR IRVING,









...WHY
DID YOU
DO IT?

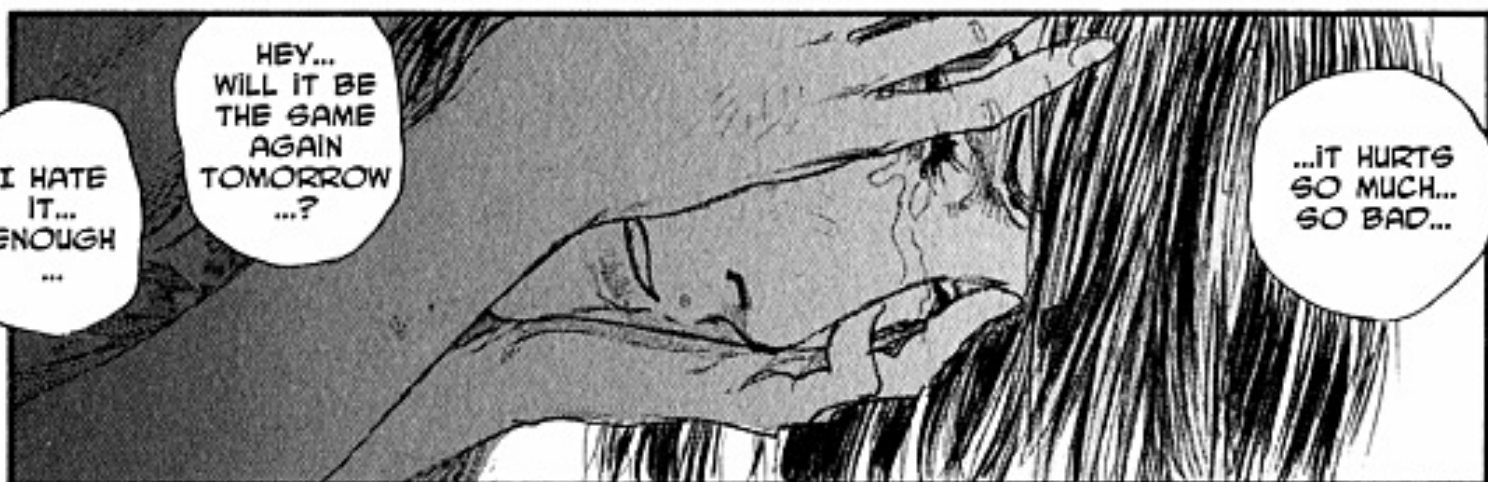


WHY...?



IN ANY
CASE,
YOU HAVE
TO STOP
DOING THIS.

...
WHY?



I HATE
IT...
ENOUGH
...

HEY...
WILL IT BE
THE SAME
AGAIN
TOMORROW
...?

...IT HURTS
SO MUCH...
SO BAD...



...WHAT
SHOULD
I DO?

THERE'S
NOTHING I
CAN SAY TO
CONSOLE HER...
NOT IN A
SITUATION
LIKE THIS.



I WANT
TO GO
BACK
TO THE
ORPHAN-
AGE...

WELL THEN,
TRY SAYING
SOMETHING
LIKE THIS TO
HER NEXT
TIME.



SHE TRIED
IT 3 MORE
TIMES
BEFORE
MY SHIFT
ENDED...

HMM.



LAUGH IF
YOU LIKE,
BUT
THIS IS
SERIOUS.

HAHAHA...
THAT'S
PRETTY
FAST.



AHH,
I DIDN'T
KNOW THAT
RULE
EXISTED!

OF
COURSE!
IN THAT
CASE...

HAHAHA...



DON'T BE SILLY.
THERE'S NO
SUCH THING.

...?



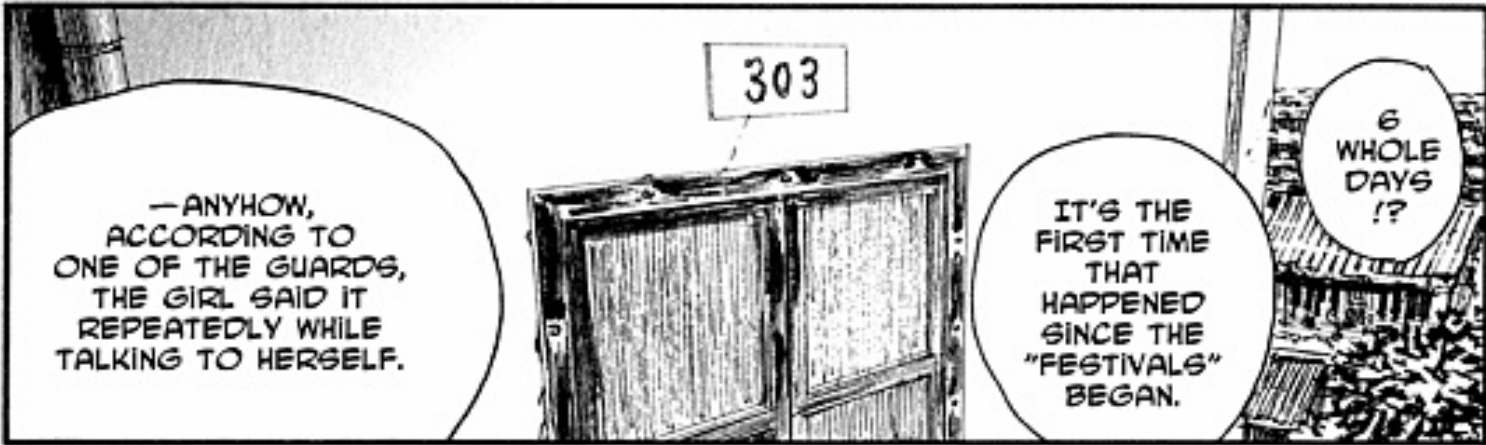
SHE'LL BE
TAKEN TO THE
BRADHERLEY
CASTLE IF SHE
CAN ENDURE
ONE WEEK...?





ONE OF THE
"LAMBS"
SURVIVED
FOR 6 DAYS.

THE YEAR
BEFORE LAST,
IN...
CARDIFF PRISON,
I THINK,



—ANYHOW,
ACCORDING TO
ONE OF THE GUARDS,
THE GIRL SAID IT
REPEATEDLY WHILE
TALKING TO HERSELF.

303

IT'S THE
FIRST TIME
THAT
HAPPENED
SINCE THE
"FESTIVALS"
BEGAN.

6
WHOLE
DAYS
!?



AT THE
END OF
THE DAY...
IT WASN'T
TRUE.

...BUT,



HER BELIEF
HELPED HER
HANG ON FAR
BEYOND HER
NATURAL
LIMITS.

SHE THOUGHT
THAT IF SHE
COULD HANG
ON, SHE'D BE
REWARDED IN
THE END...



OR SO
I HEARD.

SO YOU HAVE
A CHOICE.

THAT'S RIGHT.
IT WAS A
FALSE HOPE.
IT ONLY
SERVED TO
CONSOLE HER.
WE WERE
PREPARED TO
POISON HER IF
SHE SURVIVED
BEYOND
A WEEK...





PLEASE...

JUST 2 DAYS
AND SHE'S
ALREADY LIKE
THIS... HOW
HORRIBLE...

EVEN A WEEK
MIGHT BE TOO
LONG TO GIVE
HER HOPE...



WHEN
MORNING
COMES...
I'LL GO
MAD.

I DON'T
WANT TO
FACE
TOMORROW...
I DON'T
WANT IT...

I WANT
TO JOIN
MY DAD.



I SEE...
THAT'S A
SHAME.



PLEASE
...

I'M
BEGGING
YOU...



...
YOU'RE
LYING.

DON'T
BE SILLY.
HOW COULD
A LIAR
BECOME A
MEMBER OF
THE HOUSE
OF LORDS?

WAH...
I DON'T
BELIEVE
I JUST
SAID
THAT.



YOU COULD
GO MEET
LORD
BRADHERLEY.

IF YOU
CAN HANG
ON FOR A
FEW MORE
DAYS,



...
...
...



AHH...
IT'S JUST
A WEEK...



...BUT...

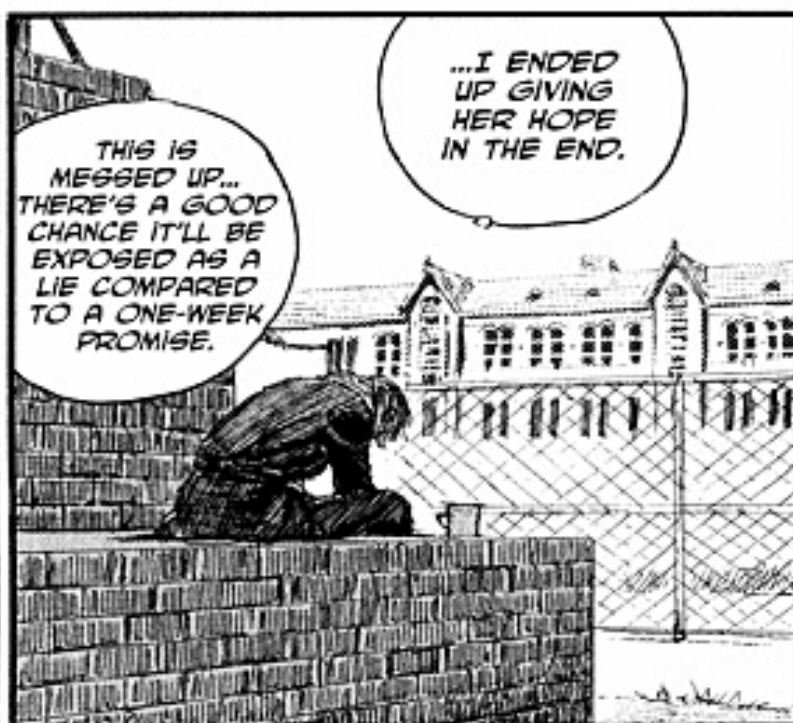
I CAN'T
HOLD ON
FOR SO
LONG...



H- h-hang on!
What did I
just say!?

T-TWO
DAYS.

I'LL TAKE
YOU OUT OF
HERE THE
DAY AFTER
TOMORROW.



THIS IS
MESSED UP...
THERE'S A GOOD
CHANCE IT'LL BE
EXPOSED AS A
LIE COMPARED
TO A ONE-WEEK
PROMISE.

...I ENDED
UP GIVING
HER HOPE
IN THE END.



...WHAT'S
THAT
COACH?



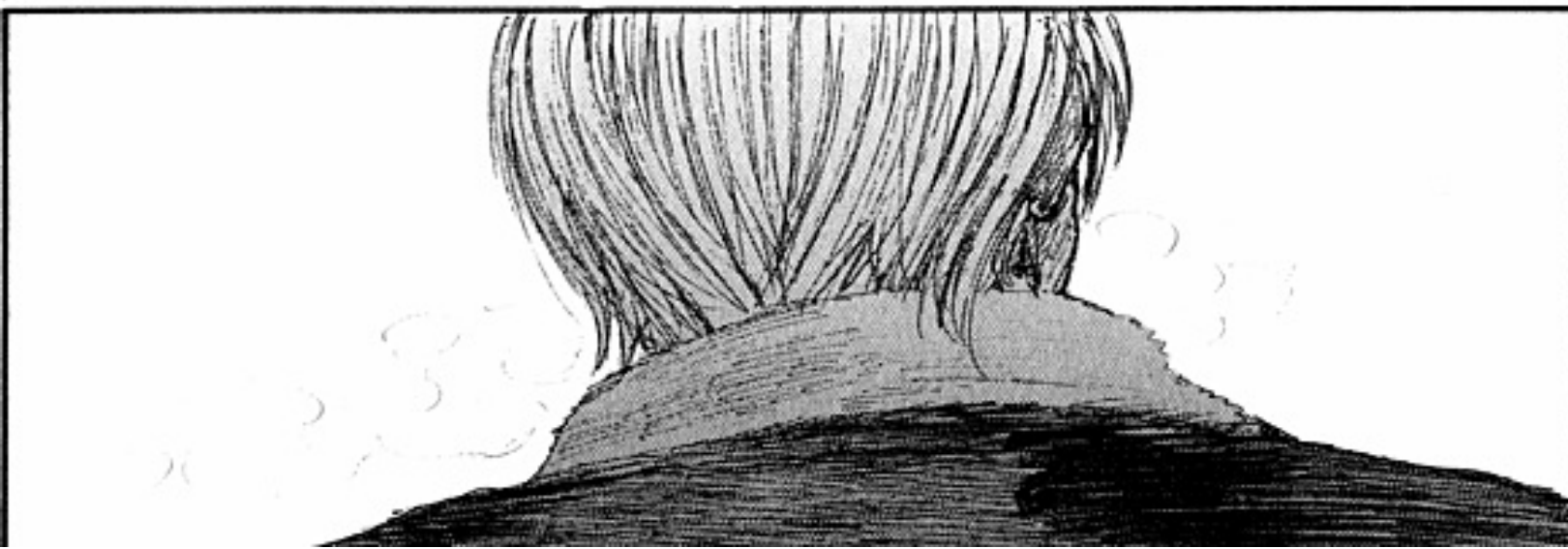
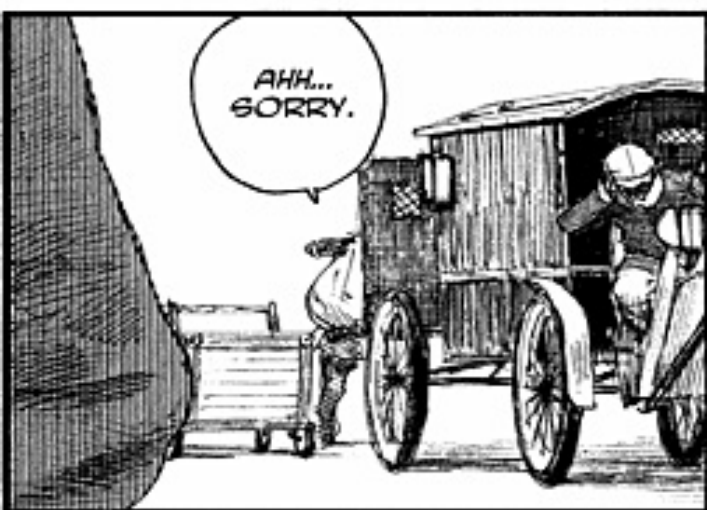
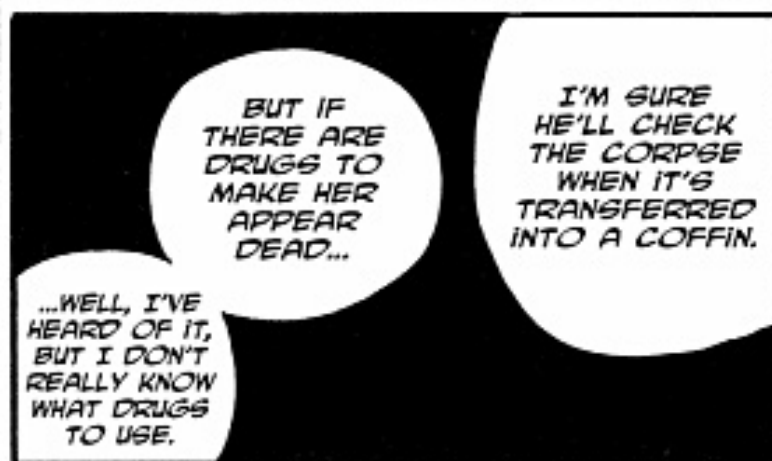
...IF SHE
DIES,
SHE'LL
LEAVE LIKE
THAT...

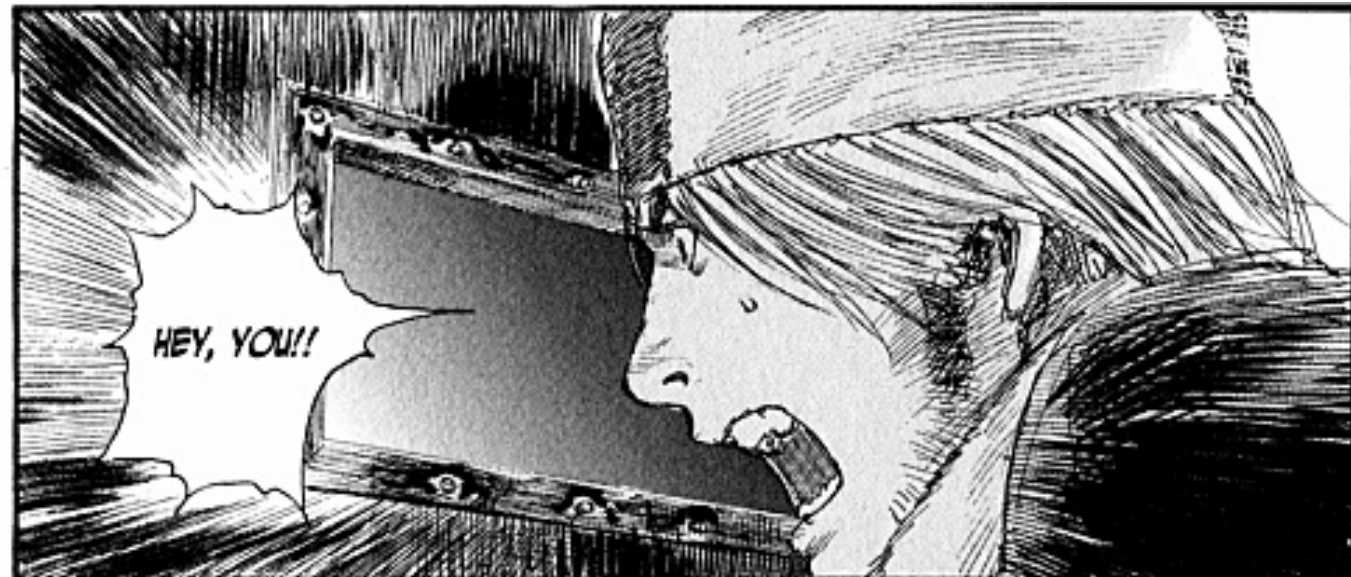
BUT COULD
SHE MAKE
IT OUT
THAT WAY
ALIVE...?



AH,
A GIRL'S
CORPSE...?

UGH, NOT
SOMETHING
YOU WANT TO
SEE WHILE
EATING.





HEY, YOU!!



...AHH,
I SEE.



I WAS
FEELING
COLD, SO
I DECIDED
TO TAKE
THE SHEETS
FROM THE
UPPER
BUNK...

UMM...



HUH?

AFTER WHAT
I TOLD YOU
YESTERDAY,
WHY ARE
YOU...



I LOST
CONSCIOUS-
NESS
SEVERAL
TIMES,

AND
SOMEONE
SLAPPED
ME UNTIL I
WOKE UP.



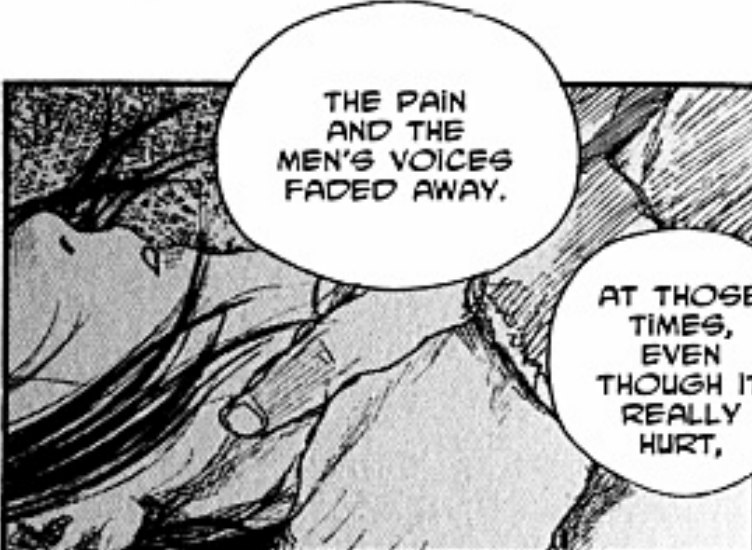
LIKE TO
STRANGLE
ME.

A FEW
OF THE
MEN...



I FELT
A LITTLE
HAPPIER THEN...
I FELT AS IF I
WAS CLOSER
TO SEEING MY
DAD AGAIN.

THAT'S WHY I
WELCOMED IT...
I PRAYED THAT IT
WOULD HAPPEN



THE PAIN
AND THE
MEN'S VOICES
FADED AWAY.

AT THOSE
TIMES,
EVEN
THOUGH IT
REALLY
HURT,



AGAIN
AND
AGAIN...
UNTIL
YESTER-
DAY.



SO THE
PRISON
STAFF
CHECK THE
MAIL ONLY
BEFORE IT'S
LOADED
INTO YOUR
COACH?

I JUST
WANTED TO
CONFIRM
SOMETHING,
MR.
HARRISON.

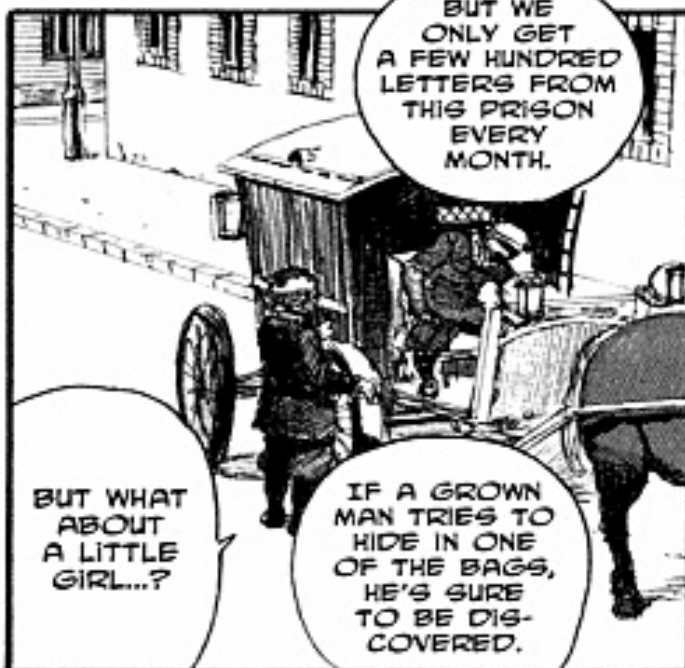


...I HOPE
YOU'RE NOT
THINKING OF
DOING
SOMETHING
STUPID.



—
THAT'S
CORRECT,
RIGHT?

MEANING
THAT AFTER
THE BAGS
ARE PACKED,
NO ONE
LOOKS INSIDE
UNTIL IT
REACHES THE
POST OFFICE?



BUT WE
ONLY GET
A FEW HUNDRED
LETTERS FROM
THIS PRISON
EVERY
MONTH.

I DON'T KNOW
HOW MUCH
MONEY THE
PRISONERS
HAVE...

BUT WHAT
ABOUT
A LITTLE
GIRL...?

IF A GROWN
MAN TRIES TO
HIDE IN ONE
OF THE BAGS,
HE'S SURE
TO BE DIS-
COVERED.



THAT'S FAR
MORE SERIOUS
THAN HELPING A
PRISONER TO
ESCAPE...

D-DO YOU
HAVE ANY
IDEA WHAT
YOU'RE PRO-
POSING...?



...ALL
RIGHT.

...

ONLY IF SHE
SURVIVES
PAST TODAY...

MR HARRISON...
IT'S ONLY IF
SHE SURVIVES
PAST TODAY
—



...
YEAH...

I CAN
STAND...



—
LILLA,
CAN YOU
STAND?



...I...
HUNG
ON...



...
YEAH...

LET'S GO...
AS I
PROMISED.

YEAH...
YOU DID.



IT'S
SNOWING,
SO IT'LL BE
PRETTY COLD
NOW THAT THE
SUN'S GONE
DOWN.



PUT
THIS
ON.



HMM, SNOW
IS GOOD.
IT'LL HELP
MUFFLE
THE SOUND
OF HER
FOOTSTEPS...

REALLY...
I DIDN'T
NOTICE...



CAN
YOU
WALK?

YEAH...
I THINK
SO...



I THINK
SHE'S
HAVING CON-
VULSIONS!

HEY
CHARLIE!
CALL THE
DOCTOR!

?



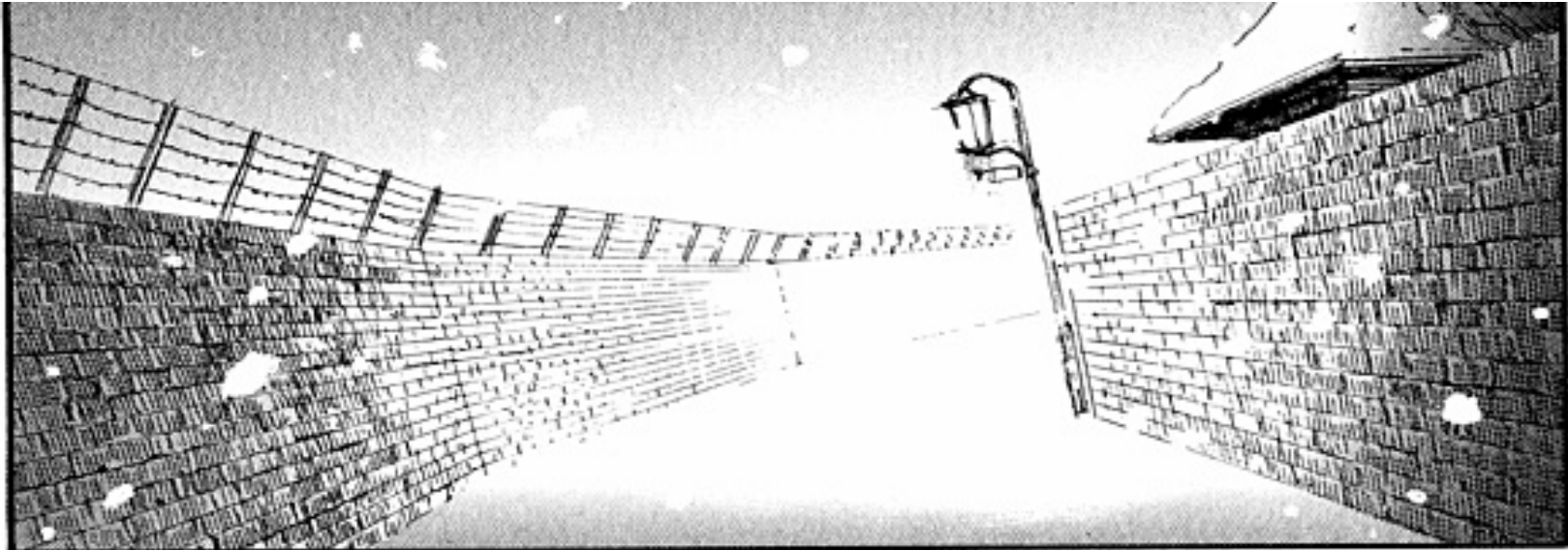
THEN GO
TO THE
LOCATION
ON THIS
MAP.

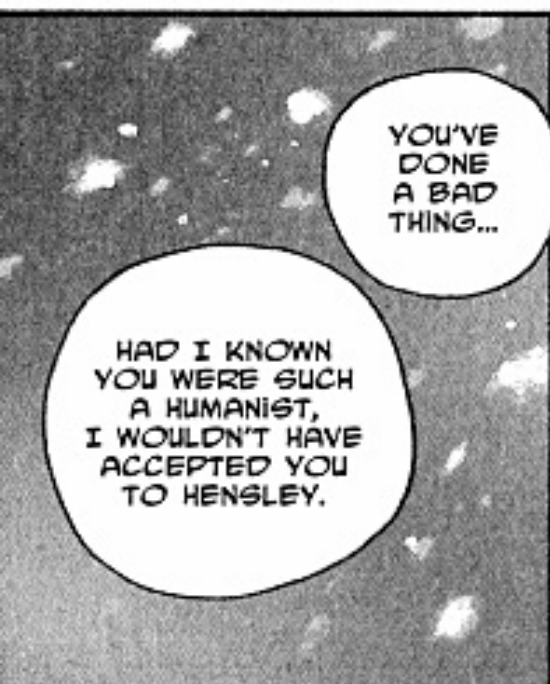
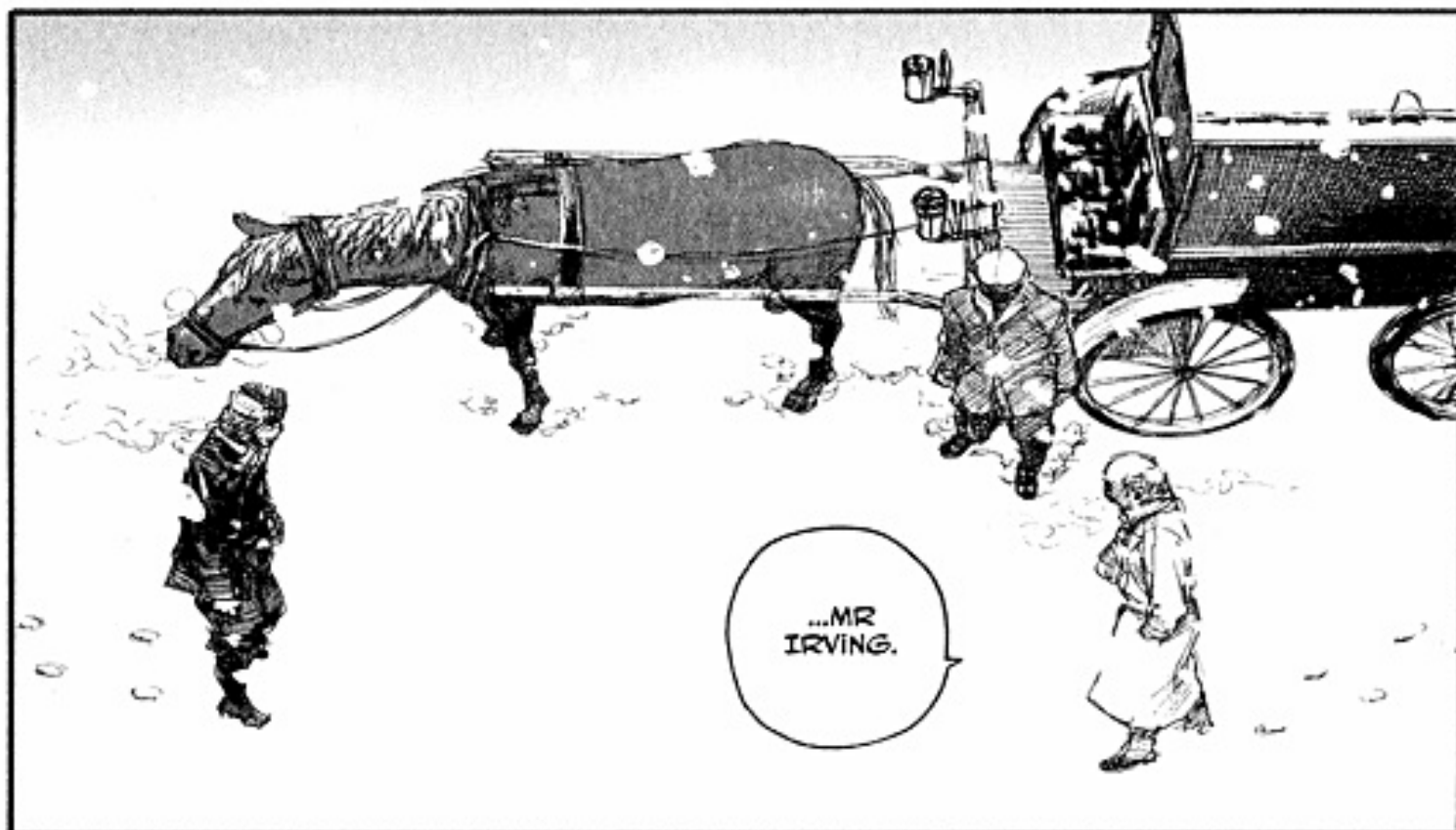
WAIT FOR
2 MINUTES
AFTER I
LEAVE THE
ROOM.



I'LL MEET
YOU AS
SOON AS I
GET A BAG
FOR YOU.

A BAG?
...OK.









END

Chapter 7

鳥は 消えた

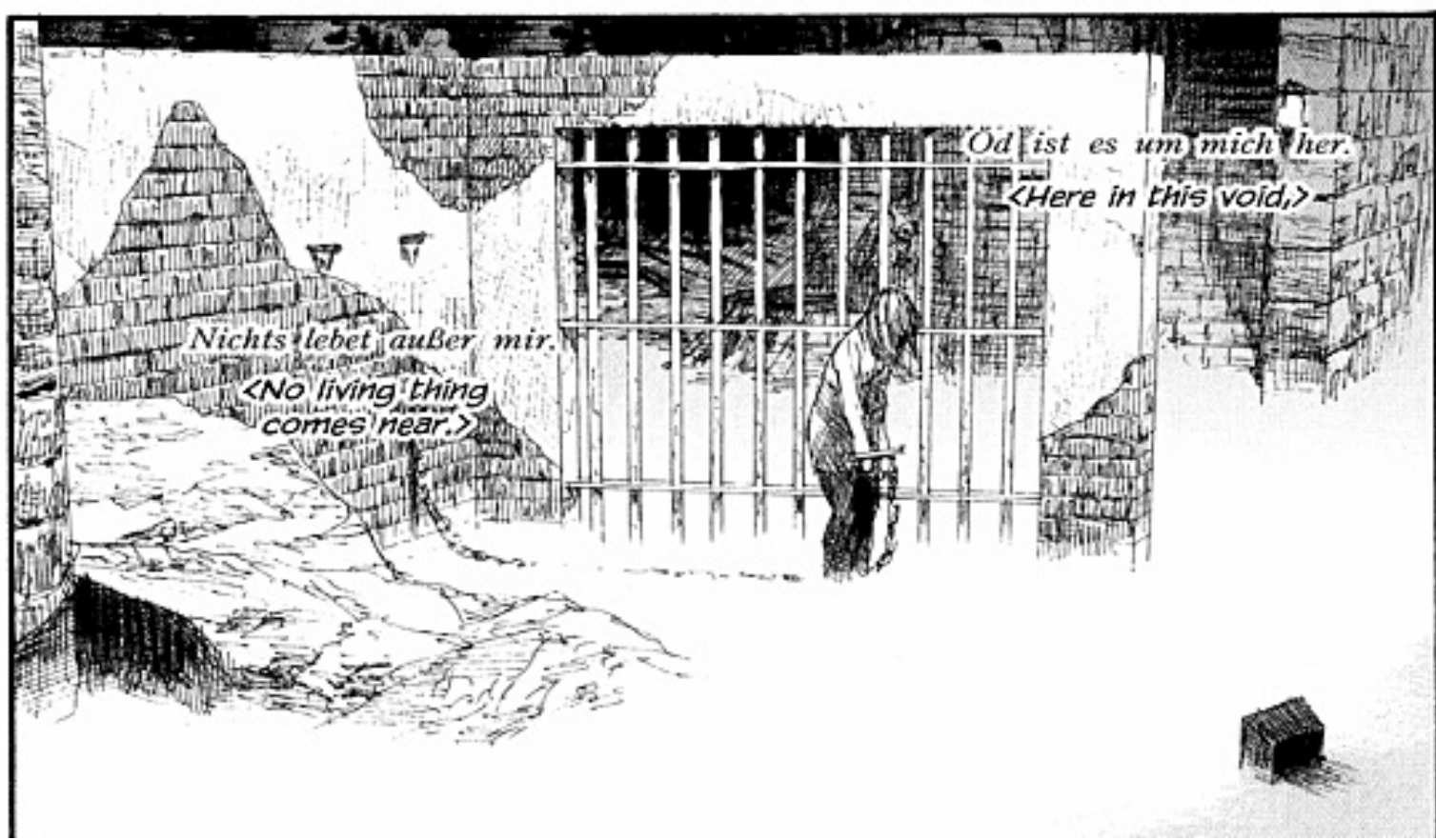
LOST
WAGTAIL





O grauenvolle Stille.
«How terrible this silence!»

..... *Welch Dunkel hier!*
«How dark it is here!»



Nichts lebet außer mir.

«No living thing comes near.»

Öd ist es um mich her.

«Here in this void,»



Wahrheit wagt' ich kühn zu sagen,
Und die Ketten sind mein Lohn.

<I dared to speak the truth and
these chains are my reward.>



Willing duld
ich alle Schmerzen,

<All my pains
I gladly suffer.>

Süßer Trost in meinen Herzen
Meine Pflicht hab ich getan!

<For in my heart is this consolation
-I have done my duty!>



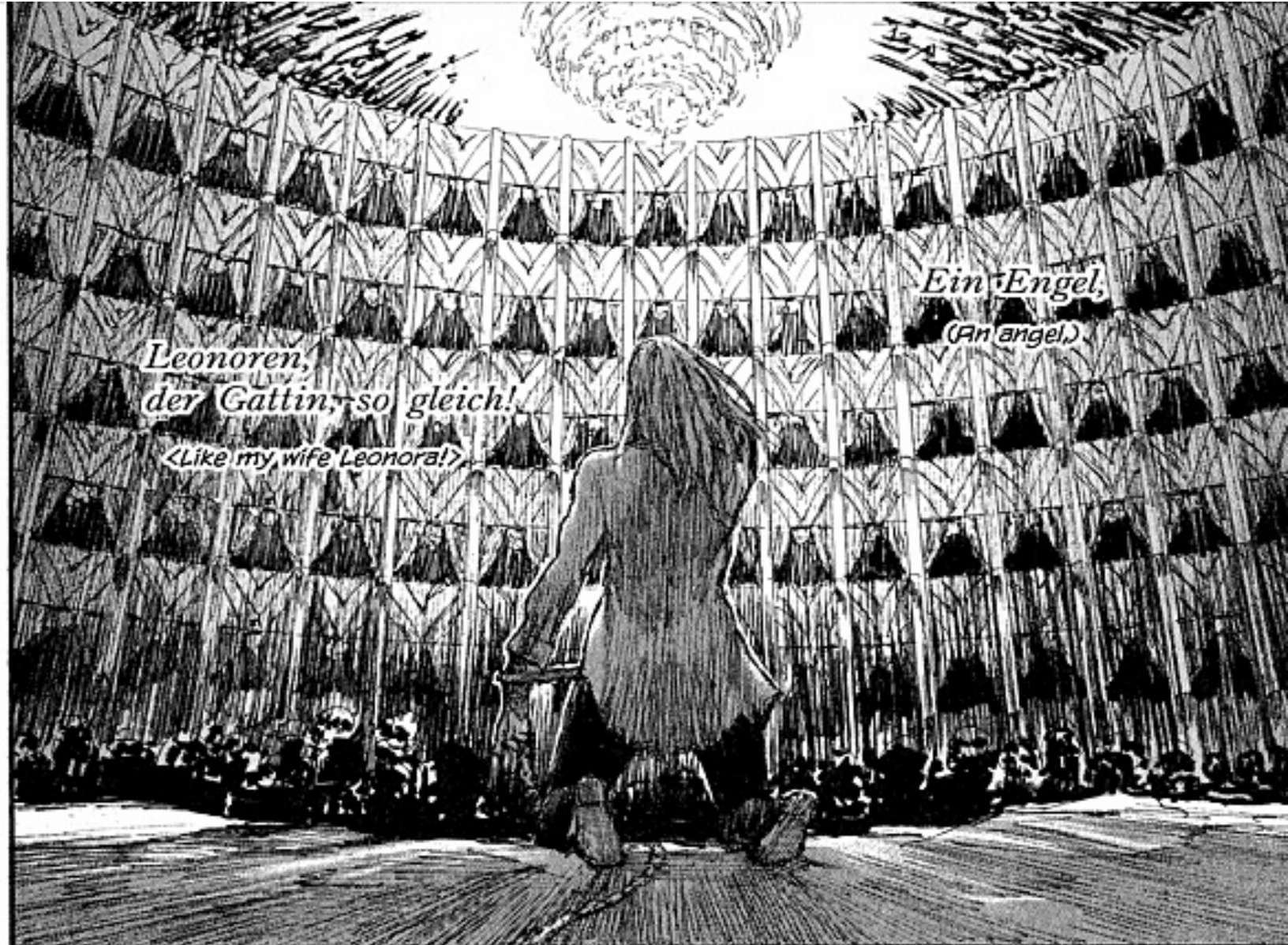
Und spür ich nicht linde,
sanft säuselnde Luft?

<But, what is this scent
of balmy air?>



Ich seh,
wie ein Engel im rosigen Duft
Sich tröstend zur Seite mir stellet.

<I seem to see an angel,
amid a scent of roses,
standing by my side to comfort me.>



*Leonoren,
der Gattin, so gleich!*

<Like my wife Leonora!>

Ein Engel,

(An angel.)



WELL,
THIS
TIME I'M
PLAYING
A MAN
TOO.

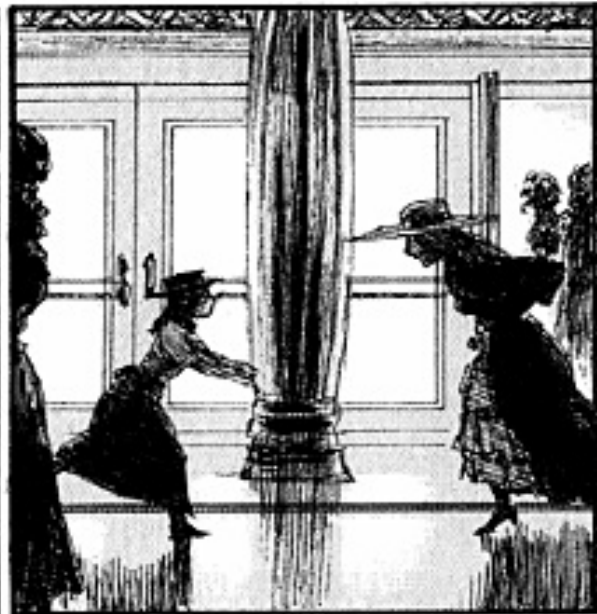
THEY KEEP
CASTING ME
AS A MAN,
THOUGH.
MAYBE I
SHOULD CUT
MY HAIR?

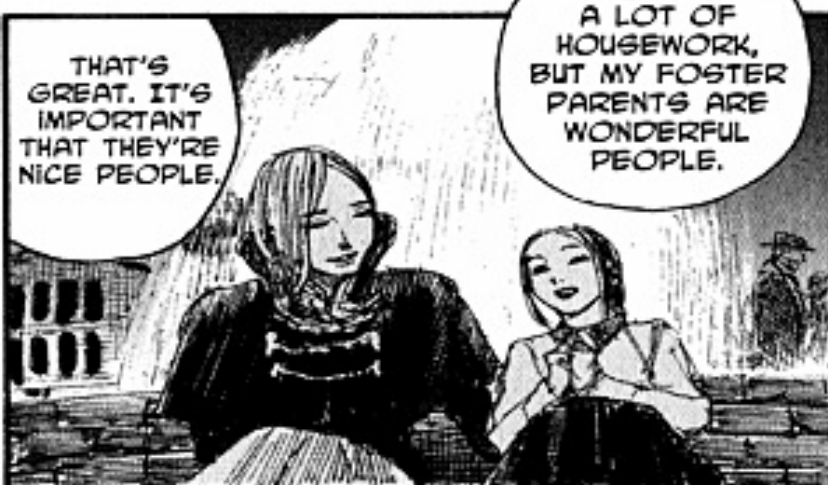
THAT'S
ONLY
BECAUSE
LEONORA
DISGUISES
HERSELF
AS A MAN.



YOUR
GERMAN
IS REALLY
GOOD,
LESLEY.

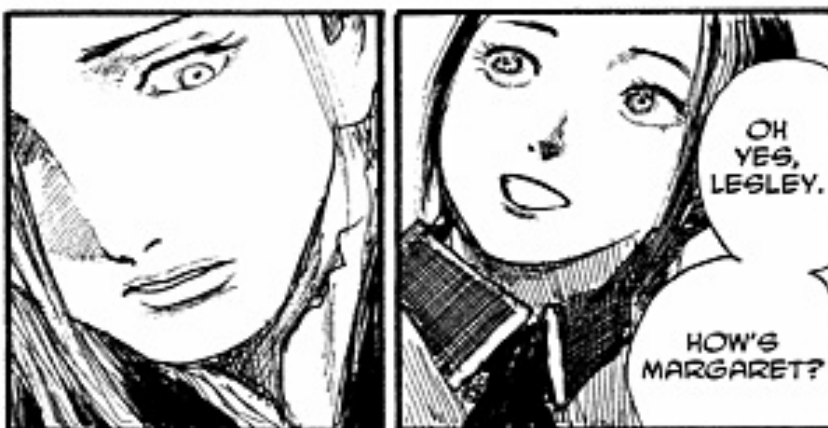
THANKS,
CATH-
ERINE.





THAT'S GREAT. IT'S IMPORTANT THAT THEY'RE NICE PEOPLE.

THERE'S A LOT OF HOUSEWORK, BUT MY FOSTER PARENTS ARE WONDERFUL PEOPLE.



OH YES, LESLEY.

HOW'S MARGARET?



DID YOU COME ALL THE WAY FROM THE FOUR WINDS?

NOPE, I LEFT THE ORPHANAGE IN FEBRUARY. I'M LIVING IN HOCKNEY NOW.



THANKS, JANET. GOOD NIGHT.



GOOD WORK, LESLEY.

THERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU ON THE DESK.



...THIS
CASTLE IS
HUGE...

Dear Lesley,

It's gotten warm, hasn't it?
The Four Winds garden is full of
daisies in bloom again this year.
Have things changed over there?

Thanks for the rare Mediterranean
fruit you sent us. We started
calling them "apples", though the
shape isn't quite the same and the
taste is quite unique. Everyone
loved them, and Joseph and Owen
ended up fighting over the last
slice, as always...





! WELL...

MMM...
MR JIM
PASSED
AWAY LAST
FALL...



YEAH...
THEY HAVE
SOME
STRANGE
RULES.

SO
HOW IS
EVERYONE
AT THE
FOUR
WINDS?

I NEVER
CAME INSIDE
HERE WHILE
I WAS STILL
AT THE
ORPHANAGE.



YES,
IT TOOK
MY BREATH
AWAY TOO
WHEN I
FIRST CAME
HERE.



BECAUSE
TWO OF HIS
GIRLS WERE
ADOPTED INTO
THE BRADHERLEY
FAMILY.

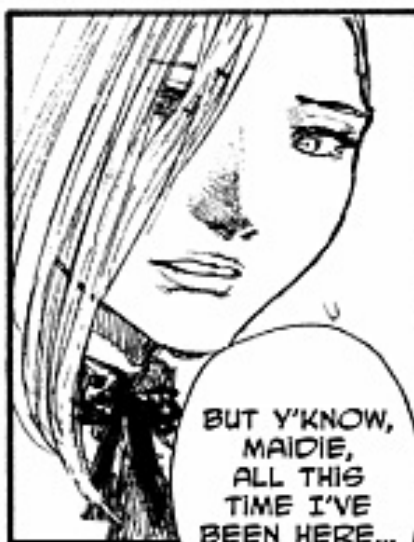
BUT HE
WAS
HAPPY IN
THE END.

HIS LUNGS
WERE
ALWAYS
WEAK.

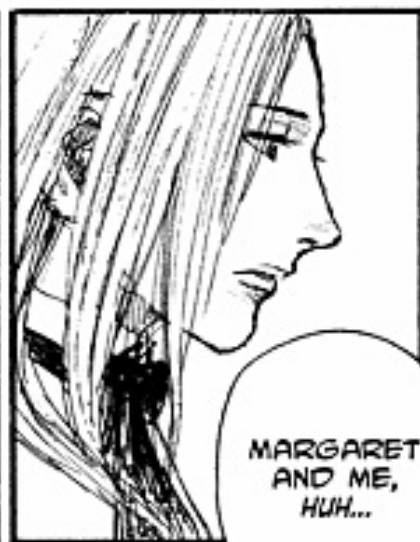


MMM...
THAT'S
WHAT I'VE
BEEN
TRYING TO
TELL YOU.

SO
WHERE'S
MARGY?
CAN I
SEE
HER?



BUT Y'KNOW,
MAIDIE,
ALL THIS
TIME I'VE
BEEN HERE...



MARGARET
AND ME,
HUH...



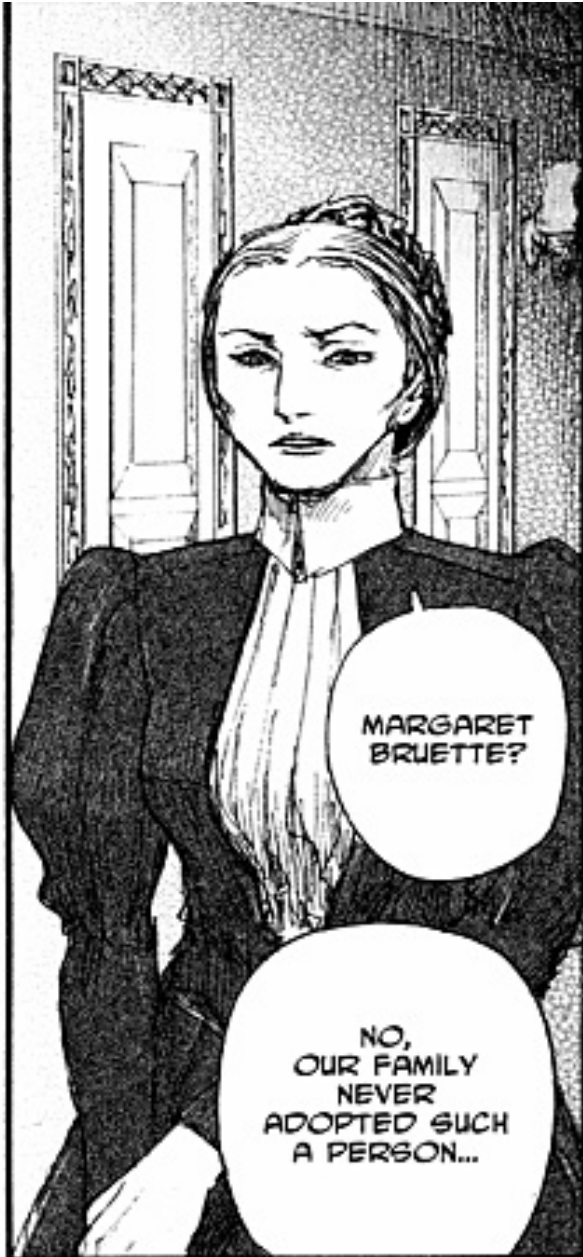
THAT'S
RIDICU-
LOUS!

I WAS
AT THE
ORPHANAGE
WHEN
MARGARET
LEFT!

MAIDIE...
I DON'T
KNOW HOW
TO SAY THIS,
BUT THERE
MUST BE
SOME
MISTAKE...



NO...
THAT'S
NOT
POSSIBLE
!!



MARGARET
BRUETTE?

NO,
OUR FAMILY
NEVER
ADOPTED SUCH
A PERSON...



I KNOW!
I'LL WRITE TO
MS ROSE TO
DOUBLE-CHECK.

REALLY
...?
I'M
SORRY.



Nein, nein!
<No! No!>

*Ist das der Vorbote
meines Todes?*

*<Is that the signal
for my death?>*



Wergiß nicht,
was du auch hören
und sehen magst,

<Whatever you may
hear and see,>

Sei ruhig,
Sag ich dir!
<Keep calm!>



O meine Leonore!
So soll ich dich
nie wieder sehen?

<Oh my Leonora!
Will I ever see
you again...?>



Ja!—es gibt
eine Vorsehung!

<Yes... there is
a Providence!>

Daß überall eine
Vorsehung ist.

<Do not forget:
there is a Providence.>

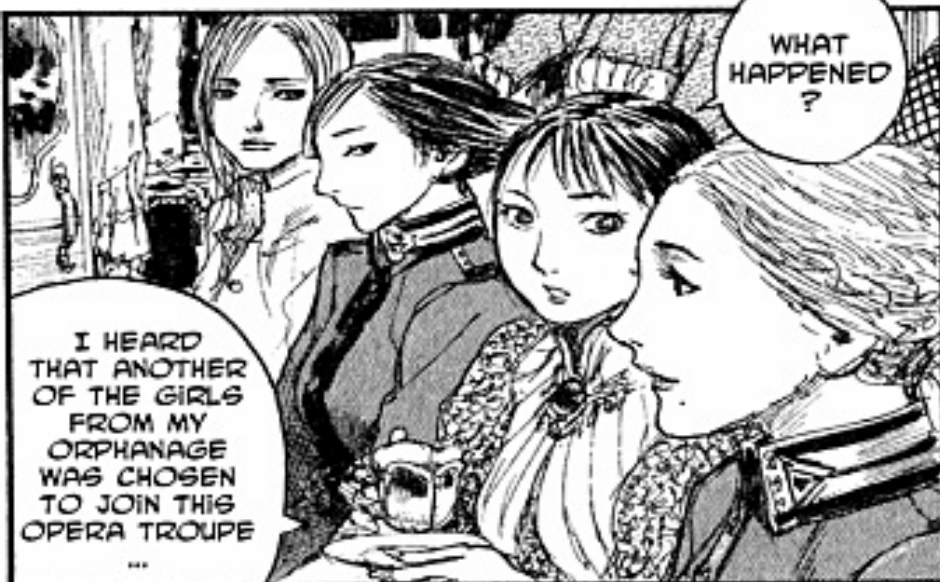


Dear Lesley,

I apologize for not telling you that Mr Jim passed away. I didn't want to spoil your happiness, but looking back, I may have been too high-handed in deciding that.

But oh yes. Maidie must be mistaken about Margaret. Did she really say that? I'm sorry, but Margaret is suffering from liver cirrhosis. I didn't tell you about it either, but she's been hospitalized. I guess Maidie must have...





WHAT
HAPPENED
?

I HEARD
THAT ANOTHER
OF THE GIRLS
FROM MY
ORPHANAGE
WAS CHOSEN
TO JOIN THIS
OPERA TROUPE



BUT IN THE
END... SHE
NEVER CAME.
I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HER.

I WAS
REALLY
HAPPY AT
THE TIME,



IT
HAPPENED
AT MY
ORPHANAGE
TOO.



HOW DID IT GO...?
THEY SAY THERE'S
ANOTHER BRADHERLEY
EPISCOPAL
OPERA TROUPE,
AND ITS MEMBERS
ARE COMPLETELY
DIFFERENT.

A
RUMOR
?

OH, THAT
REMINDS
ME OF A
RUMOR I
HEARD.

WOW...
THAT'S
THE FIRST
TIME I'VE
HEARD
THAT.



I KNOW
FATHER
HAS HIS
SECRETS,
BUT STILL...

DON'T
BE
SILLY...



I TOLD YOU,
IT'S JUST
A RUMOR.

HUH!?
THEN WHY
DON'T WE
KNOW ABOUT
IT?



There were many restrictions imposed on us adopted daughters of the Bradherley family. So I sought the truth by writing letters to the orphanage — it's impersonal, but it's all I could do.

It got so bad that the family servants had to drag her away, and Father got angry when I tried to help her.



Maidie came to the castle repeatedly to ask about Margaret.



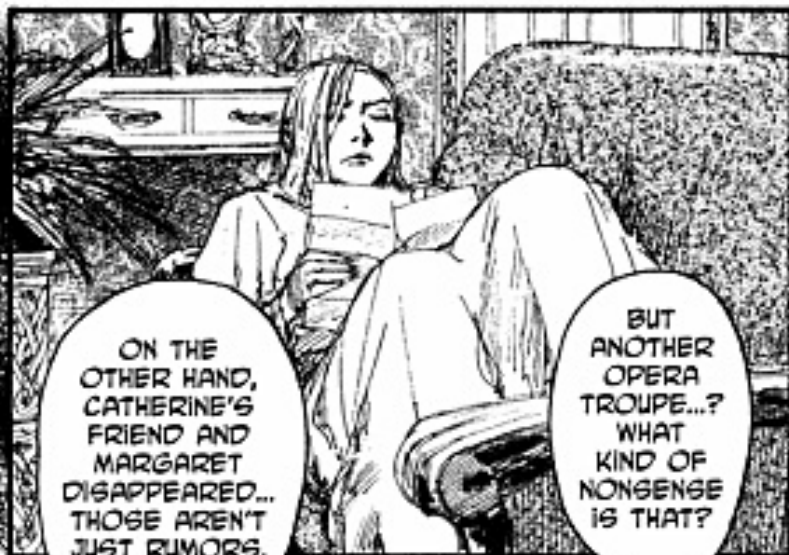
She had a good voice too... I'm sure she would have been chosen to join the opera troupe.

Margaret Bruette... was a pretty girl.



So who's lying?

The Four Winds orphanage...?
Or Maidie...?



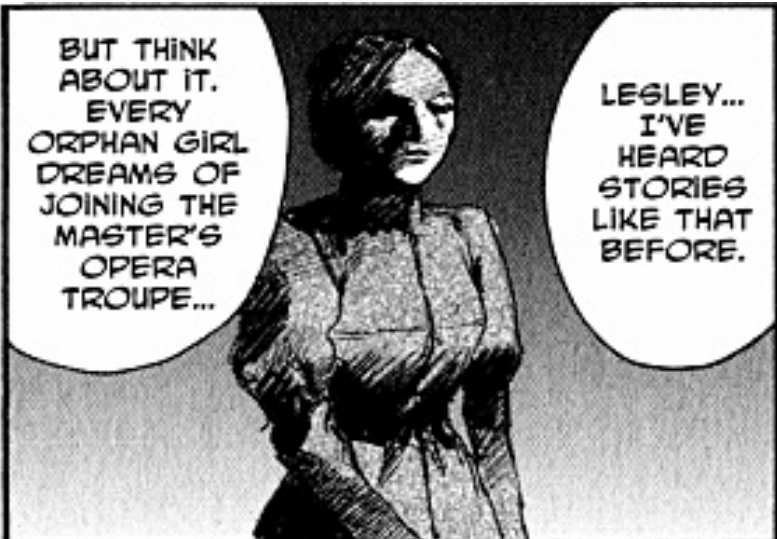
ON THE OTHER HAND, CATHERINE'S FRIEND AND MARGARET DISAPPEARED... THOSE AREN'T JUST RUMORS.

BUT ANOTHER OPERA TROUPE...? WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE IS THAT?



A GROWN
LADY LIKE
YOU
SHOULDN'T
BELIEVE
SUCH
RUBBISH.

YOUNG
CHILDREN
OFTEN FIND IT
DIFFICULT TO
DISTINGUISH
BETWEEN
DREAMS
AND
REALITY.



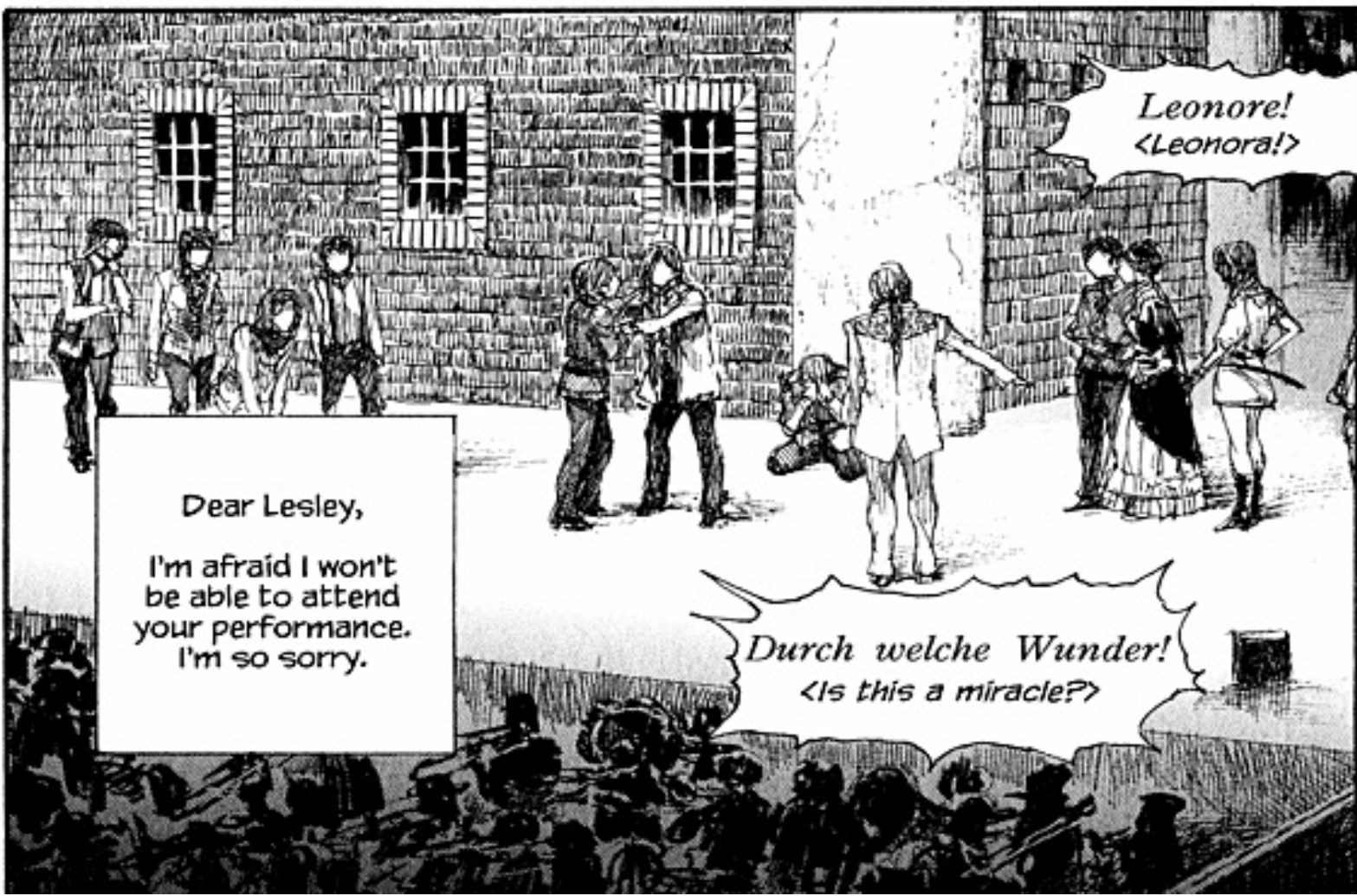
BUT THINK
ABOUT IT.
EVERY
ORPHAN GIRL
DREAMS OF
JOINING THE
MASTER'S
OPERA
TROUPE...

LESLEY...
I'VE
HEARD
STORIES
LIKE THAT
BEFORE.



YOU
REALLY THINK
OF THEM A LOT.
THAT'S GOOD...
I'LL SEND IT
OFF.

OH...
ANOTHER
LETTER?



Leonore!
<Leonora!>

Dear Lesley,

I'm afraid I won't
be able to attend
your performance.
I'm so sorry.

Durch welche Wunder!
<Is this a miracle?>



But I'll send you
a bouquet of
daisies from the
foothills behind the
Four Winds.
I hope they're still
fresh when they
reach you...

Dear Lesley,
I've heard Venice is
a beautiful city.



The opera-crazy Mr Elliot
told me that *La Traviata*
was first performed at
the Teatro La Fenice

—
not that he's been
there of course!
But it's really wonderful
that you'll be starring
in a historical opera
like that...

Dear Lesley,
Thanks for the present.
I'm touched that you
remembered!



Henry will turn 15
this year too;
the same age you were
when you left here.

It seems like it was
just yesterday...





YOU MUST
HAVE GOTTEN
CONFUSED.
THE COACH TOOK
MARGARET TO
THE HOSPITAL.



BUT...
MARGARET
IS...

I'VE WRITTEN
TO HER
SEVERAL TIMES
SINCE THEN...
THERE WASN'T
ANYTHING
SUSPICIOUS.

MAIDIE,
MS ROSE
WOULDN'T
LIE.



GET A
HOLD OF
YOURSELF,
MAIDIE!!

A LADY LIKE
YOU SHOULD
BE THE
MISTRESS
OF HER
OWN TIME,
AND YET
YOU —



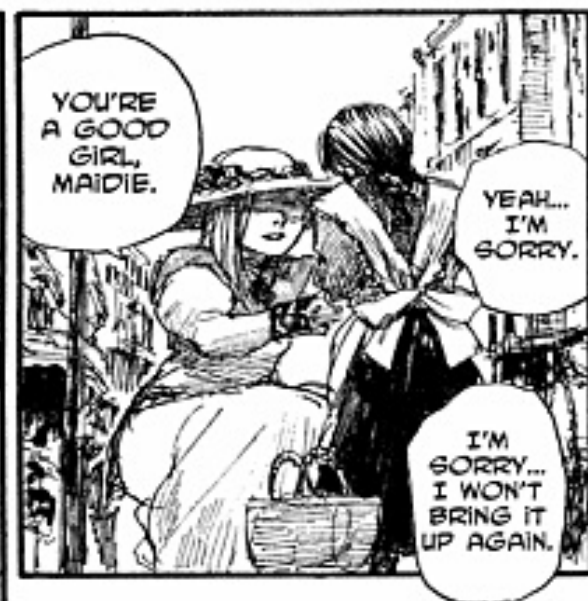
WHY DON'T YOU
GO BACK TO
THE ORPHANAGE
SOMETIME SOON
AND CONFIRM IT
FOR YOURSELF?

DON'T
CRY,
MAIDIE.

FROM THE
LETTERS,
MARGARET
SHOULD BE
DISCHARGED
SOON.



LESLEY...
WOULD YOU
ACCEPT
THESE?



YOU'RE
A GOOD
GIRL,
MAIDIE.

YEAH...
I'M
SORRY.

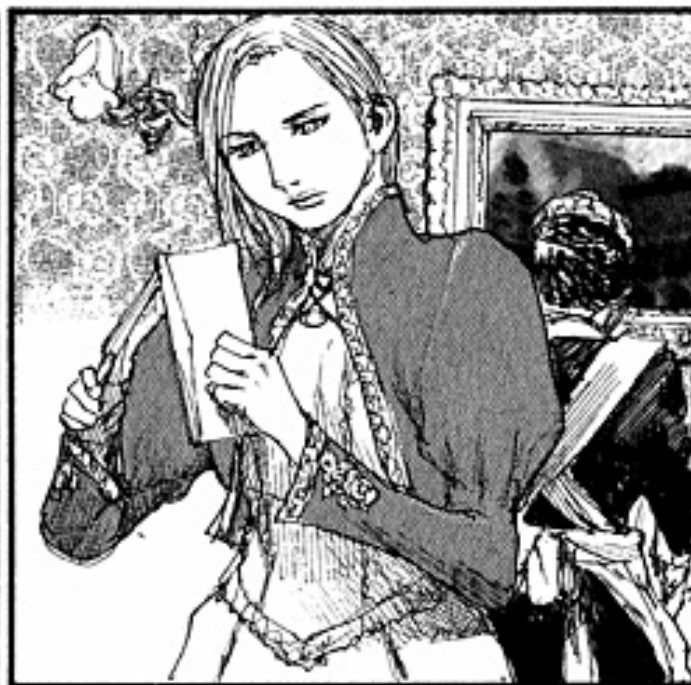
I'M
SORRY...
I WON'T
BRING IT
UP AGAIN.



...
...
...







Dear Lesley,

Fall is almost here, and the poplars along the Abner highway have turned a striking golden brown. How are things like over there?

I got the stuffed kitten you sent. I gave it to Margaret when I visited her this weekend. She really liked it. She was hugging it all the way while we talked, and I saw her cuddling up with it to sleep when I left! "Thanks for the lovely present. I hope to see you soon," she said.

Her illness seems to have gone into remission, and hopefully she'll be discharged soon...



I REMEMBERED
SOMETHING
AFTER
SEEING
YOUR
PRESENT.



TO
MARKT,
PLEASE.

HEY,
LEGLEY!



WHY
ARE YOU
GOING TO
THE FOUR
WINDS ALL
OF A
SUDDEN?

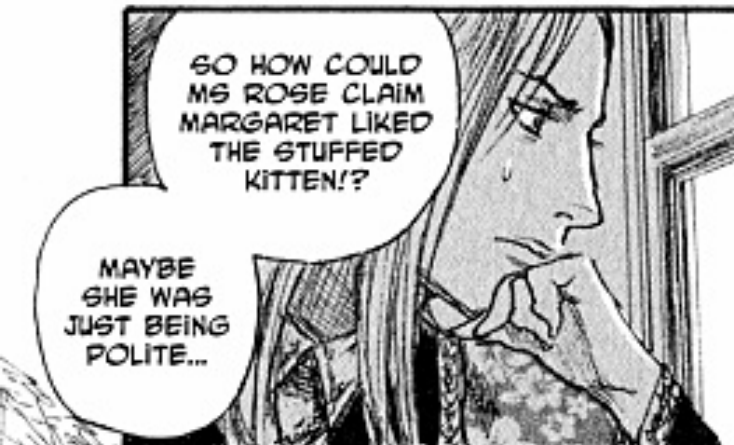
WHAT'S
WRONG,
LESLEY?



BUT ONE SUNDAY,
WHEN WE WERE
COMING BACK
FROM CHURCH —
WE SAW THAT THE
BIRDCAGE HAD FALLEN
TO THE GROUND,
AND A WILD CAT
HAD MARGARET'S
WAGTAIL IN ITS
MOUTH...

THAT'S WHY
YOU MADE
A BIRD FOR
HER TOO,
RIGHT?

BACK IN THE
ORPHANAGE,
MARGARET AND
I HAD WAGTAILS...
EVERYONE KNEW
MARGARET REALLY
DOTTED ON HERS.



SO HOW COULD
MS ROSE CLAIM
MARGARET LIKED
THE STUFFED
KITTEN!?

MAYBE
SHE WAS
JUST BEING
POLITE...

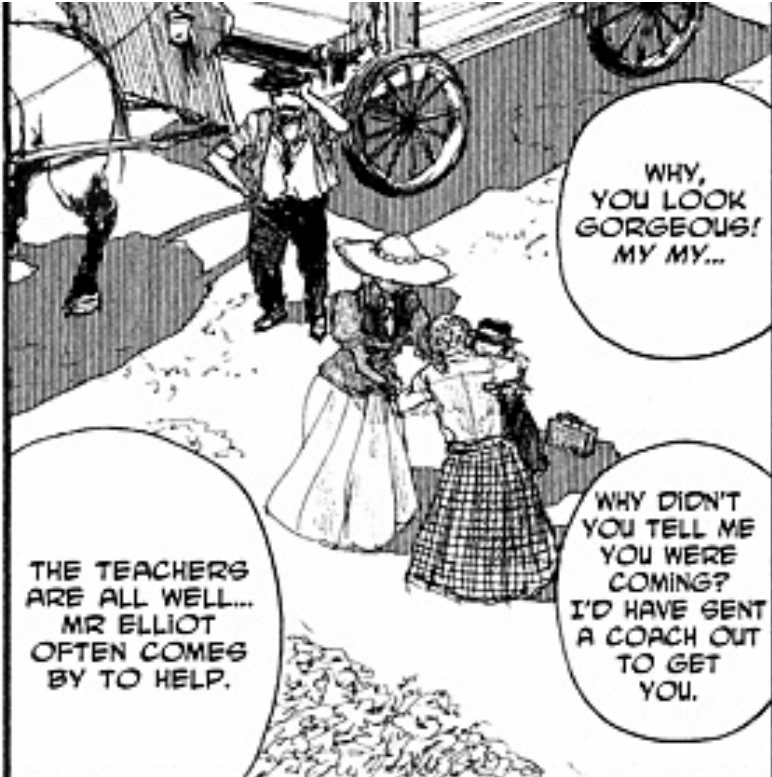


THE POOR GIRL...
SHE HAD AN
IRRATIONAL
HATRED OF CATS
AFTER THAT.

I'D CLEAN
FORGOTTEN
ABOUT IT...
BUT I CAN
REMEMBER IT
SO VIVIDLY
NOW.



BUT
MAYBE THERE'S
SOMETHING
ELSE GOING
ON HERE...



WHY,
YOU LOOK
GORGEOUS!
MY MY...

THE TEACHERS
ARE ALL WELL...
MR ELLIOT
OFTEN COMES
BY TO HELP.

WHY DIDN'T
YOU TELL ME
YOU WERE
COMING?
I'D HAVE SENT
A COACH OUT
TO GET
YOU.



OH MY...
LESLEY!?
AND MAIDIE
TOO?



THAT SHE'S
STILL HEALTHY
AND LIVING
AT THE
BRADHERLEY
CASTLE...

I
ONLY
JUST
HEARD



BUT,
WELL...

YOU
HEARD
THAT?

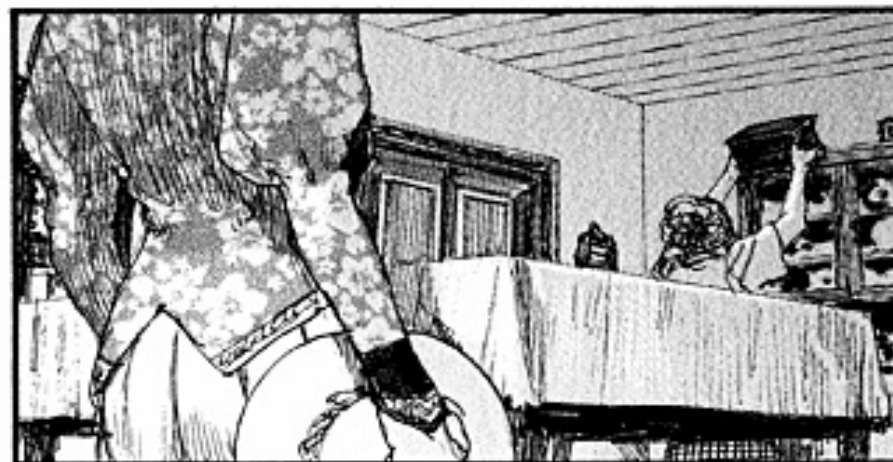
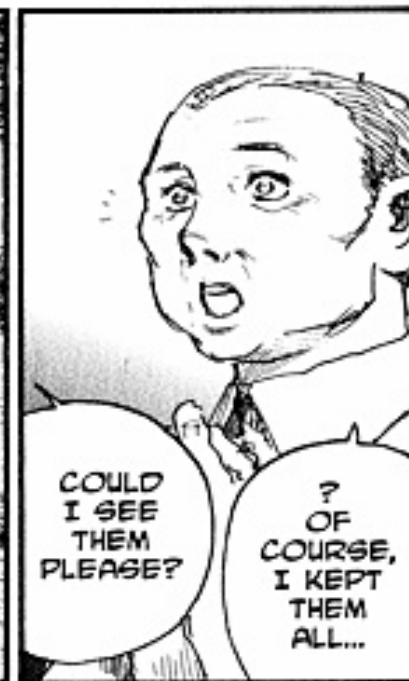


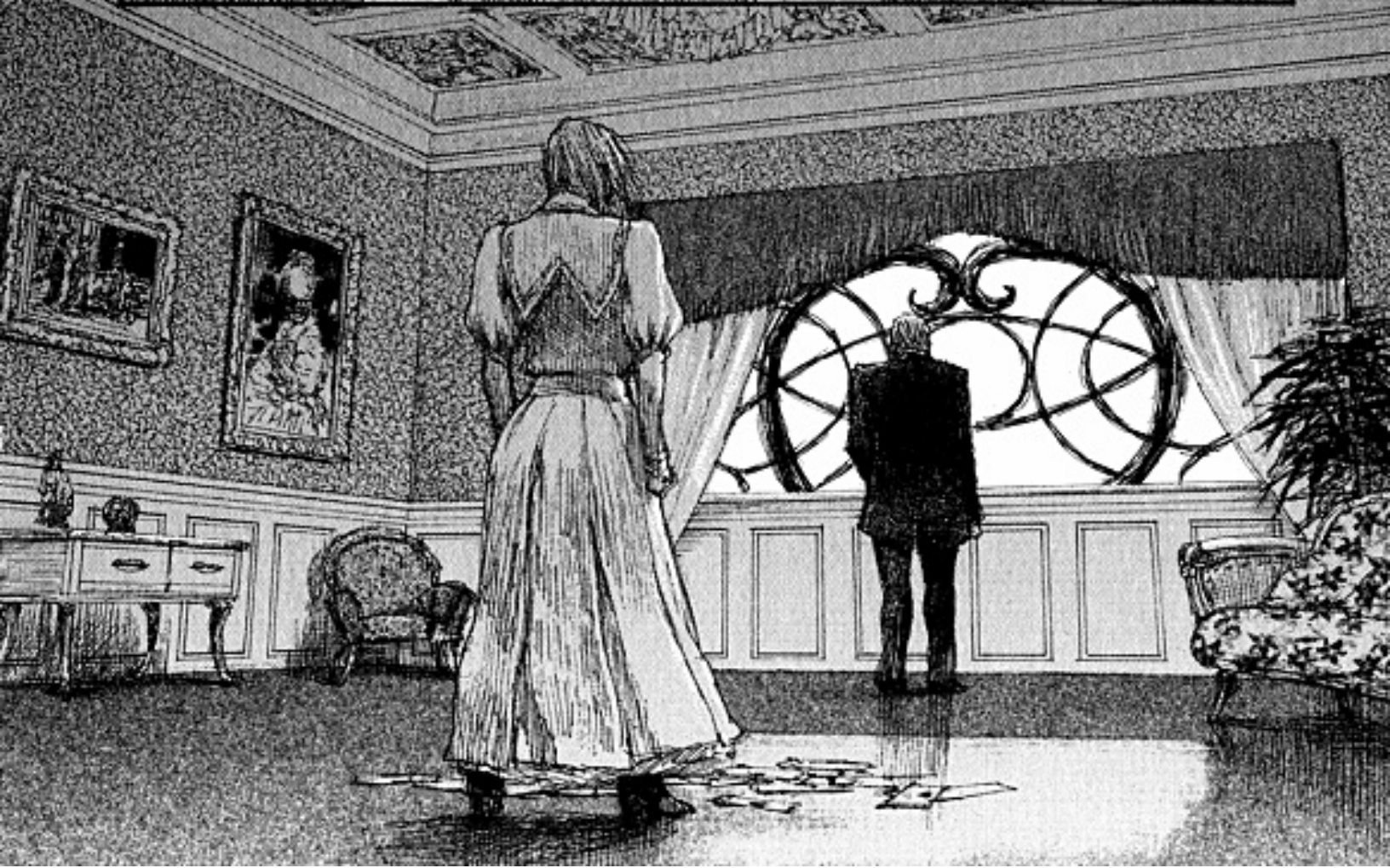
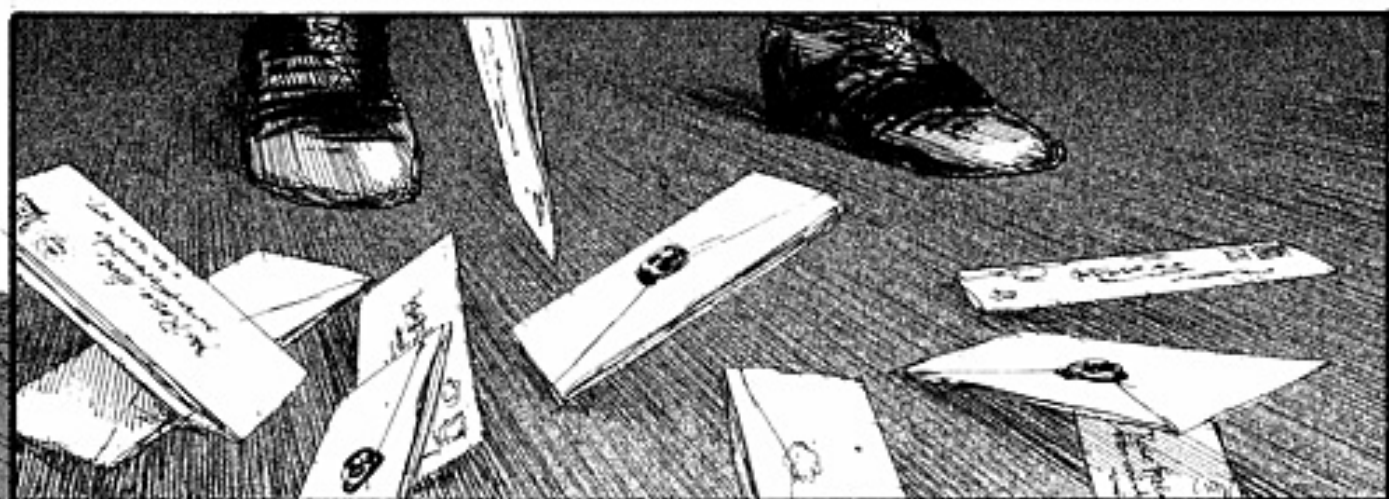
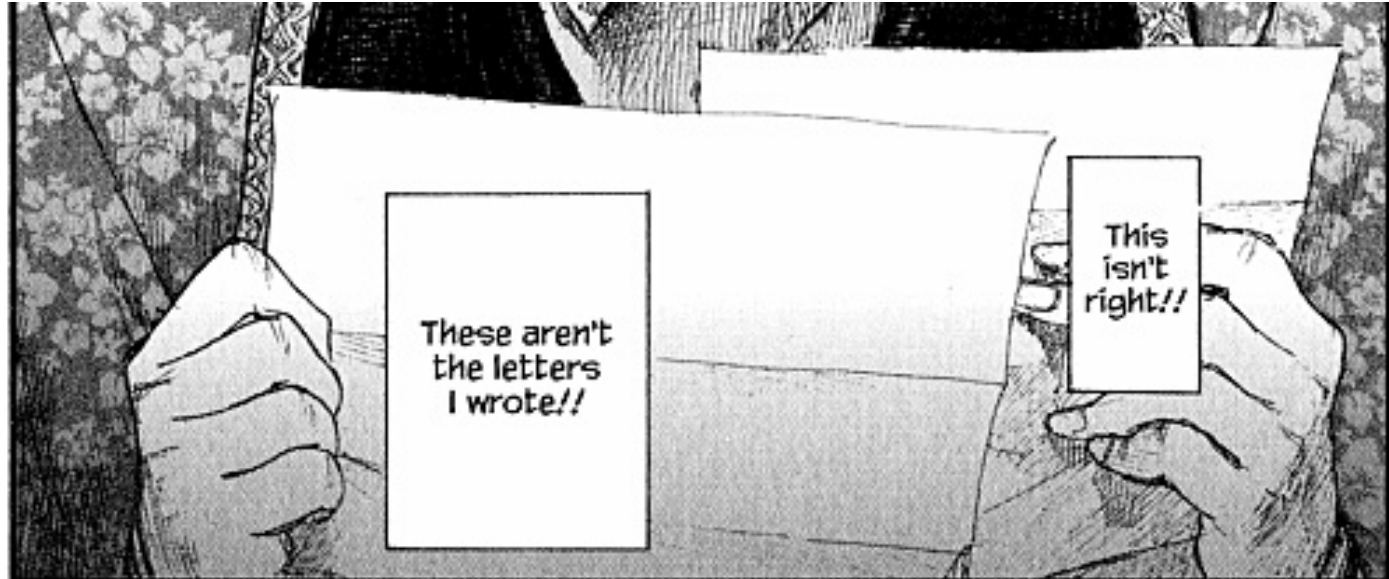
YES,
AFTER
HEARING
ABOUT IT,
I WANTED
TO VISIT
HER...

THE
HOSPITAL
MARGARET
IS AT, YOU
SAY...?



ISN'T
SHE?







THAT YOU
WENT BACK
TO THE
ORPHANAGE...

...JANET
TOLD ME...

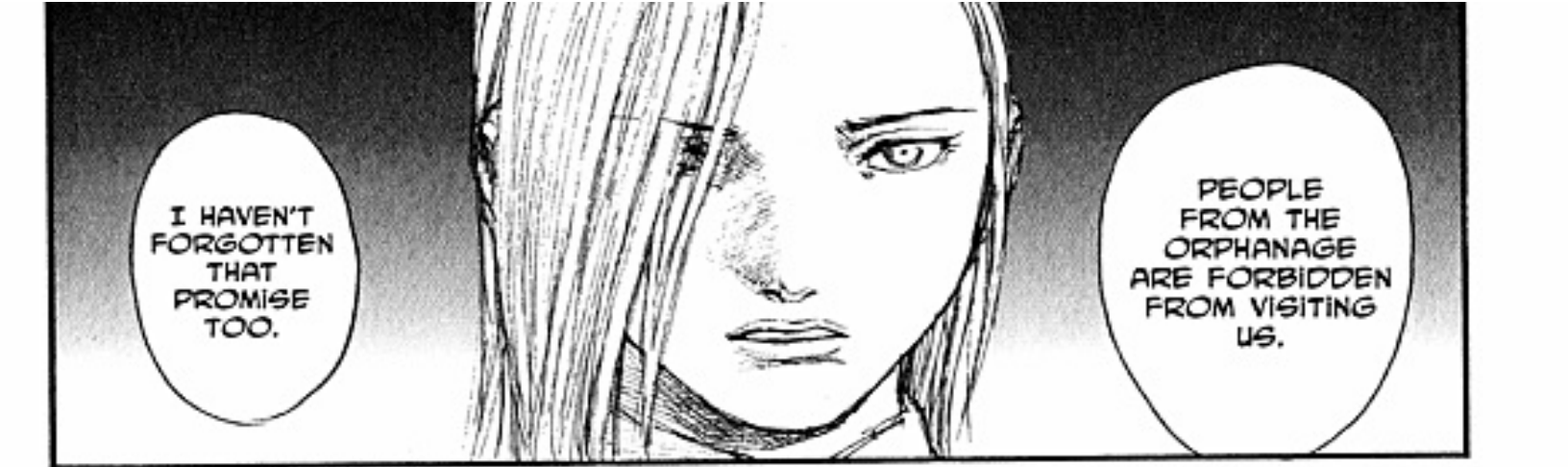


ALSO,

I DIDN'T
FORGET
THAT,
FATHER.



I'M SURE I
FORBADE
YOU FROM
DOING
THAT...



I HAVEN'T
FORGOTTEN
THAT
PROMISE
TOO.

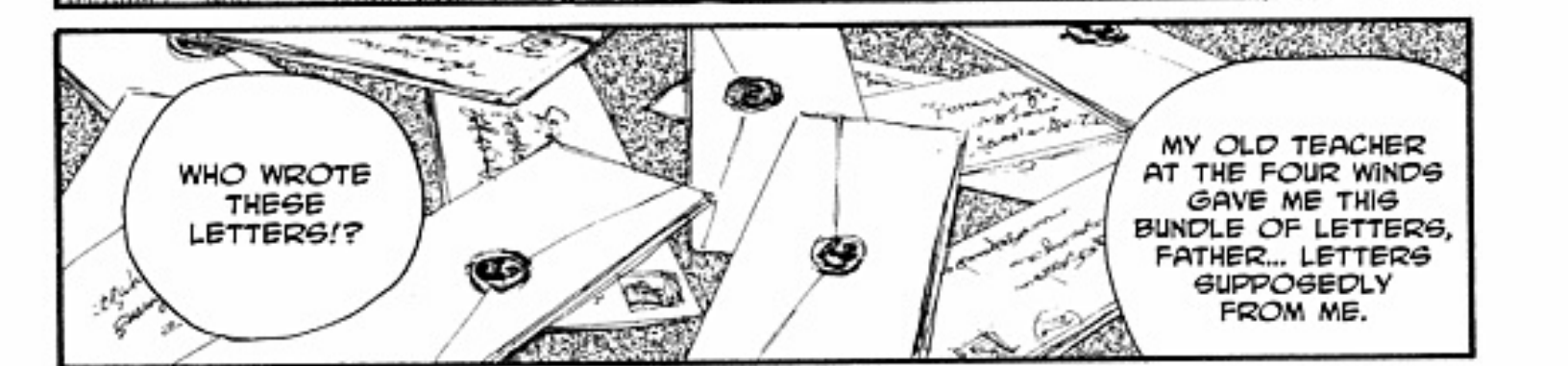
PEOPLE
FROM THE
ORPHANAGE
ARE FORBIDDEN
FROM VISITING
US.



BUT... IS THAT
REALLY THE
REASON?

IT WAS TO
PREVENT US FROM
BEING HOMESICK...
THAT'S WHAT WE
WERE TOLD, AND
I ACCEPTED IT.

I THOUGHT IT
WAS UNFAIR,
BUT I DIDN'T
THINK IT WAS
OUT OF THE
ORDINARY.



WHO WROTE
THESE
LETTERS!?

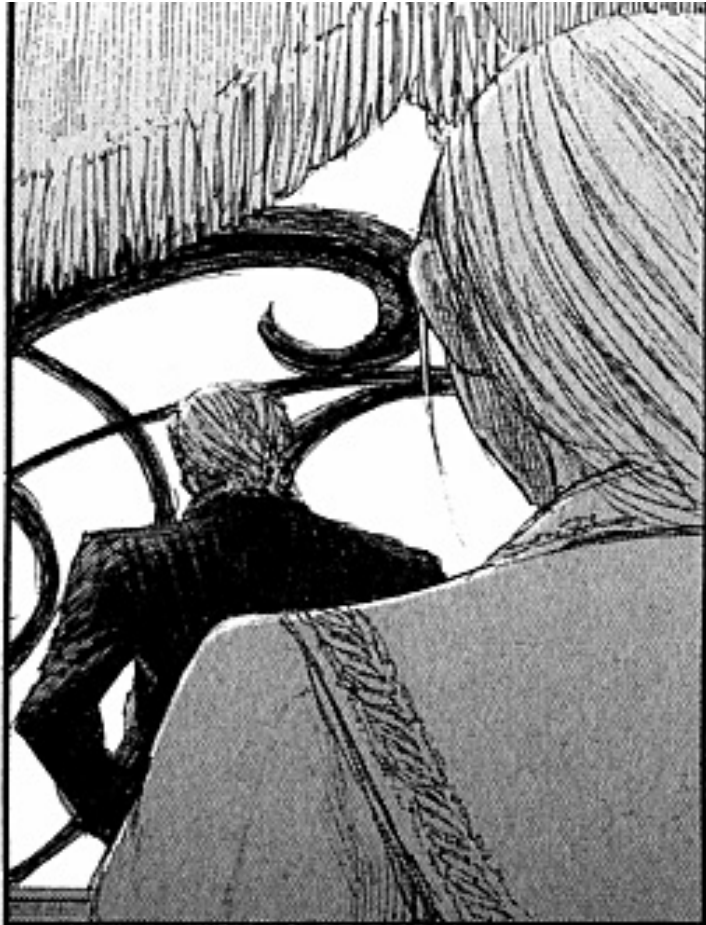
MY OLD TEACHER
AT THE FOUR WINDS
GAVE ME THIS
BUNDLE OF LETTERS,
FATHER... LETTERS
SUPPOSEDLY
FROM ME.



WHERE DID
MARGARET
BRUETTE
DISAPPEAR
TO!?

AND WHO
WROTE THE
LETTERS
I'VE BEEN
RECEIVING!?

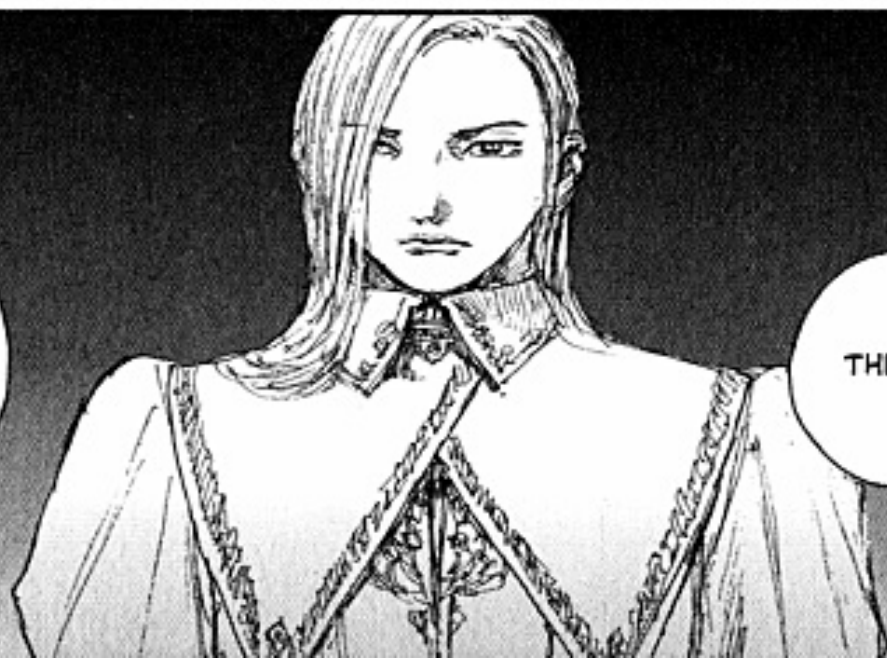
...THE
DAY AFTER
TOMORROW



IF YOU WANT
TO KNOW WHERE
MARGARET WENT
—
GET ON THAT
COACH.

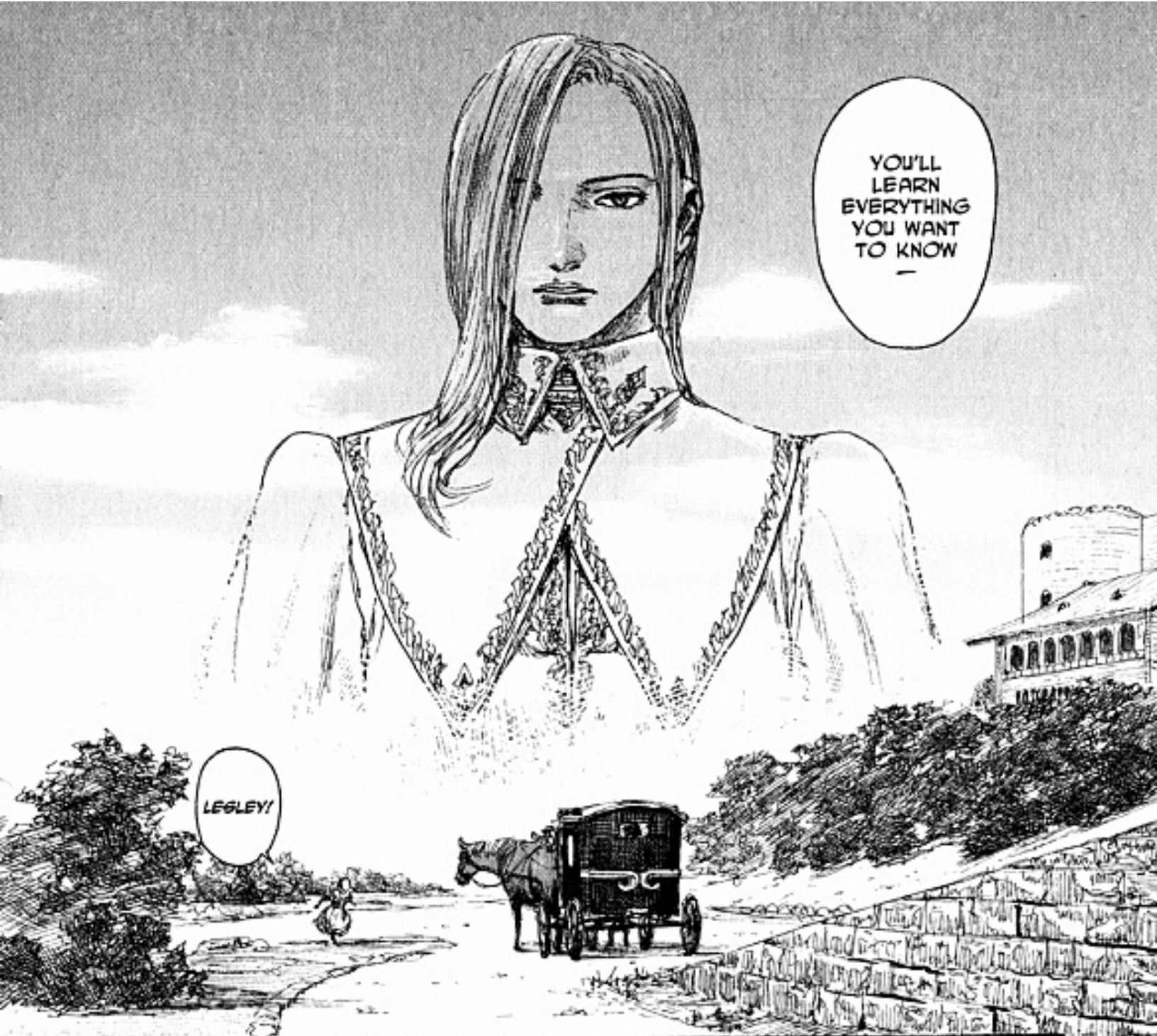
A COACH
WILL
LEAVE
FROM THE
BACK
GATE.

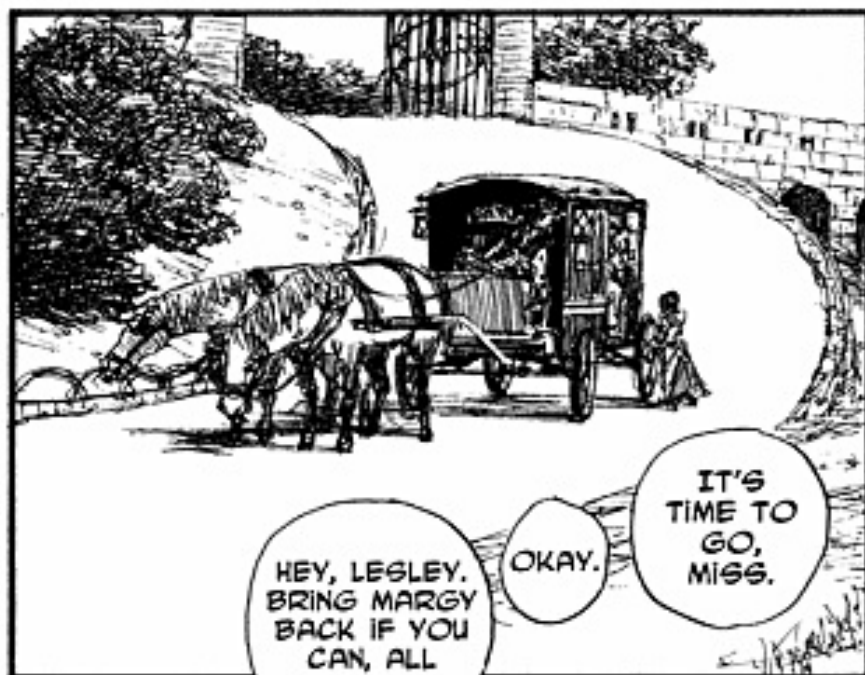
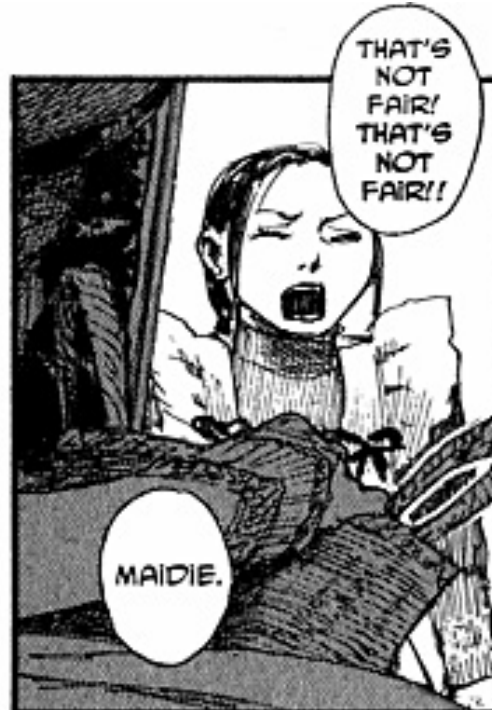
YOU'LL FIND
OUT WHAT YOU
WANT TO KNOW...
THE TRUTH I
DIDN'T TELL YOU.

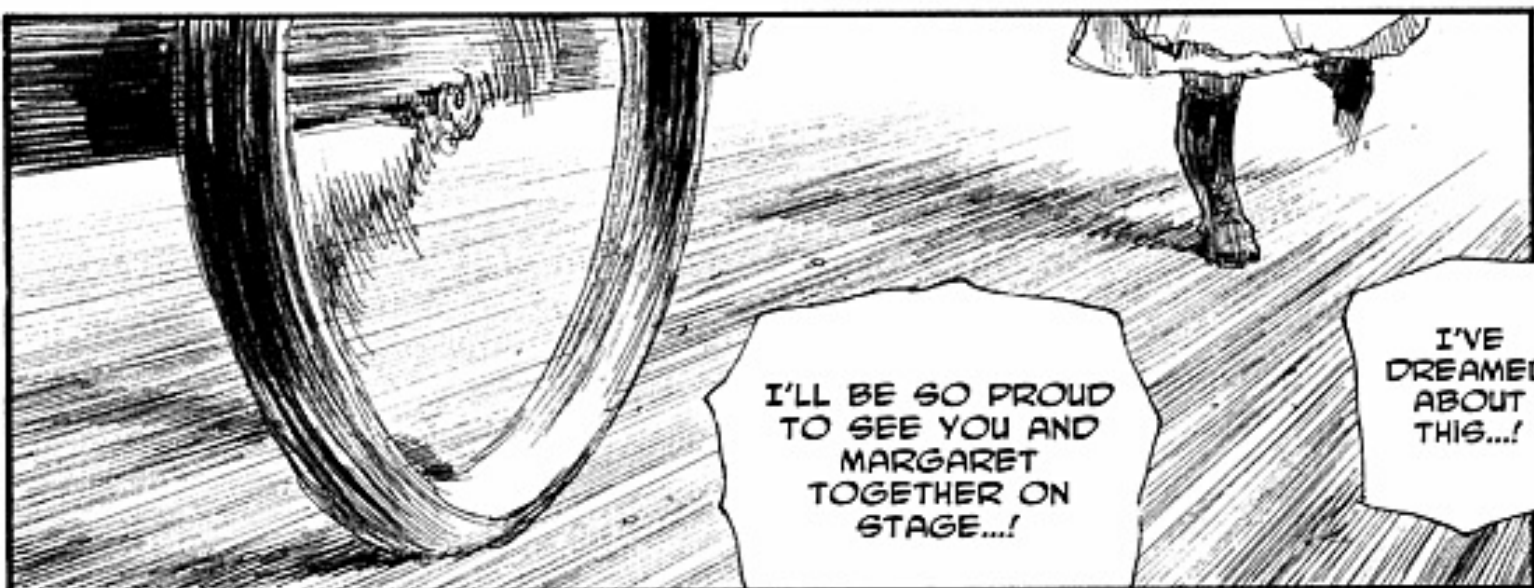


THERE,

IT'LL
BRING
YOU TO
HER.







I'LL BE SO PROUD
TO SEE YOU AND
MARGARET
TOGETHER ON
STAGE...!

I'VE
DREAMED
ABOUT
THIS...!



BYE
BYE!

END

Chapter 8

馬車と 飛行船

LED
ZEPPELIN



A close-up of a hand holding a letter. The letter is addressed to 'Dearest Marilla' and contains several lines of handwritten text. The hand is positioned as if about to read or show the letter.

I told my desk
your story
yesterday.
They seem
to like it.

Dearest Marilla
—
have you
thought
about what we
discussed?

A close-up of a person's face, looking down with a somber expression. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows.

Against the background
of chronic shortages of
troops, prisoners are having
their sentences extended
indefinitely and stays of
execution are being denied.
At this point, continuing
with "Plan 1-14" will only
bring harm to this country.

You probably have
a hunch about
this already, but
the Bradherley
family will be
bankrupt soon.

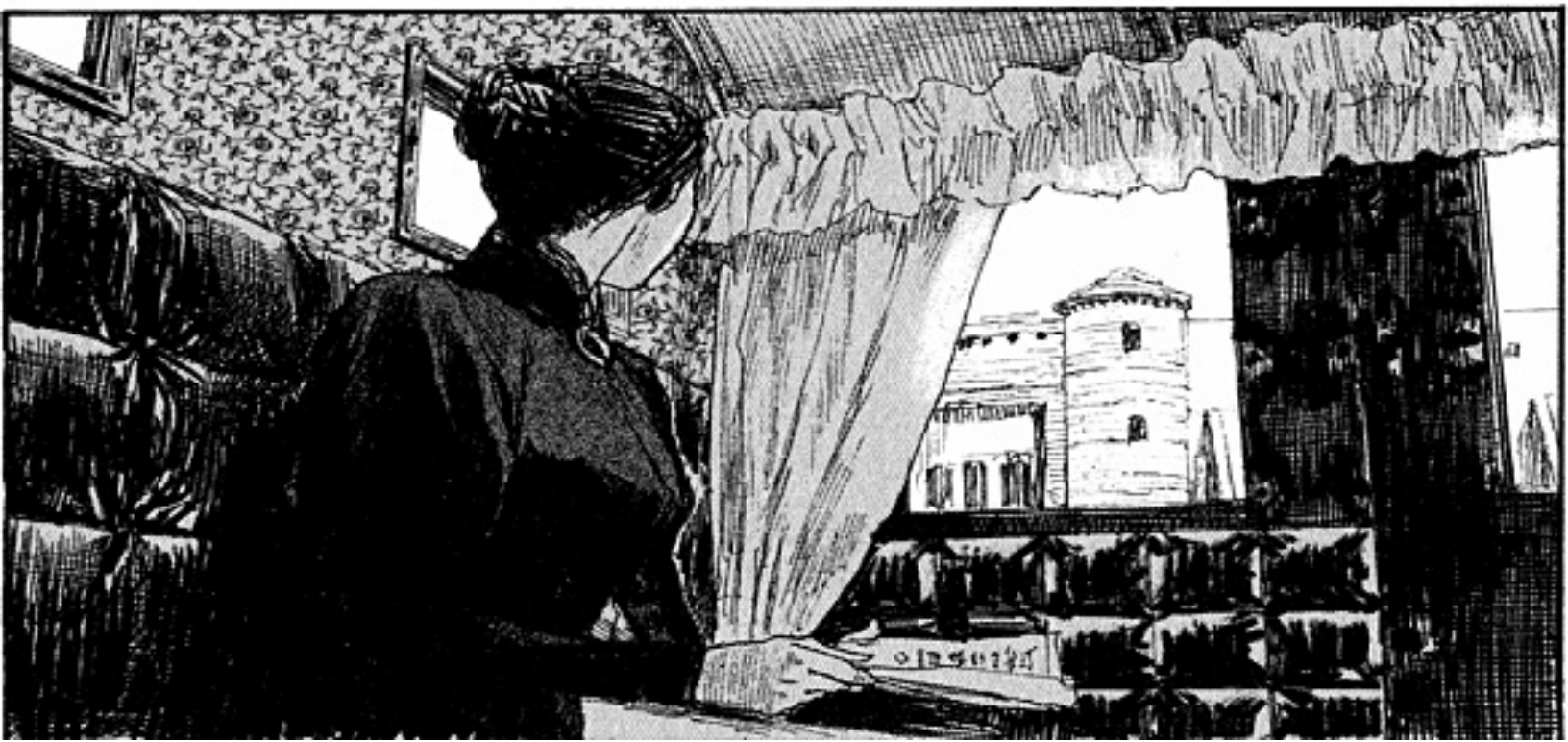
A person is shown in a dark, shadowed environment, possibly a room. They are looking towards the right side of the frame. The lighting is very low, creating a sense of mystery or tension.

I await your
answer.

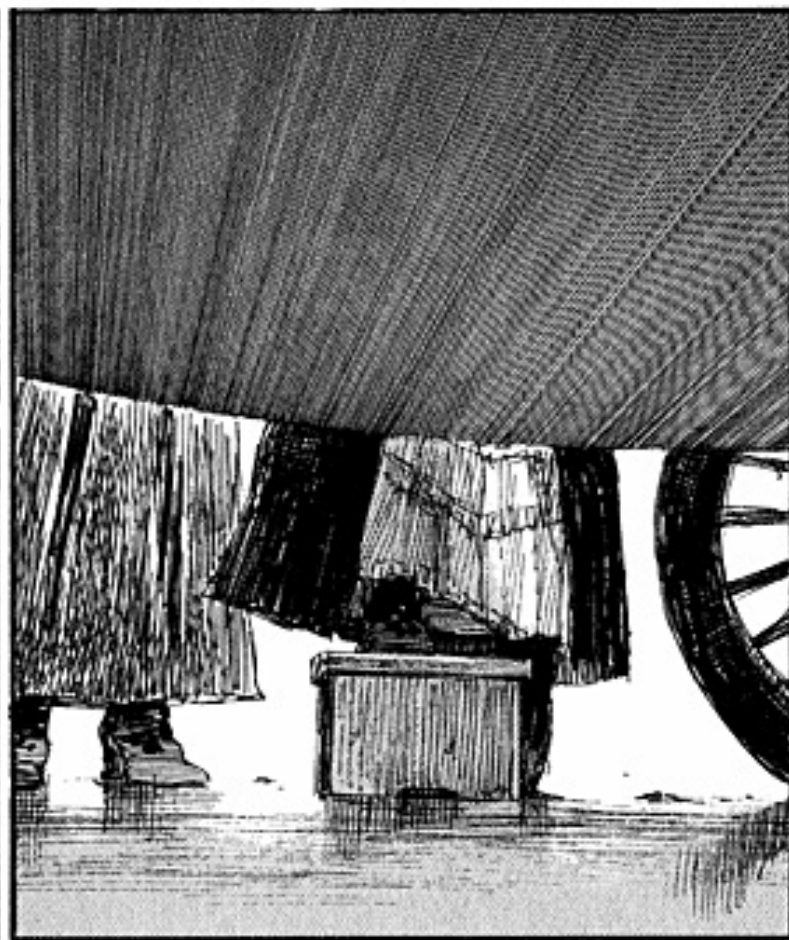
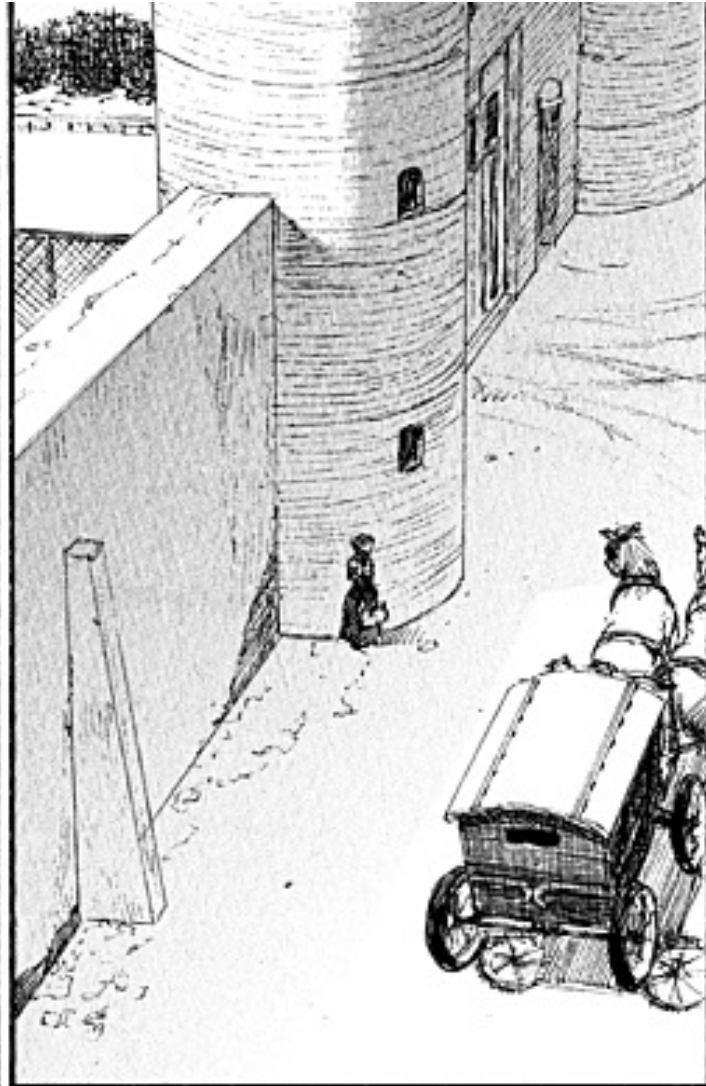
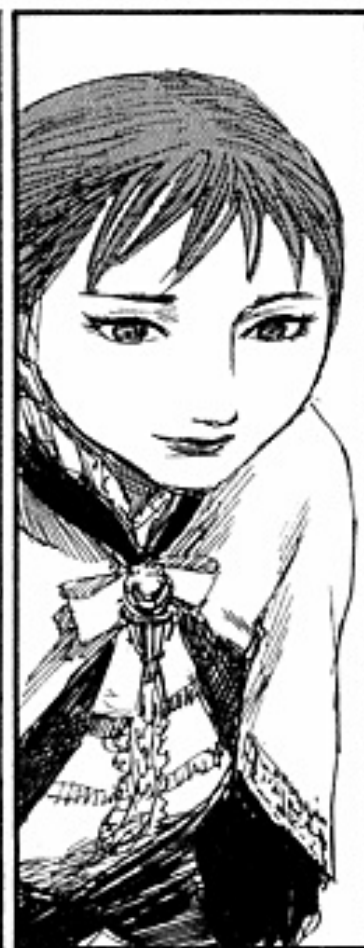
Matthew H.

My colleagues
are all good
people.
I think they'll
be good friends
to you too.

You don't have
to share in
that fate.
Leave the castle.



CORDELIA
SHIRLEY,
RIGHT?





AHH...
NEVER-
MIND.



...UMM...
SO...



WELL...
SO
WHAT
DO YOU
KNOW?



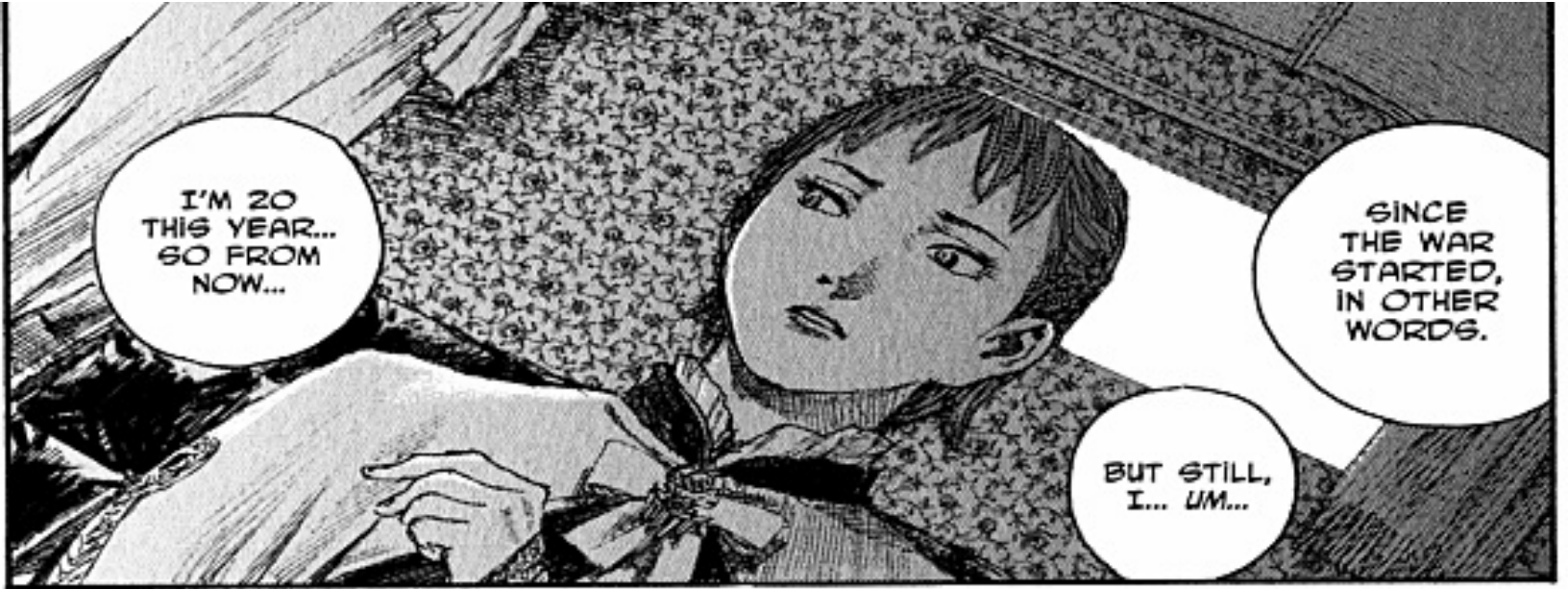
THAT
BRADHERLEY
OPERA
TROUPE
HASN'T
PERFORMED
IN 3
YEARS.

...I'VE
HEARD
RUMORS



WHAT
IS IT?

YOU
COULDN'T
FIGURE
OUT WHAT
INSTITUTION
EARLIER
HAD TO DO
WITH THE
BRADHERLEY
FAMILY?



I'M 20
THIS YEAR...
SO FROM
NOW...

SINCE
THE WAR
STARTED,
IN OTHER
WORDS.

BUT STILL,
I... UM...



REALLY
!?

WELL,
IT WAS JUST
NATIONALISTIC
DRIVEL,
THOUGH.



THEY'RE
STILL
PERFORMING.
I'VE SEEN
IT MYSELF.

YOU
PLACE
TOO
MUCH
STOCK IN
RUMOR.



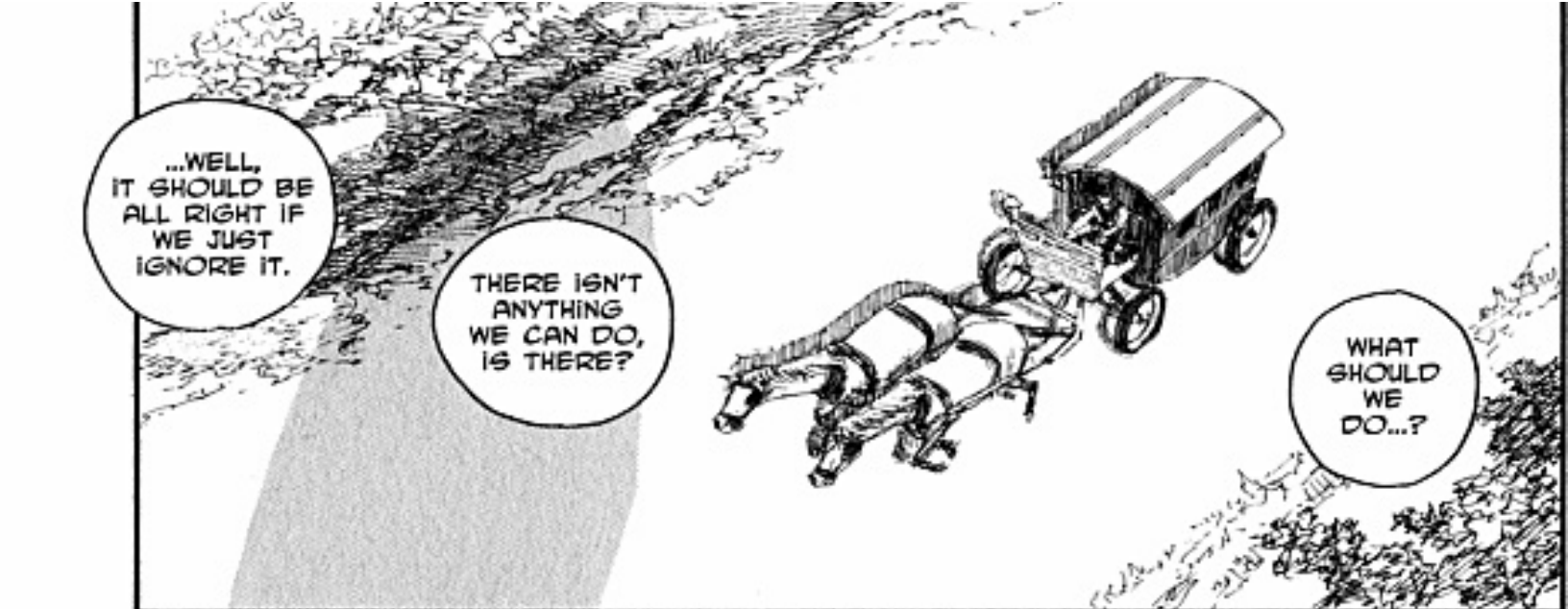
BUT
A LONG
TIME AGO,
JOINING THAT
OPERA
TROUPE
USED TO
BE EVERY
GIRL'S
DREAM.



BUT
THEY DIDN'T
HAVE MUCH
CHOICE.

IT DOESN'T
MATTER THESE
DAYS, BE IT
OPERA OR
WHATEVER ELSE...
IT WON'T BE
PERMITTED
UNLESS THERE'S
PROPAGANDA
VALUE TO IT.





...WELL,
IT SHOULD BE
ALL RIGHT IF
WE JUST
IGNORE IT.

THERE ISN'T
ANYTHING
WE CAN DO,
IS THERE?

WHAT
SHOULD
WE
DO...?



BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE
THEY'VE RUN
OUT OF
BOMBS
TO DROP.

THEY'RE
PROBABLY
AFTER THE
HARTLEY
TRAIN
DEPOT.



IT
PROBABLY
CAUSED
THE LOUD
ROAR
WHEN WE
CROSSED
THE RIDGE
EARLIER.



AHH,
NO...
WELL, A
LITTLE...



ARE
YOU
SCARED
?

WILL THE
PEOPLE
AT THE
BRADHERLEY
CASTLE BE
OKAY?



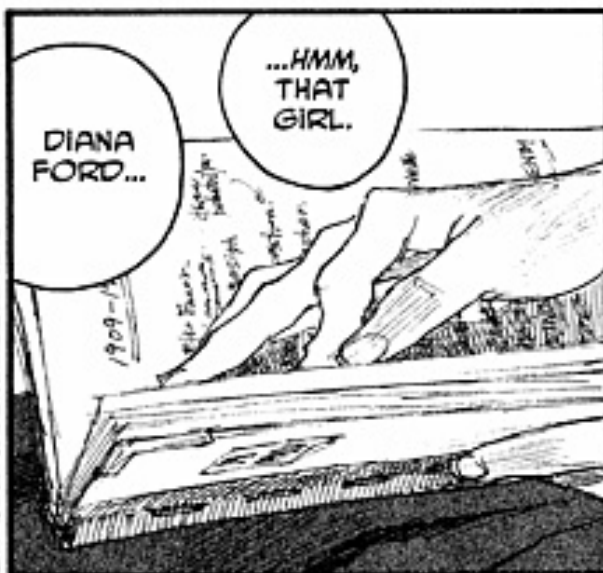
IS SHE
ALL RIGHT?
CAN I
SEE HER?



THEY'RE
SAFER THAN
WE ARE.

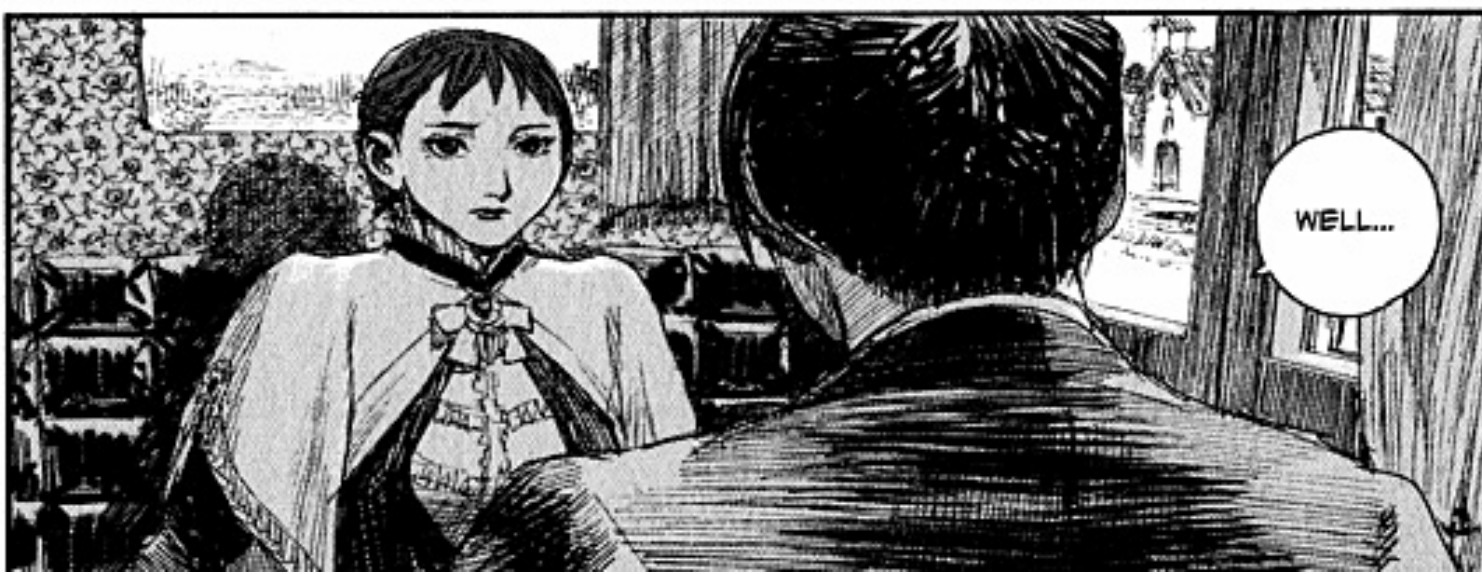
MS BRYCE,
DO YOU
KNOW A
GIRL NAMED
DIANA?

SHE WENT
TO THE
CASTLE
7 YEARS
AGO, I
BELIEVE.



DIANA
FORD...

...HMM,
THAT
GIRL.

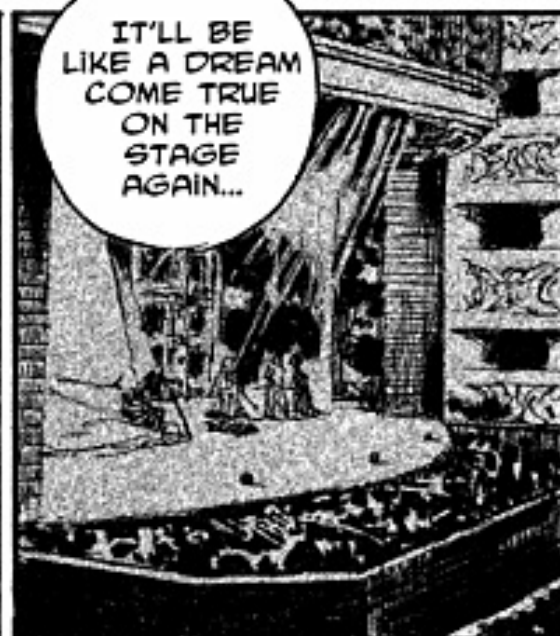


WELL...





A
DREAM,
HUH...

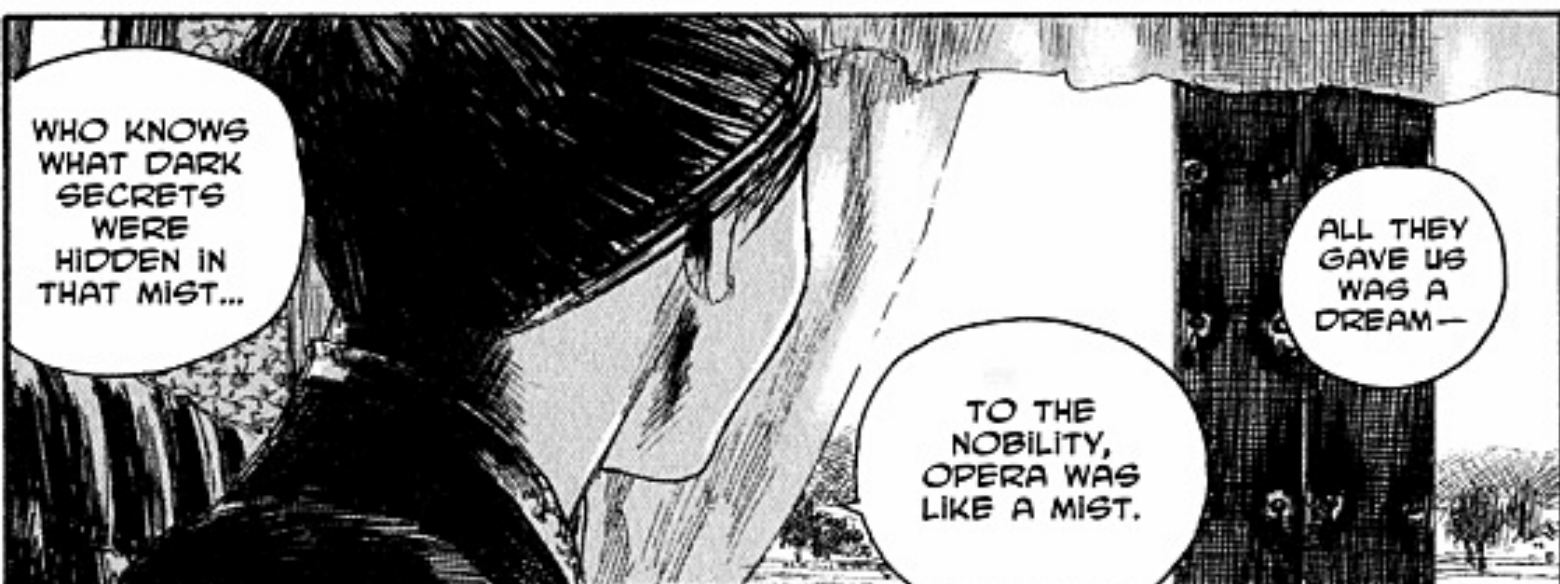


IT'LL BE
LIKE A DREAM
COME TRUE
ON THE
STAGE
AGAIN...



THAT'S
TRUE
FOR
NOW,

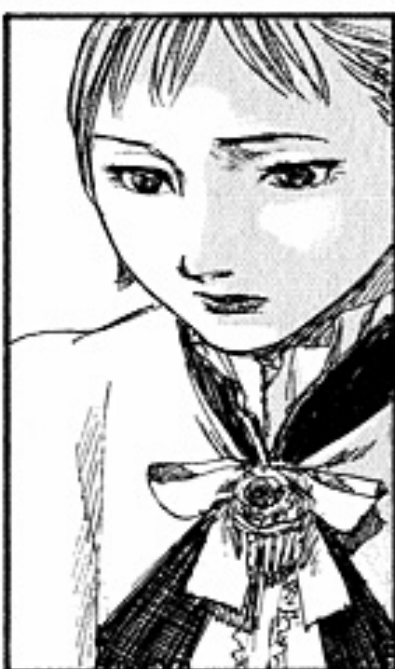
BUT I'M SURE
THINGS WILL
CHANGE FOR
THE BETTER
WHEN THE
WAR ENDS.



WHO KNOWS
WHAT DARK
SECRETS
WERE
HIDDEN IN
THAT MIST...

ALL THEY
GAVE US
WAS A
DREAM—

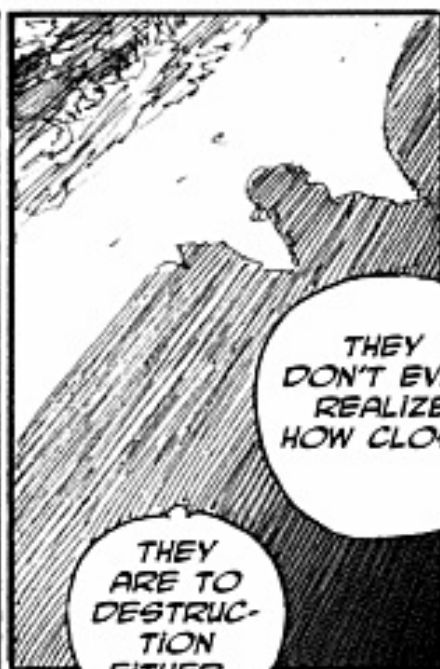
TO THE
NOBILITY,
OPERA WAS
LIKE A MIST.



IN TIMES
LIKE THIS,
NONE OF
THE NOBLE
FAMILIES
CAN KEEP
THEIR HANDS
CLEAN.



?



THEY
DON'T EVEN
REALIZE
HOW CLOSE

THEY
ARE TO
DESTRUC-
TION
EITHER...



THEN WE
SHOULD BE
LIKE LITTLE
BIRDS WHO
WON'T LAND IN
A MIST-FREE
VALLEY.



THAT NOT ALL
THE GIRLS WHO
JOINED THE
BRADHERLEY
FAMILY FOUND
THE HAPPINESS
THEY THOUGHT
THEY WOULD —

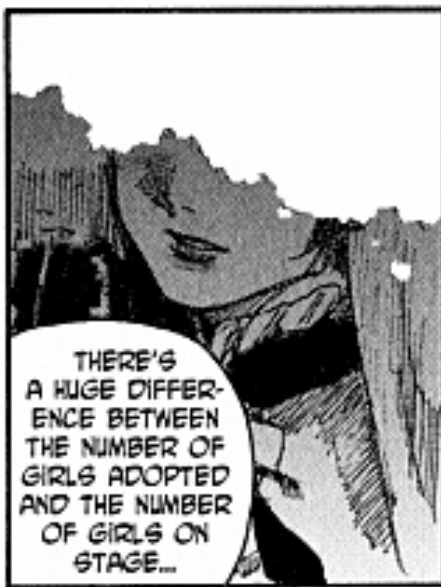
I'VE
ALREADY
REALIZED

I'M TOO
OLD TO STILL
BE CALLED
A GIRL.



BUT

NO MATTER
WHAT AWAITS ME,
I WON'T HOLD IT
AGAINST FATHER.



THERE'S
A HUGE DIFFER-
ENCE BETWEEN
THE NUMBER OF
GIRLS ADOPTED
AND THE NUMBER
OF GIRLS ON
STAGE...



I'VE BEEN
BLESSED
THESE LAST
8 YEARS.



THERE WASN'T ANYTHING MORE IMPORTANT TO US THAN THAT.

IT'S NO EXAGGERATION TO SAY THAT IT WAS JUST AMAZING.



THAT'S HOW IT IS FOR US ORPHANS, RIGHT?

EVERYONE ONLY TALKS ABOUT WHAT THEY WANT TO DO IF THEY JOIN THE OPERA TROUPE.

WE'D SPEND EVERYDAY BEING CAREFREE AND TALKING ABOUT NOTHING BUT THAT.



I HAVEN'T SEEN MANY OPERAS.

BUT THAT'S WHAT LIFE WAS LIKE IN AN ORPHANAGE

HEE HEE... BUT WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH,



AND I NATURALLY GREW TO LOVE IT AS WELL BECAUSE OF THAT.



MY LATE MOTHER LOVED OPERA.

SHE USED TO TELL ME IN DETAIL AGAIN AND AGAIN WHAT SHE LIKED ABOUT IT.



"FIDELIO"

"ABDUCTION
FROM THE
SERAGLIO"



"CANAN"

EVEN THOUGH
I'D NEVER
SEEN SOME OF
THE OPERAS,
IMAGES OF
THEM FILLED
MY HEAD.



THE ICE LADY
FERGIS
MEINHEIT

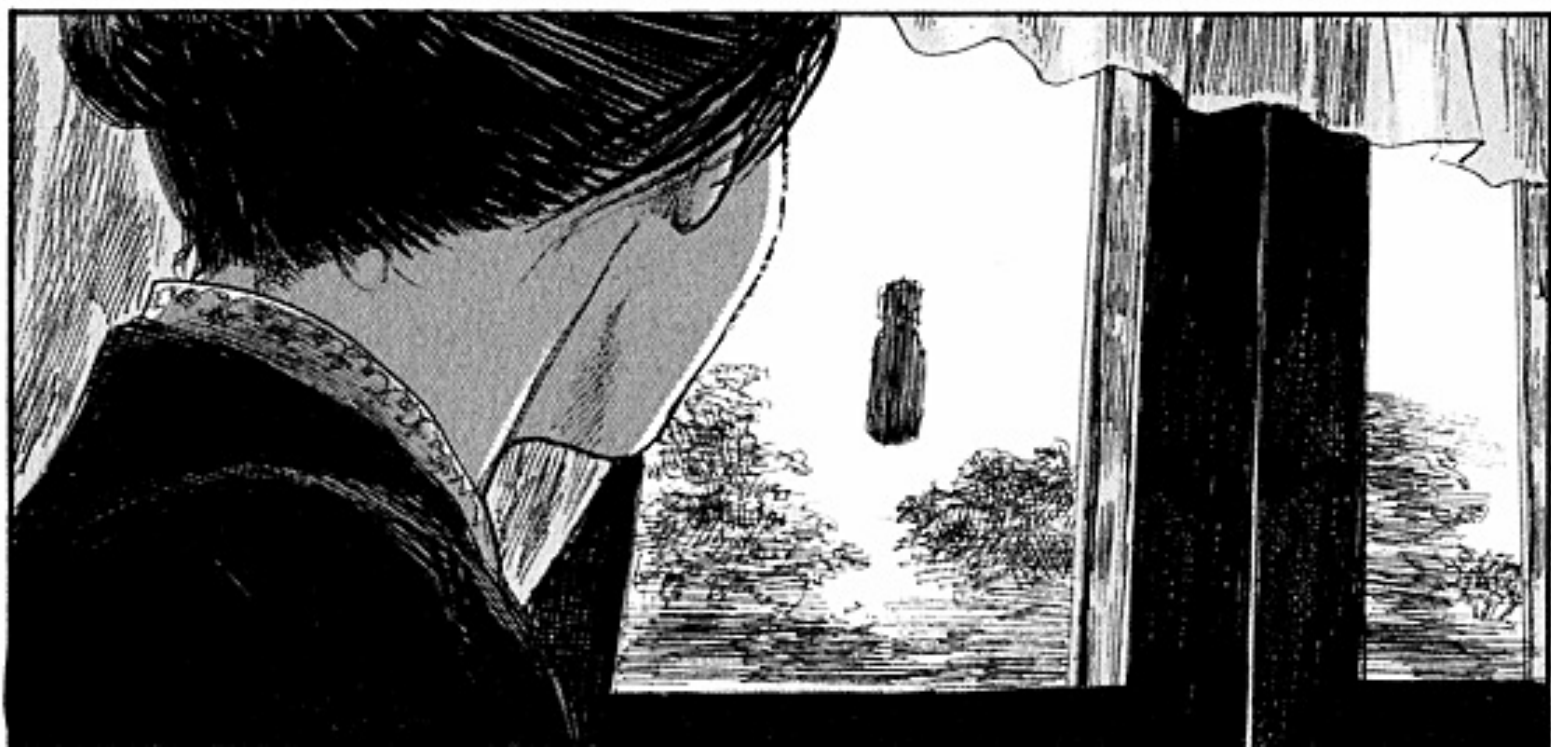
MARGARITA
CORNEJO

GRICENE
NOIR

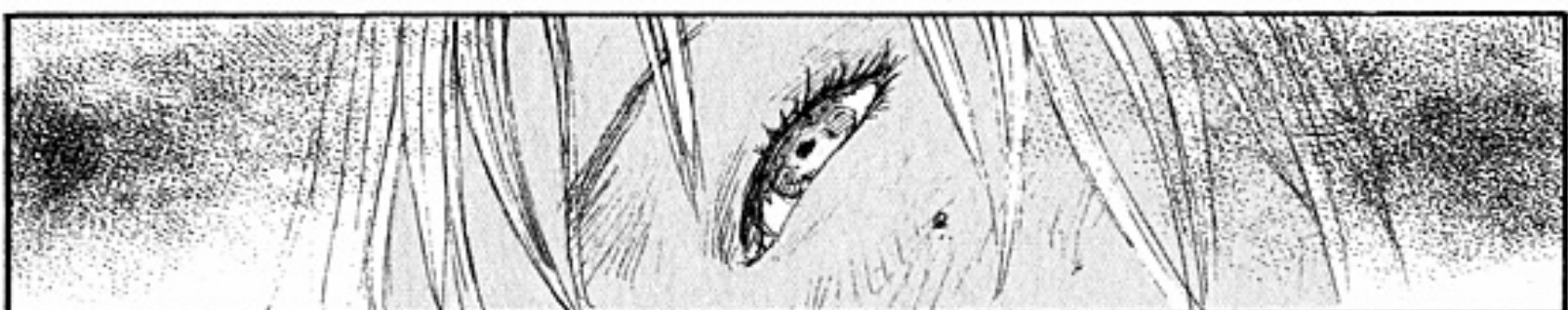
THE
SINGERS
TOO...

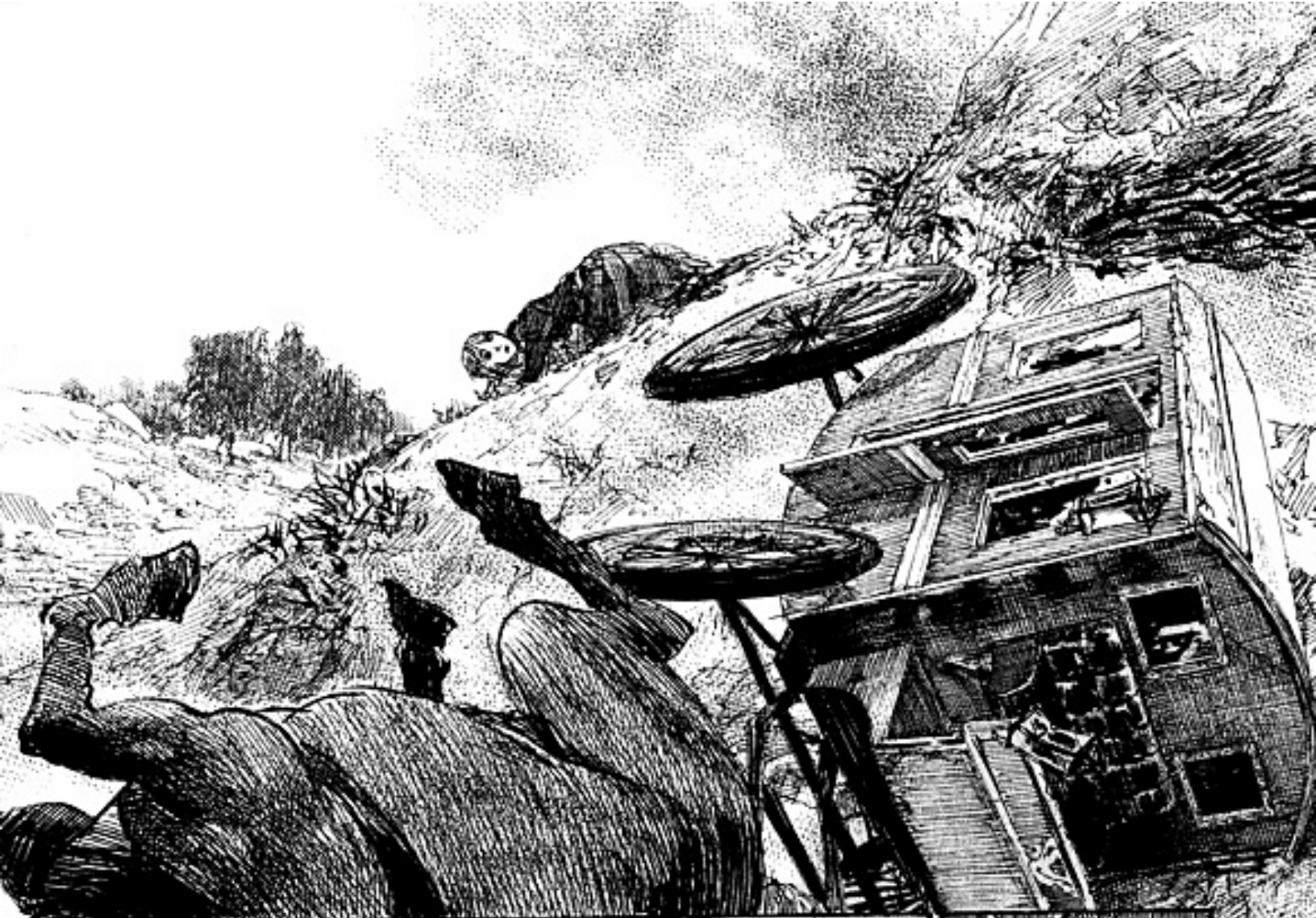


MS
ORQUIDEA...









...I'LL GO
GET A
DOCTOR.

...IT'S
FINE.



DON'T
YOU...

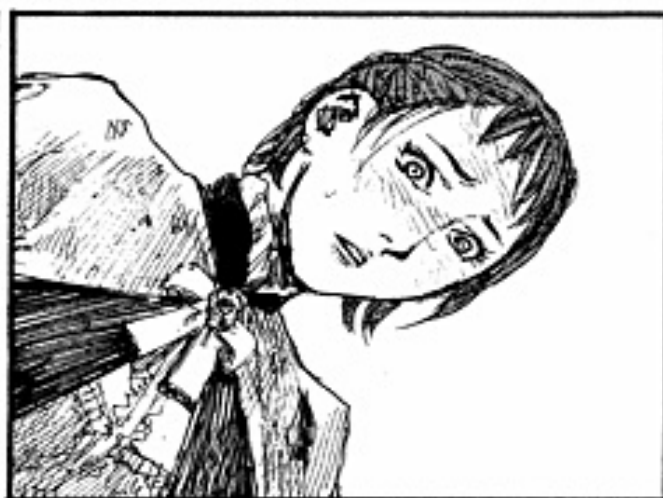
BESIDES...
YOU
ALREADY
KNOW...

IT'S
SEVERAL
MILES...
TO THE
NEAREST
VILLAGE...



...AT LEAST
LET ME
INFORM
SOMEONE AT
THE CASTLE...

...DON'T
BOTHR...





THAT COACH
WASN'T GOING
TO THE
BRADHERLEY
CASTLE.

CORDELIA,



IT'D BE...
THIS
FAST...

I JUST...
DIDN'T
THINK...



...I WANTED
TO BRING
AN END
TO THIS...
BEFORE
I DIED...



LISTEN
CLOSELY...
TO WHAT
I HAVE
TO SAY.

...ALL
RIGHT?



HEH
HEH...



YOU

BUT...
THIS YEAR...
THE GOVERNMENT
SUSPENDED IT
THERE...

WERE BROUGHT...
TO THAT FACILITY
EARLIER FOR
A "FESTIVAL"...



BUT WHAT
HAPPENED...
WAS THAT YOU...
WERE SUPPOSED
TO BE SENT...
TO ANOTHER
PLACE FOR THE
NEXT FESTIVAL...

IT'S
COMPLICATED...
I CAN'T EXPLAIN
IT WELL...
NOT IN MY
CURRENT
STATE...



A
FESTIVAL
?

A STUPID
FESTIVAL...
IT DOESN'T
AFFECT...
WHAT YOU
SHOULD DO
NEXT.



HEH HEH
HEH...
GEEZE...

EVEN AT
A TIME...
LIKE THIS...
THEY'RE STILL
TRYING TO
HOLD
FESTIVALS...
HEH HEH...

BUT THINGS
GOT CONFUSED...
BECAUSE OF
THE WAR...



...
CORDELIA.

MS BRYCE...
DON'T
SPEAK...

COUGH
COUGH



I HAVE
TO KNOW...

WHAT
HAPPENS TO
THE GIRLS
WHO DON'T
MAKE IT TO
THE STAGE.



— YES.



THE CASTLE
—
DO YOU WANT
TO JOIN THE
BRADHERLEY
FAMILY...?



YOU'RE
A GOOD
GIRL...

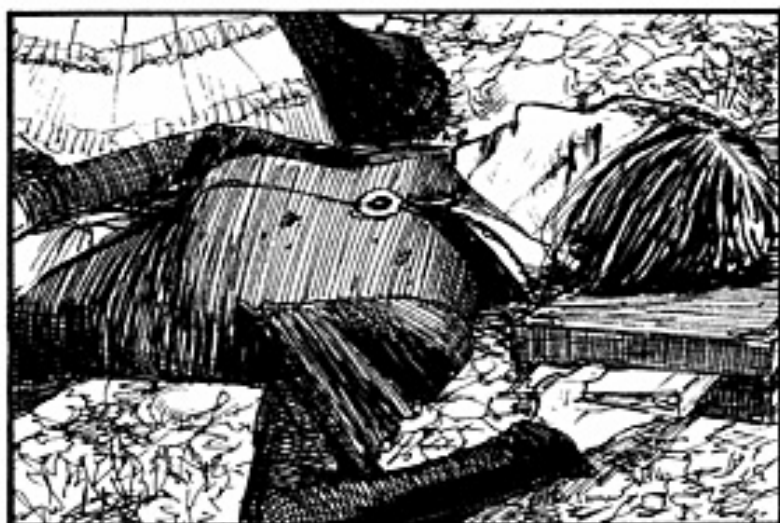


THAT DIANA...
NEVER WENT
ON STAGE...
THESE PAST
7 YEARS...

...SO YOU
NOTICED...
HUH...



...SHE'S
MY
FRIEND.





GO.



FOR YOU

THE
DREAM...
IS
ENDING...

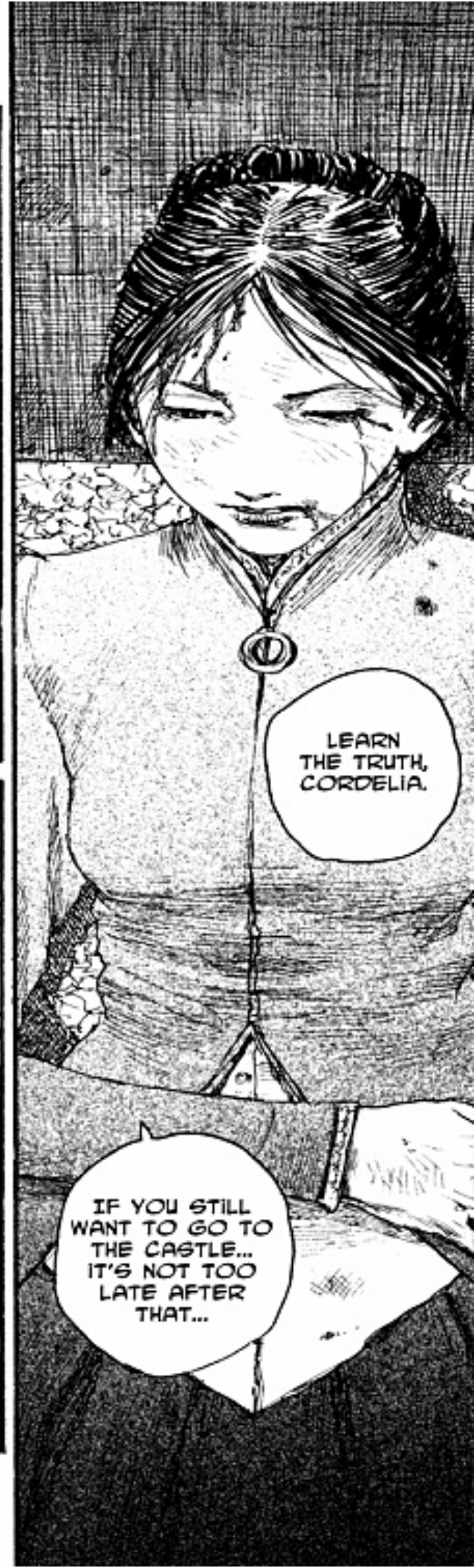


THE
ZEPPELINS...
HAVE GONE.



AND...
FOR ME...

AND
FOR THE
NOBILITY
...



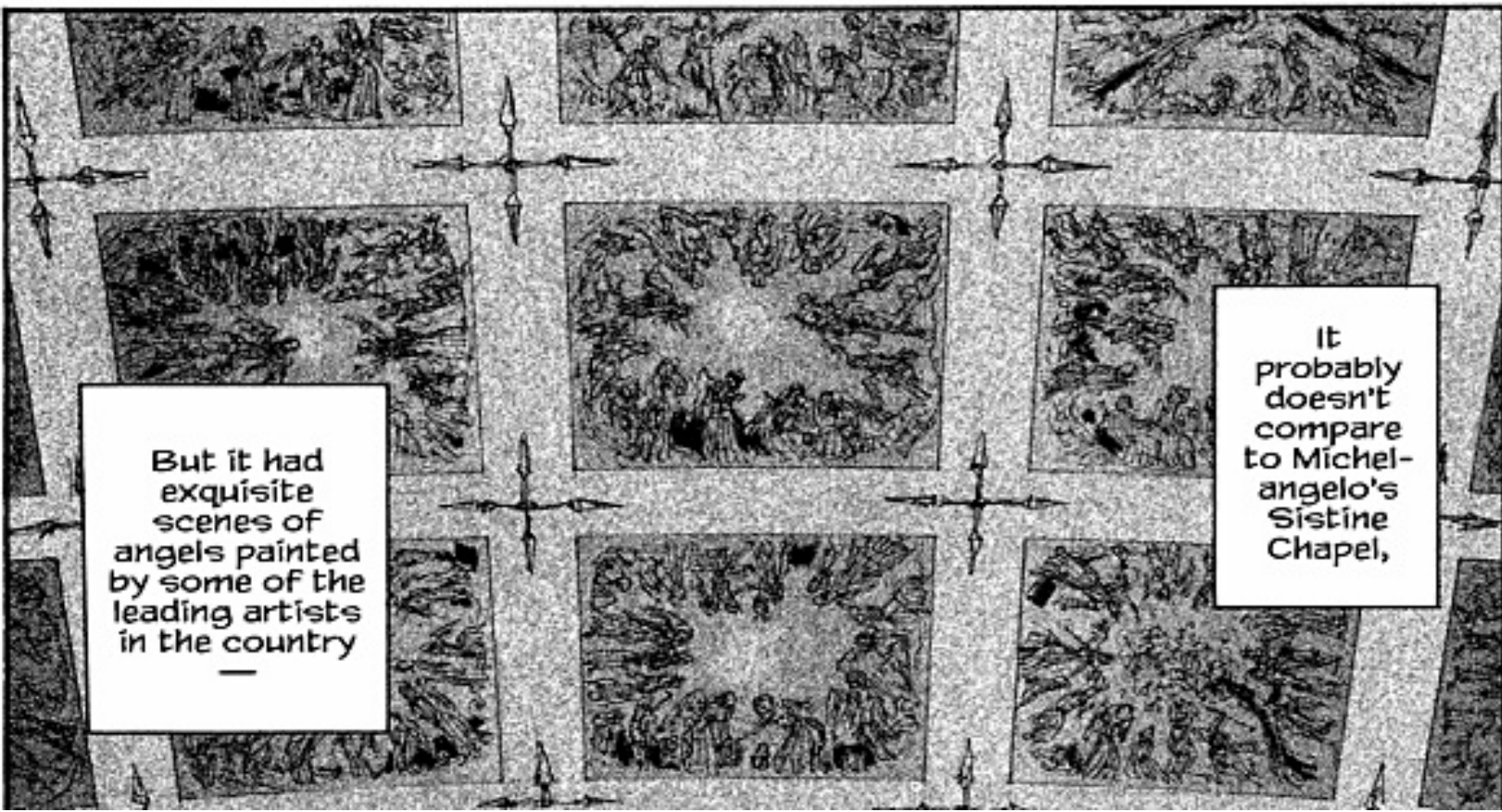
LEARN
THE TRUTH,
CORDELIA.

IF YOU STILL
WANT TO GO TO
THE CASTLE...
IT'S NOT TOO
LATE AFTER
THAT...





...I loved to
look at the
ceiling in
Father's room
—

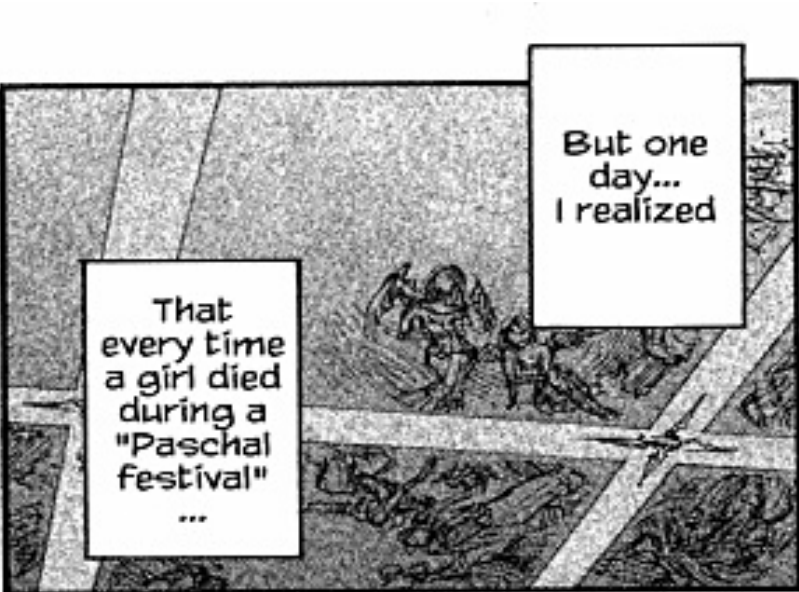


But it had
exquisite
scenes of
angels painted
by some of the
leading artists
in the country
—

It
probably
doesn't
compare
to Michel-
angelo's
Sistine
Chapel,



Another
winged angel
would appear
on the ceiling.



But one
day...
I realized

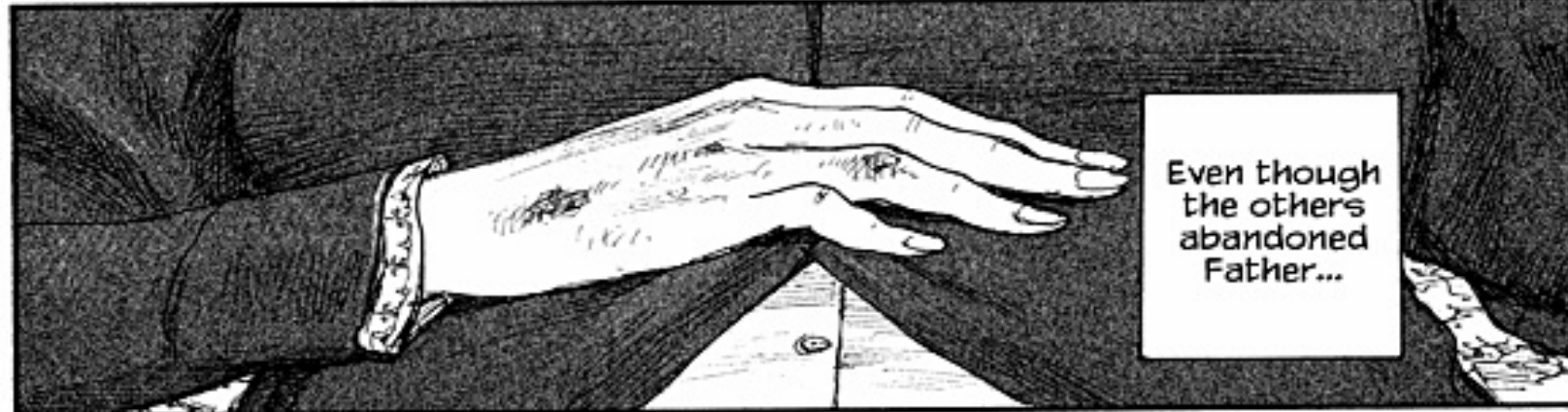
That
every time
a girl died
during a
"Paschal
festival"

...



And that's
why...
I couldn't
bear to leave
the castle

I was the
only one who
realized how
Father was
atoning for
what he had
done —



Even though
the others
abandoned
Father...



I want to
know...
the suffering
you're going
through,
Father.

No, I'm
serious.
Let me help.

Marilla...!
Don't be
ridiculous!

...thank you,
Father.

Sure, this is your
home. Come back.
If the rumors of
war turn out to
be true, there'll
be fighting where
you are now.

Such a shame
about Jarvis...
she's still
young though.

Stop it,
she's not
really that
kind of girl.

That's great!
Hopefully this
will stop her
from fooling
around again!

I heard that
Jarvis got
betrothed to
John Gryce!
Is it true!?

Hahaha,
nice to meet
you too.
I'm Marilla.
This is
Margarita.
And next
to her...

Dear sisters...
i-it's nice to
meet you!
My name's
Catherine...
formerly
Catherine
Avery!

Ahh... Gris!
I'll never forget
today for the
rest of my life!
How many
people do
you think
were there!?

You're spacing
out again,
Marilla!

Thank you!

Thank you,
Matthew!

That's great!
You're the
first from
the Gables
orphanage!
That's my
sister!
Congrats,
Marilla!

Hey, I heard
you've been
chosen!?





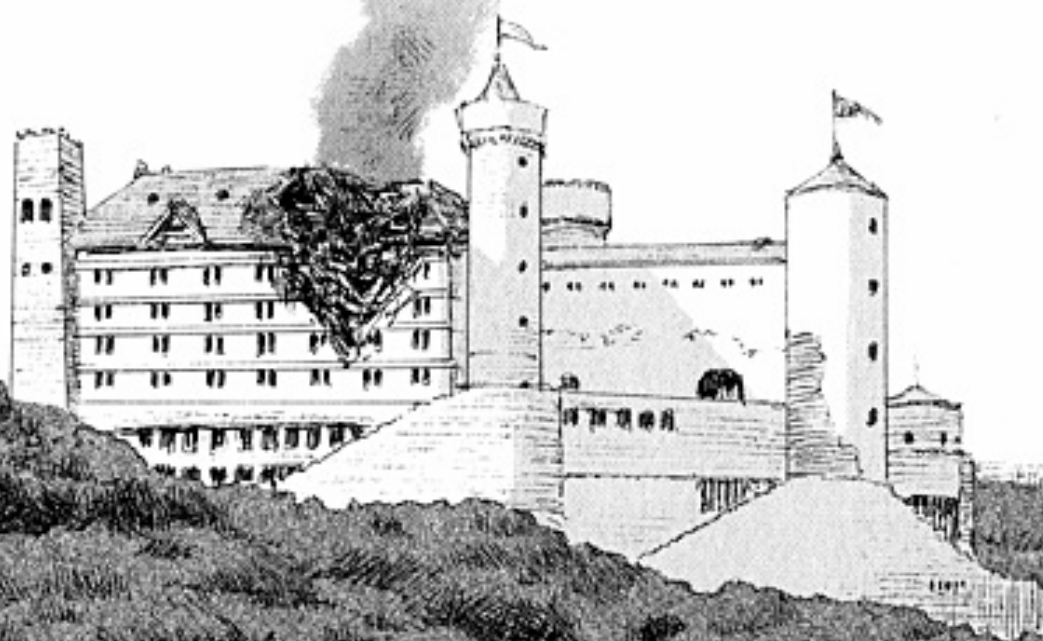




May 1917.
Cabinet
unanimously
voted to scrap
Plan 1-14,
commonly
known as the
"Paschal
festival".

They decided
swiftly after
being warned that
a small newspaper
company had
caught wind of it
and planned to
make it public
after the war
ended.

Some years later,
in 1942 —
an Allied plane returning
from a bombing run
crashed into the
Bradherley castle.
The 2 pilots and
several people in the
castle were killed.



The following 5 people from the
Bradherley household were killed:
the family head N. A. Bradherley,
26-year-old Catherine (adopted),
37-year-old Sanza (adopted),
and their servants Janet May
and Lloyd Anderson.

—
they were the only people
still living in the Bradherley
castle at the time.



END

Afterword

Hello. I'm Hiroaki Samura, Japan's flakiest manga artist.

I started writing this manga after I got sucked into the Anne books about 3 years ago and declared to my editor that I'd do a manga series about someone like the redheaded Anne. But as you can see, I didn't follow through at all.

And *hmm*, how should I put this. I started out wanting to do an erotic manga, but the sex scenes started decreasing midway through, and by the end I didn't really know what I wanted to write.

About the title

I had a long discussion with my editor on this. We agreed that it should be called "So-and-so's Coach" because the coach played a major part throughout. But that sounded really plain, so we agreed that "So-and-so" had to be a name so damn cool that it'd make your nose bleed. In the end, we settled on "Bradherley's Coach". I think it's pretty cool, but not so cool that it'd cause nosebleeds.

About the setting

Doing research is a pain — uh, due to various reasons, I didn't specify which country the story was set in. So please assume it's somewhere in Western Europe with a British-style parliament. It wasn't explained in the manga that individual prisons were allowed to decide when to hold their "Paschal festival". But that's why it was early spring in one story but mid-winter in another. It wasn't because of the climate in different locations — the seasons were actually different.

About the coach

I got the idea to draw the coaches in the manga with metal wheels wrapped in rubber from the Canadian version of "Anne of Green Gables". I found out later that the movie was a Canadian TV series edited into a 3 hour movie, and I guess it might not be the most authoritative of sources... There are bits in the manga where the wheels might look more like spoked tires than rubber-lined wheels, but I assure you that you're just seeing things.



In drawing "Bradherley's Coach", I was shocked to discover that I had no talent whatsoever for designing dresses. But I had fun drawing them anyway.

As for kimonos, I'm kinda bored—

Next, I'd like to do a manga about a female high school student (perfect in her summer uniform, chest ribbon, and black socks) who gets kidnapped and taken somewhere in a coach.